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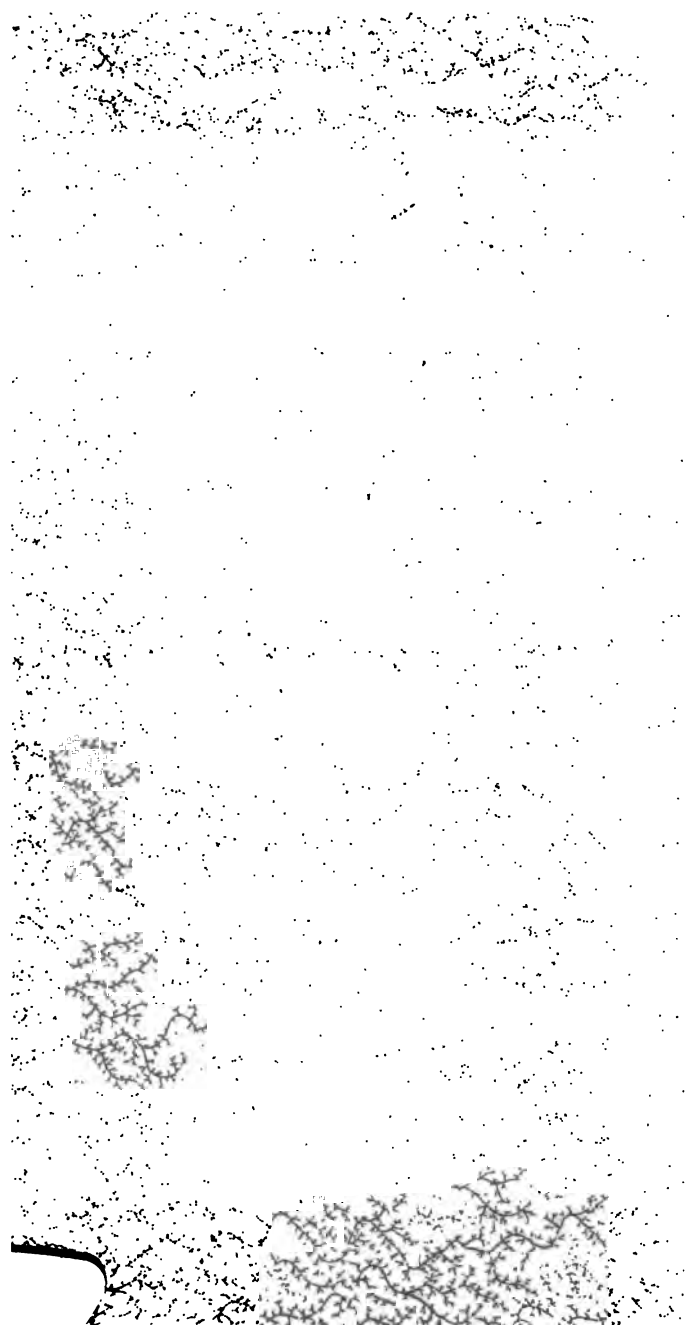
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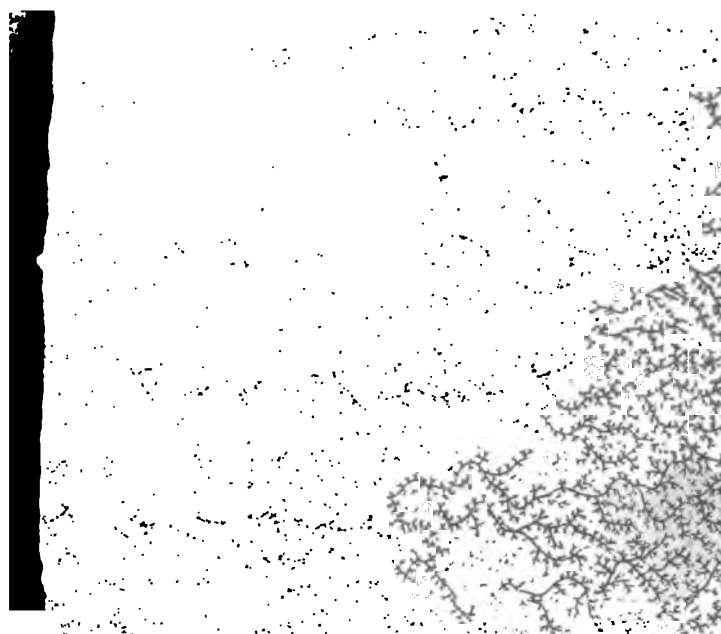
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SELECTIONS  
FROM  
THE WRITINGS  
OF  
MRS. MARGARET M. DAVIDSON,  
THE MOTHER OF  
LUCRETIA MARIA AND MARGARET M. DAVIDSON.

WITH A PREFACE,

BY MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.



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NEW YORK  
JAN 21 1884  
JAN 21 1884

## PREFACE.

It can hardly be said that the author of the following pages appears for the first time before the public; yet, with the diffidence natural to a recluse and delicate woman, she shrinks from appearing alone, and wishes to be announced by one, who would do even an humbler office for her with respect and pleasure, and for whom the reading world has lost some of its terrors by familiarity.

There are persons on both sides of the Atlantic, who feel a deep interest in the mother of Lucretia and Margaret Davidson; many have manifested an unusual sympathy in her joys and sorrows, and some have expressed a curiosity to know more of the mind whose holiest and brightest emanations were infused into those rare sisters, who seem hardly to have touched our world on their passage to Heaven. But the gratification of their curiosity is not the motive to the publication of these pages, though it may be incidental to it. The mother's life has been in companionship with her children, and she is now tempted from her seclusion that she may still be associated with them,—go forth with them on their mental pilgrimage, and for their sakes, it may be, be welcomed to many kindred hearts.

C. M. SEDGWICK.

2007 2008  
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## DEDICATION.



TO

MY MUCH RESPECTED FRIEND, MISS CATHARINE M. SEDGWICK.

DEAR MADAM:—

As a testimony of my grateful remembrance of the friendship with which, in life, you honoured my sainted Margaret, and the interest you have ever manifested in the “Remains” of both my lamented daughters, I beg leave to inscribe to you this humble volume. By permitting me to do so, dear and honoured Lady, you will add another link to the chain of favours which your kind and disinterested heart has awarded to your

Very sincere friend and admirer,

MARGARET M. DAVIDSON.

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1867 1868  
1869  
1870

## INTRODUCTION.

I HAVE been induced to publish the following extracts to gratify the wishes of dear and partial friends, and, I will frankly confess, a secret desire of my own, until of late scarcely acknowledged by myself, to follow in the train of my beloved children, and maintain, while I live, that close companionship with their minds, which has hitherto formed the chief happiness of my life:—these motives impel me onward.

The story of the Stanley family is a simple narrative of facts, which occurred in 1814; the names only are fictitious. Every person who has read the remains of my daughter Margaret, by Irving, will recognize in Mrs. Stanley the original of Mrs. Men-traville in the unfinished romance, the characters of which were drawn from real life, although the tale is a fiction interwoven with many circumstances which actually took place at different periods of time. Dear to my heart, and deeply cherished there, is the remembrance of every individual connected with the events I am about to relate. The detail requires more firmness and self-command than I at all times possess, and calls up a host of sweet and bitter memories which nearly unfits me for my task. Dear and beloved beings! with whom my very heart of hearts was entwined; they have long since burst asunder the ties which bound them to life, and soared to join that angelic band, in that wide field of intellectual im-

provement, to which their young hearts, while still on earth, so ardently aspired.

The six books of Fingal are the fruits of an odd whim of mine, to while away time, when languishing under a distressing illness in 1827—which confined me to the sick room and bed for more than eighteen months. On my recovery it was rescued from the flames by the intercession of a friend, and consigned to my common-place book, from whence it is now withdrawn by the same magic influence, to make its way in the world in company with the fugitive poems, with which it has so long held companionship. It is with diffidence I venture to appear before the public. I do not—I cannot anticipate the same warmth of feeling—the unqualified approbation with which the remains of my lamented daughters were welcomed. I only hope, as their mother, to escape the severe ordeal of the critic;—although sanguine in this hope, tremblingly I venture forth.

M. M. D.

THE EVENTS  
OF A  
FEW, EVENTFUL DAYS IN 1814.

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CHAPTER I.

ABOUT the last of August, 1814, General Brisbane, the British commander, encamped with the advance guard of the enemy on the north side of the great Chazy. Sir George Provost following with all his combined forces, amounting to 15,000 well disciplined troops, on the first of September threw himself into the little village of Champlain. Immediately on his arrival there, he endeavoured to disaffect the minds of the inhabitants towards their own government, and draw them over to the enemy; failing in this, he proceeded to impress wagons and teams in the vicinity, for the purpose of transporting their baggage and military stores. From these movements, General Macomb, the American commander, was convinced that an attack was speedily meditated upon Plattsburgh. General Macomb had just returned from the lines, where he had commanded a fine brigade which was broken up by the march of General Izard, to the assistance of General Brown at Sackett's Harbor; this movement left the northern frontier comparatively defenceless; at least weak-handed, for our brave officers and men were resolved neither to know weakness or danger while the safety of that post was

at hazard. Four companies of organized troops were all that remained to defend the post of Plattsburgh. The garrison was chiefly composed of recruits and invalids; every thing was in confusion from the sudden march of General Izard. Our brave commander had much upon his hands. The works were not even in a state of defence, and fifteen hundred men were all he could command to compete with as many thousands. In order to stimulate his men to industry, and give them an interest in completing the works, General Macomb divided them into parties, placing them near the several forts; declaring, in general orders, that each detachment should garrison the fort at which they laboured, and the men were bound to defend it with their lives. This view of the subject awakened all their enthusiasm; they worked day and night, and swore to conquer or die.\* The deliberation with which the enemy advanced gave time for the necessary preparations; and the activity and zeal of our officers and men, placed matters in a tolerable state of defence when the enemy made his descent upon the place. The enemy was expected in two columns, one by the way of the Lake, crossing Dead-Creek, where an advanced guard with arms and a fieldpiece had been stationed, in order to skirmish with, and annoy them in every possible way. The other column was on the western or Beekmantown road, and from the fourth inst. until

\* The above statement I received from General Macomb himself, who also remarked, that the patriotism manifested by his officers and soldiers to a man on that occasion, had for ever riveted his esteem. He said that when they threw themselves into that fort, he told them they were to defend or perish with it, and that if there was a man there who was not willing to make this sacrifice for the general good he was at liberty to leave the regiment; that his own determination was to sustain the siege, or blow up the fort with all its military stores:—not a man moved to go,—they were unanimous in the high resolve to conquer or die. General Macomb related these circumstances to me a few weeks after the battle. The tears of a soldier filled his eyes as he spoke of the magnanimity of his officers and men.

the eleventh, there was constant skirmishing between the British advance guards and our militia and Vermont volunteers, which caused great alarm in the minds of the peaceable inhabitants. I will not here attempt a regular description of the movements of the contending armies; I merely wish the reader to understand their relative position, that he may the more readily comprehend the situation of those who were engaged in the scenes I am about to relate. My notes fail me with regard to the exact date of the general alarm throughout the village. According to the best of my recollection, however, the town was deserted by the inhabitants on or about the fourth of September, 1814.

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## CHAPTER II.

It was a lovely day, and notwithstanding the war-like preparations I have described above, all nature wore the aspect of peace and tranquillity. The rich foliage of the landscape was in full beauty; the early autumn shrubbery seemed the very perfection of nature. The river Saranac was winding its serpentine course between the banks, (on each side of which, the little village of Plattsburgh rose in picturesque beauty,) and as it fell, sparkling and foaming over the mill-dam, pursued its devious way under the bridge and gently rolled along to pour its waters into the beautiful Bay of Cumberland, which stretched before the eye in the distance. The waves of the lake were laving the variegated shrubbery which adorned its banks. The beautiful islands were peacefully reclining upon its bosom, and the blue mountains rising in grand succession beyond, lent a degree of sublimity to the scene.

The fleet of M'Donough, moored within the Bay, was gallantly riding at anchor, as if in the proud consciousness of coming victory, yet, evincing in its calm and graceful outline, no preparation for the scene of carnage which was so soon to deface its loveliness; all was peace and serenity in the landscape, forming altogether a picture of inimitable grandeur and beauty, and a striking contrast to the agitation which marked the countenance of a lady, who was seated at the little parlour window of a pleasant but unpretending mansion, which looked out upon the scenery I have attempted to describe. There sat the young mourner, communing with her own heart, which laboured with painful forebodings as to the issue of the engagement, which, it was anticipated, would soon take place between the contending armies, and at the same time watching with all a mother's fondness the gambols of her only remaining son, a child of three years old, and a pet dog, who were playing on the grass under the shade of the tall poplars which grew near the window. She was very pale, and her face bore the marks of deep mental suffering; her wasted frame told that pain and sorrow had made deep ravages upon her naturally delicate constitution. She seemed in deep meditation, and frequently brushed the tear-drop from her eye, with the obvious resolution to suppress her emotions. The child, at length wearied with the vain effort to harness *Fidèle* in a little chair, which he substituted for a carriage, sprang upon the piazza and jumping on the seat under the window, seized his mother affectionately around the neck: "Oh! don't cry, mamma—you promised papa you would not cry any more for dear little brother Oliver. Oh mamma! he is an angel in heaven now—up in that bright beautiful heaven—don't cry any more—(and the sweet child wiped the tears from her pale cheek with the corner of his little white apron)—we will soon go to that beautiful place to see him. Sister Anna says he can't come back

to us. I am glad that naughty bonny-horse did not kill mamma too;" and again he wound his little arms around her neck and covered her with kisses. At that moment a man on horseback dashed furiously along, passing over the bridge to the cantonment. In a few moments all seemed bustle and confusion in the streets. Mrs. Stanley watched with a beating heart the movements she could not understand, yet apprehending they were in some way connected with the expected invasion, when all at once her two little daughters came flying in.

"Oh mamma! the British! the British are coming! our teacher said so, and told us to hasten home to our parents before the streets were in confusion; she kept Louisa and I with her until she was ready to go home, and came nearly home with us herself, fearing we might get hurt; and mamma," said Louisa, "you don't know how she cried and kissed us, and said she hoped God would bring us together again some time or other—but—look mamma! what are they doing over the river?" Mrs. Stanley saw at once from the general commotion that something unusual was going on—Anna and Louisa were old enough to remember the events of the preceding summer. They had not forgotten the horrors attending their flight, nor the desolation which awaited their return; their little hearts trembled:—they threw their arms around their mother's neck, weeping violently. Little Charles caught the contagion, and although he did not understand the cause of alarm, wept from sympathy. Mrs. Stanley was still feeble, not having perfectly recovered from injuries received when thrown from a carriage a few months before. She was aware that the safety of her little family, perhaps the life of her sick husband, depended upon her own firmness and good management. After putting up a silent prayer to that Being who had so marvellously protected, when instant and certain death seemed to menace her, that he would give her wisdom and strength and courage

to support her in the coming emergency, she felt her mind composed, and although the weakest of the weak, was assured she should be sustained. "My sweet little girls," said she, "the time has now arrived, which is to prove the force and strength of the precepts I have tried to instil into your minds—you are both very young, but you *always understand mamma*. I have, ever since reason began to dawn, treated you as friends and companions, not like babies or silly children—you must now prove yourselves worthy of your mother's confidence. War is a dreadful calamity; we must prepare to brave its dangers in common with our friends and neighbours, and to you, my children, I look for consolation and assistance in the coming trial: your dear father has been ill many weeks,—it is but two days since his fever left him. He is quite too feeble to bear agitation, and you must assist me to keep him composed. Remember, my dear daughters, that God is your Father and your Friend; his care is over you equally in war as in peace, in the camp of an enemy as in the arms of your parents;—his power is over all,—and he has promised to protect those who put their trust in him. I expect much from you, my daughters, and trust I shall not be disappointed. You, Anna, must make your little brother your own particular charge;—be as a mother to him on this occasion. The care of your father, indeed of every thing now devolves upon me—Louisa will assist us both,—you, dear Anna, will set the example, as you are the eldest." The sweet babes, for babes they were, again kissed their proud fond mother, and drying their tears, promised to be all she desired. She told them to remain quietly in the parlour, while she went to Mr. S——'s to inquire the truth of the reports. Mr. S—— was their nearest neighbour, and the families had for many years been on terms of intimacy. There, she found all in the confusion of packing and moving: Mr. S—— had stepped out, and could not be found. On learning that Mrs. S——

and the young ladies had been gone an hour, she returned as fast as her trembling limbs and palpitating heart would permit. Dr. Stanley had been several weeks confined to his bed with a fever,—his feeble wife had herself performed all the duties of nurse, scarcely leaving his bed-side a moment, night or day; herself just recovering from a long illness. Dr. Stanley's anxiety for the health of his wife had, no doubt, retarded his own recovery, and as he was now pronounced out of danger, he had urged her to let Cynthia sit with him while she went down stairs to inhale the fresh, healthy breezes from the river. She was thus seated in compliance with his request, when the circumstances we have named occurred. When Mrs. Stanley returned from the house of Mr. S—— it would be impossible to describe the feeling of helplessness and desolation which oppressed her heart. The preceding summer, when Plattsburgh was invaded by Murray, and her home despoiled of every comfort, she had a husband to protect herself and babes, in as far as his single arm could do it:—now, that beloved husband, enfeebled by a long illness, convalescent it is true, but so weak that he could scarcely bear his own weight, must look to her for support; and she, who until her marriage at the age of seventeen had leaned implicitly upon an only brother, and after that event, upon her husband with child-like dependence in every emergency, what could she do? in her weak state, with her fractured limbs scarcely knit together—the bandages still in use, what could she do? “Oh! my God,” she mentally exclaimed, “preserve my senses—let not reason desert her throne!” then rushing into her own room, closed the door to prevent intrusion, and sank almost exhausted into an easy-chair. A timely flood of tears relieved the pressure upon her heart and brain. As she poured out her soul to that Almighty Father in whom she trusted, she found her mind more composed. She besought him to give her strength to meet her

approaching trials. She prayed for judgment to direct, grace to sustain her, and above all, for perfect submission to his holy will. Her spirit rose with the necessity of exertion, and with a mind fortified, and strengthened by communion with the High and Holy One, felt prepared to do all, and brave all for the safety of the precious charge committed to her care.

She entered her husband's room, and with as much caution as possible, communicated to him the state of affairs. He bore the tidings with more composure than she feared, and they hastened to decide upon the best possible arrangement for the safety of the family.

Mrs. Stanley proposed sending the children to Peru, with Cynthia, a faithful, good girl, who had lived some time in the family, and whose mother lived in Peru; she would take them directly to the house of her mother, where they would be safe, until the Doctor and Mrs. Stanley could join them, or until after the battle, and she (Mrs. Stanley) would remain with Polly, a little girl of fourteen, who was bound to the family by indentures, and take care of Dr. Stanley, who, his wife affirmed, was too feeble to use any exertions at present. Roused by this proposition to a sense of the danger and indignity to which his feeble and beloved wife would be exposed, the shock her nerves might sustain, from the scenes of carnage she must in that case witness, the insults to which she might be exposed from a lawless soldiery, and danger from the shot of both armies, which were, as he supposed, to be stationed one in front, and the other in the rear of his own dwelling, as the cannon played across the river, he expostulated warmly against this plan, and in the midst of his excitement, rose from the bed quickly and unassisted. Mrs. Stanley, alarmed at this sudden accession of strength, which she knew must proceed from morbid excitement, dreaded, lest his exertions in leaving town might prove fatal to her hopes—became more anxious to remain, for every other misfortune seemed light, compared with the

thought of losing her husband. She then proposed to transfer to the cellar the comforts they would require to sustain them until after the engagement. This plan was, in the opinion of Dr. Stanley, more preposterous than the first, and he said at once, it would not do: should she, by some miracle, suddenly become hardy enough to live and sleep in a cold, damp cellar for a week or two, (for there was no knowing how long the fort would hold out,) a burning firebrand thrown into the house by the Indians, or a hot shot from our own fort, might light a flame above them which would bury them in the ruins of their own dwelling. There was no time to be lost; the afternoon was wearing away. Dr. Stanley insisted on substituting his usual dress for his sick wrapper, in order to step about the room and try the measure of his strength. Mrs. Stanley ordered some light nourishment to be prepared to sustain him under this strong emotion, and tying on her hat, told him she would step out, and if possible engage teams to carry away their goods. As she passed the parlour door she stepped in to see how the little ones came on. She found them composed, yet watching with anxious and wondering eyes the scene of bustle and confusion which was passing in the streets. They flew to her; a kiss and a look of approbation was their reward; telling them her errand out, she directed Cynthia to put up some changes for herself and the children, and then begin to pack the furniture as fast as possible; this done, she hastened out on her uncertain mission. The village now presented a scene of deep and thrilling interest. The small force which remained at Plattsburgh after Gen. Izard left for Sackett's Harbor, amounting, as I before said, to only fourteen hundred men, who were now to cope with as many thousands, had retired into the fort. Guards and sentinels were posted in the streets and environs of the village,—parties of volunteers and militia were constantly sallying forth in small bands, to harass the enemy, who had encamped at little Chazy, and by pulling down

bridges, and throwing trees and other impediments to their march across the roads, so to annoy, as to delay their entrance until our brave commander should have time to make the best possible disposition of his handful of men, to meet a force so superior. Expresses were riding back and forth constantly; guns and bayonets were seen glittering in the sunbeams; all, every thing presenting a striking evidence of the state of excitement which prevailed throughout the village and camp. As Mrs. Stanley stepped out of the gate, she met her kind friend and neighbour Mr. S——, who came to inquire her plans. He knew Dr. Stanley was ill, and felt interested in the situation of this helpless little family, and as an intimacy subsisted between his wife and daughters and Mrs. Stanley, he felt he could hardly join *them* without being able to give some account of *her* situation. Mrs. Stanley mentioned her fears for her husband, and her plan of remaining in her own house. Mr. S—— confirmed all Dr. Stanley's apprehensions on the subject, and entreated her by all means not to delay leaving until the guard was set around the village. "My dear madam," said he, "there is no safety for you here; perhaps the first gun fired from our own fort may end your life." Thanking Mr. S—— for his kindness, she made as much expedition as possible, leaning upon the staff of her umbrella, for that support which she had been accustomed to receive from the protecting arm of a friend. She crossed the bridge, and entering the store of a merchant with whom her husband was in the habit of transacting business, asked his assistance in procuring wagons to send off their goods. He told her, it was impossible to obtain even a wheelbarrow, every thing was in requisition—and advised her to send to Peru. She wrote a note to a friend, desiring him to send a couple of large lumber wagons with all speed, feeling thankful that their own little pony was quietly feeding in the stable, ready to be put before the little pleasure wagon, any moment

when the safety of the family should render it necessary for them to leave the place. As with a feeble step and almost breaking heart, poor Mrs. Stanley ascended the piazza, her children flew to her arms, and tears and smiles were her reward for her exertions to protect them. Never had they seemed so dear, so interesting as at that moment. They had all been busy, and had accomplished a great deal. Mrs. Stanley directed Cynthia to put up a large basket of provisions, wisely concluding that food might be scarce in a little hamlet where so many hundreds were unexpectedly thrown upon the hospitality of the inhabitants. They were now ready, and Mrs. Stanley knew of no other way to send them but by procuring seats for them on one of the many loaded wagons which were constantly passing from Chazy and Cumberland-Head. She had hardly resolved upon this step, when she heard the sound of wagons; on hailing one of them, to her infinite relief, she found it to be the property of a respectable Quaker, whom she had often seen, and whose reputation she knew to be good. After some little hesitation, and the offer of a liberal reward, she procured seats for Cynthia, the children, *Fidele*, and the basket. They were to be taken immediately to the home of Cynthia, where Dr. and Mrs. Stanley were to join them as soon as the wagons came to take their household goods. The trial of parting with her children was almost too much for Mrs. Stanley. The fortune of war might separate them for ever; the poor little things wept, and entreated to stay until their parents went, but Mrs. S. knew it was her duty to remain until she had secured their property. She had been too great a sufferer on the preceding summer, not to perceive the necessity of this decision. It was uncertain when the teams would arrive, and it was important that the children should be removed to a place of safety as soon as possible. Under these circumstances she found it necessary to suppress her own feelings, cheering the little

ones by the hope of a speedy reunion. After reminding them of their promises to be calm, and submit to the necessity of the case, she saw them comfortably stowed away amid beds and boxes, and with an almost breaking heart returned to the now solitary parlour.

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### CHAPTER III.

A HEAVY load was now removed from the mind of Mrs. Stanley. Her children, she trusted, were safe under the care of the kind old woman to whom she had consigned them, and her heart was filled with gratitude to that all-gracious Being who had thus far prospered her exertions for their safety. Deep, and all absorbing anxiety for the health, and perhaps life of their father, had now taken possession of her mind: a relapse might be fatal; in this emergency, every thing depended upon herself. As the importance of the charge pressed upon her mind it almost overpowered her. Again she commended herself and her dear ones to the care of her Almighty Father, and again her spirit rose to meet the exigencies of her situation. As the shades of evening descended, the scene assumed a deeper interest. The rumbling of carriages, the tramp of horses, the running and confusion of foot passengers, the deep hoarse tones of the sentinel, as the anxious "who comes there?" floated on the evening breeze, the portentous roll of the drum as it beat tattoo, all sunk upon the heart of that lone one, and reminded her of the weighty responsibilities which rested upon her. After urging him to take a cup of tea, her first care was to get her husband quietly in bed for the night, fearing the effect which the fatigue and anxiety of this eventful day

might have upon his feeble frame. By kind care and good nursing she hoped to prepare him for the duties of the morrow. This done, their own simple tea despatched, with the aid of Polly she set herself to complete the packing, ready for the wagons, which were expected at midnight. Her exertions were indeed almost superhuman: that was truly a night of dreadful anxiety. Oh! how her heart beat as the couriers galloped by, and with stentorian voices proclaimed the position of the enemy. The preparations within the cantonment continued all night: *there* all seemed bustle—lights flying in every direction in the village gave notice of some unusual event, while the distant voice of the sentinel hailing some passing passenger, rang upon the midnight air, like echoes of fearful presage. At daybreak the wagons came, and the heart of the anxious parent was relieved by hearing of the safe arrival of her loved ones at their place of destination. With a weight removed from her heart, Mrs. Stanley was hastening to her husband's room to communicate the intelligence, when to her utter astonishment, there he stood, *dressed*—looking pale, but animated; with a firm step he advanced to greet his amazed wife.—“My dear, dear husband,” said she, much agitated, “why will you exert yourself in this way? this strength cannot be real; I have serious apprehensions as to the effect of this excitement upon you, weak as you now are.”—Her pale and care-worn features alarmed him; he assured her the excitement caused by the approach of the enemy, was the very thing necessary for his restoration—it was the best thing that could have happened to him—he was restored—“but oh! Margaret,” said he, “I fear you are ill! you look so pale and languid!” When told she had not been in bed during the night, he was shocked and alarmed lest such excessive fatigue should entirely exhaust her delicate frame. “My dear wife, you must dismiss this anxiety from your mind; be not alarmed for me; I

only required something to rouse me to action, and you see I am well! I shall go after breakfast to Peru, (unless I hear intelligence which will render it necessary to take you with me,) and engage rooms for our reception. Should I neglect to do so, it is very possible our situation may be uncomfortable there, as so many people are crowding into that little place at once and without warning." Mrs. Stanley trembled with apprehension; she knew this sudden change was unnatural, yet what could she do? "I must risk the consequences," said she, as he went out of the street door. In a few minutes he returned, saying the British were still encamped at Chazy—their movements could only be conjectured; he however did not apprehend an immediate attack—they certainly would not move until to-morrow—he would mount his horse, ride to Peru, secure comfortable apartments, and bring her tidings of the children. The morning was fine, his resolution taken, and she yielded a reluctant consent. To be left alone at this juncture was dreadful! With a quivering lip and tearful eye she bade him farewell, after receiving his promise to return by two o'clock in the afternoon. When the little gate closed upon him, the desolation of her feelings beggared all description. She threw herself into a chair, and her overcharged heart found relief in a flood of tears; she wept long and violently; her memory reverted to the days of her childhood and youth, when she was the pride and hope of a widowed mother's heart, when every rational wish was gratified the moment it escaped her lips, and the slightest indication of pain or distress was soothed by that mother's fond caress. Now! she was alone—that dear, that honoured mother slept in the silent grave. Her own health had received a severe shock, and now desolate, though she trusted not friendless, she was trembling for the life of her husband. His instantaneous recovery could not be real; there was a quickness of motion, a strange wildness in the flash

of his eye, which to her alarmed imagination betokened the existence of fever. Where would it end? or what could it be? she thought of delirium from an over-heated brain. A relapse after so much fatigue and anxiety must prove fatal! She had parted from her children; true, she expected to join them at evening, but how many circumstances might arise to separate them for ever! the thought was agonizing! She arose and paced the room in a state of mind not easy to be described; another flood of tears came to her relief—she remembered the many dangers through which she had been preserved, and her confidence in *Him* who had hitherto sustained her, returned. She once more commended her husband and her babes to *His* care, and felt happy in the consciousness that she had a Friend at the helm, who could guide her little barque in safety through this perilous sea. She resolved she would not again suffer herself to be so depressed, but would seek in active employment an antidote for her distress and anxiety. While engaged in some domestic arrangements, a knock at the door startled her. A knock at the door was a common occurrence, yet at that time it was unexpected. She came down stairs as fast as her weak limbs would permit, and on opening the door, was surprised and delighted at the sight of a young friend from camp, an officer under Gen. Macomb; his surprise at finding her still in town was only equalled by his fears for her safety. He urged upon her the necessity of despatch, and on inquiring for his little favourites, was rejoiced to learn they were safe in Peru. “You have been wise in this, my dear madam, and I hope the *gude man* will return soon and in safety.” Mrs. Stanley urged him to come in, but he refused to dismount. The officers, by strict orders were confined within the camp; he, anxious for the safety of Dr. Stanley’s family, had not asked the boon which he knew would be denied, but had stolen a few moments when he thought himself unobserved, and rode

any other time would have shrunk from encountering a stranger, now flew out and hailed the courier; the man, struck probably with her pale and grief-worn features, and apparently unprotected situation, checked the mad speed of his horse, while in a trembling voice she asked, "what intelligence from the enemy?" The man, in terms of respect told her,—“they had struck their tents, and as far as he could judge, were making preparations to march immediately to Plattsburgh; they were now four miles back on the lake road; on the Beekmantown road, he thought they might be seven, the party by the lake would probably be upon us in two hours!” and he plunged his rowels in the sides of his horse and dashed forward. What could she do in this extremity? She would quietly await the issue. But, had she the right, or if she had, would it be just to expose the young creature who had staid so patiently and faithfully by her, during the last few perilous hours? No! her heart—her conscience told her it would not. As long as she had the power she would protect her, but it was probable the time was rapidly approaching when she would require protection herself. A thought occurred to her; she instantly called Polly, and after telling her it was possible Dr. Stanley might not return in time for them to leave the place, in that case she (Mrs. Stanley) might not be able to give her the care which every female required in such a state of confusion—left it to her own choice whether to remain and risk all with her, or to take a seat, in case she could procure one, on some one of the many wagons which were constantly passing. Once in Peru, she could join Cynthia and the children without delay. The girl with a degree of levity which surprised Mrs. Stanley, hastily replied,—“No marm, I'd rather stay with you and *see the fun*.” Shocked at this thoughtless answer, Mrs. Stanley explained to her the probable situation in which they would find themselves, should the enemy arrive before they could get away. The girl raised her head,

her eyes were filled with tears; she was pained for her mistress. "If I go I shall be safe, but what will become of you, marm? I am strong, and if a soger goes for to hurt you, marm, I can hit him a lick—but what can you do with that *little dillicate* hand o' yourn?" "I must trust in Providence, Polly!" said Mrs. Stanley. "Well marm, if you will go on the wagon with me, I'll go,—but if you ar goin to stay and trust in Providence, I'll stay and trust too." "But, Polly, it may not be in my power to protect you, and what will you do if Indians come with the enemy?" "I shall be better off than my mistress even then—for I can run for it, and you can't," said she pertly. Mrs. Stanley was silenced. This poor ignorant creature evinced more good feeling and consideration in her pert untutored way, than many a polished lady, who prided herself upon her disinterested friendship and sensibility, might have done.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

Hour after hour passed away away—still the husband and the father came not—shower after shower came pouring down; the thunder burst in tremendous peals, while the livid lightning still played fearfully along the sky! The force of the storm had in a measure spent itself, when Mrs. Stanley beheld her kind neighbour Mr. S—— approaching; she flew to the door to bid him welcome—he seized her hand with the most affectionate interest: "Dear, dear madam! why are you still here? I thought you left Plattsburgh last night. Oh! madam, you ought not to be here *now*—in less than two hours the British may be upon us." She briefly stated to him her situation. "Sad enough," was his reply. "What do you propose to

do? you will not remain here? you must not." "If my husband should be detained, which God forbid! I will cast myself upon the protection of the British officers; they are gentlemen, they surely will defend a helpless woman like myself from insult." My dear lady," said he, "you are yet too young; you know little of the world, and less of camps; I dare not trust you to such uncertain protection, and then, observe," said he, "Mrs. Stanley, observe that fortification across the river directly in front of this house." "I do, sir." "On the hill which rises at the extremity of your garden the enemy will in all probability throw up breast-works; every gun in yonder fort is pointed to your dwelling, and the opposite defences will probably be arranged in the same way, and you will find yourself exposed to the fire of both forts; you may be the victim of the first shot that is fired; I cannot leave you thus, neither can I aid, unless you will consent to share my fortune in an open boat upon this stormy lake; there is a bright moon, although it may be obscured by clouds; I think the night promises to be boisterous; I shall keep before the enemy if possible, but where I shall pass the night is yet uncertain. I shall remain here until the last moment." Mrs. Stanley was very much agitated, and uncertain what she ought to do. Should she go, she might place a barrier between herself and family which would prevent their meeting for a long time, if ever. Should the enemy penetrate into the heart of the country as was apprehended, in the general flight and confusion, she might lose all traces of her dear little family, and they of her. Should her husband return and find his house deserted, in his weak state he would lose his senses, perhaps throw himself into the camp of the invaders, and commit some outrage that would cost him his life. Torn by contending feelings and opinions, poor Mrs. Stanley stood almost motionless. "My God direct me!" she mentally exclaimed, then turning to her friend she extended her hand, her heart

was too full to speak;—he understood her. “My dear madam,” said he, “you know not the danger you brave; I will again look in upon you; you *will*, you *must* change your resolution.” Little Polly stood, eagerly devouring with open mouth and wide distended eyes every word which-fell from the lips of this kind judicious friend, (who alas! has long since done with the tumults and vexations of life,) and as soon as he was gone, she flew to Mrs. Stanley and entreated her to go with him. She fixed her tearful eyes upon the child, to read what was passing in her mind. You poor helpless little thing! thought she, I have no right to expose you to dangers, even were I resolved to brave them myself; and after a little reflection, made up her mind to go in the boat with Mr. S——. She must leave a letter, however, where her husband could find it, should he come after they were gone. She stepped into the house to write. The storm had passed; the setting sun streamed across the room, in all its glory through the open casement, and as its parting rays ceased to glimmer over the landscape it seemed to her excited mind as a prelude to a long, long night of misery—her heart swelled—“This will not do,” she cried, “I must be a woman now! I will hasten and write.” She turned to do so, but her writing implements were gone. She sent Polly to Mr. S—— to get pen, ink and paper—he was in the same predicament with herself—what was to be done? She took a piece of soft pine coal from the fire-place, and writing upon the street door these words, quietly began to prepare herself for her expedition on the water.—“To whom it may concern,—Mrs. Stanley, after waiting until nearly dark, has at length embarked in a small boat in company with Mr. S——; her friends will find her somewhere on the lake-shore between Plattsburgh and Peru; perhaps on Crab-Island. She is safe and Polly is with her.” After writing this notice as legibly as she could, she again seated herself to reflect upon the step she was

about to take. She was not satisfied with the plan. Something whispered her that if she left her home, before the return of Dr. Stanley, they would never meet again. Once more she retired to her closet, and implored divine assistance. "Oh! Father in heaven direct me," she again prayed; in the deepest agony of soul she entreated that God would make her duty manifest. These words came into her mind,—“Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart.” Yes, thought she, I will wait—in his own good time he will deliver me from these dangers. In her excited state of mind this passage of Scripture appeared to her as a direct expression of the mind of God towards her. She was convinced it was her duty to wait God’s appointed time. She came out of her room and told Polly that she should remain; the poor girl looked disappointed, but was silent. Twilight now began to spread its gray mantle around. The sound of the evening gun came booming over the waters, and the roll of the drum pealed upon her ear like the knell of death. The shadows of evening deepened around; the clouds still wore a threatening aspect, and plainly indicated another storm in the course of the night; the stars, however, shone out in all their brightness, except when obscured by transient clouds, and the full moon rose in the eastern hemisphere fitfully bright. Again Mr. S—— stood on the piazza. “I am now going, my dear madam, and I again entreat you to go with me. Her heart was too full to reply; it seemed as if she was now called upon to separate herself in this hour of peril, from her last, her only friend. She extended her hand, he pressed it with a father’s tenderness. He thought of his own daughters, now in safety, the same age, and dear friends of the lonely one he was about to leave exposed to countless dangers. Again he entreated her to go. “I thank you, my friend, God only knows *how much* I thank you—but, I cannot go; should I do so, I may never see my husband again!

If he lives he will come; he will hover round this spot, like a troubled spirit until grief and anxiety terminate the life which fever has spared." At that moment the courier was heard approaching. Mr. S—— once more bade her an affectionate farewell, and hastened into the street to hear the report. The enemy were slowly advancing towards Dead-Creek, where our pickets were placed; he dashed on to camp with his intelligence, while Mr. S——, attended by two men, went down the river bank where the boat was moored. Mrs. Stanley and her little Polly seated themselves on the piazza to watch the departure of the boat, and as the sound of the receding oars died on her ear, she felt as if her last hope had expired. Who can paint the desolation of those lonely ones! The girl clung to Mrs. Stanley for protection with as much confidence as a babe to its mother, and as she, (Mrs. S.) became aware of this, the more sensible was she of her weighty responsibilities. The inhabitants had nearly all left the village; the streets were deserted; except some solitary refugee who had been belated in leaving the place, not a citizen remained, not a female except the two desolate beings who were now marking the signs of the times in the gloomy twilight. The sentinels who were stationed for the night were seen pacing backward and forward, their bayonets glittering in the moonlight. Across the river could be seen much of the bustle of preparation, and two or three times Mrs. Stanley thought she saw movements like tearing up the bridge. The Saranac runs in a northerly direction, and as it passes through to the lake, turns to the east, and the village is built on both sides of it, being connected by a bridge. The house of Dr. Stanley was on the north bank, and the camp on the south. There were two bridges, an upper, and a lower, which latter, though not opposite, was in full view of his house. Should they tear up both, how could her husband cross the river? Here was a new source of alarm. She listened to the strokes of the

hammer, and the fall of timber; strained her aching eye-balls in the fitful moonlight to ascertain the nature of the operations going on; all was anxiety and suspense. The house clock had struck ten, and every stroke had fallen like the cold hand of death upon the heart of the agitated sufferer. She heard the sound of a horse—she started from her seat—it advanced—it was he—she strained her eyes and ears—it still advanced, and rapidly—it *was* he—the husband, whom a few minutes before she had thought never to see again. She flew to the gate—he approached—and turned up the other street—*it was not he!*

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## CHAPTER V.

SLOWLY and heavily Mrs. Stanley ascended the steps, and seated herself by the parlour window. Her thoughts were upon her husband and her babes, from whom she was, perhaps, separated for ever. Hope still lingered around her heart; she felt that she had done her duty, and prayed that she might be supported. Again the moon became obscured, and again the pale flashes of lightning, followed by low muttering thunder, foretold another storm—and, where was he, the wanderer? She well knew his anxiety for her safety would have prompted him to return with all possible speed—what could have happened? This was a question she continually asked herself. The clock told eleven. “Oh! merciful God protect him;” burst from her agitated lips, and all her apprehensions as to the coming battle were lost in the fearful thought, that she might at this moment be a widow, and her children fatherless. She paced the room in agony. The servant girl had, by the request of Mrs. Stanley, prepared herself a temporary

couch, (for bed or sofa none remained in the house,) and exhausted by fatigue had fallen asleep. "Sleep on, poor child," said Mrs Stanley to the unconscious girl, "this transient slumber may compose your nerves to meet our coming fate—poor thing! You little know the trials which, perhaps, ere long await you; sleep while you can!" Again the sound of a horse trotting briskly along the bank assailed her ears; she flew to the door, and in the dim distance, the moon half obscured by clouds, saw a man riding towards the house. "Oh! there he is! that must be he! no! he has turned up the other street. Father in heaven support me!" burst from the almost despairing wife. As she turned to go into the house, she saw the figure of a man entering the large gate which led to the back door and stable; she hastened in, and arousing Polly from her brief sleep, they proceeded to the kitchen; it was now near midnight. The nerves of Mrs. Stanley had been so long strained by this intense anxiety, that the sight of any human being she thought would be welcome. The loud knock was answered by her, with a firm and calm, "who is there?" "A friend!" was the response—"I am wet and weary, and want a drink of milk." Mrs. Stanley unhesitatingly opened the door, and a man advanced into the middle of the room;—a half suppressed shriek burst from her lips involuntarily, while Polly unconsciously clung to her mistress. This man was the only one who in that hour of loneliness and desolation would not have been welcome; a reputed murderer, and had twice within the last year been tried for his life. About three months since he was acquitted on the second charge. Although acquitted for the want of positive evidence, most people thought him guilty, and so general was the opinion, that he was shunned by the children in the streets with as much horror, as a traveller would shun the poisonous blast laden with death from the dreaded "Bohun Upas." In a moment the lady gained her self-pos-

session, motioned him to a seat, and directed the girl to fill his pitcher with milk. After the first shock, even the presence of this man was a relief. He remarked that he had been all day engaged in removing his family and effects, he came in half an hour before, hungry, wet and weary; finding nothing in his own larder, and seeing a light at the house of Dr. Stanley, he had ventured to tax her hospitality for a drink of milk. Mrs. Stanley ordered the remains of their almost untasted dinner to be placed before her singular guest, who made up by the compliment he paid it for the neglect which the good cheer had met with at dinner-time. A snug little fire with its cheerful blaze seemed to invite him to dry his dripping garments; he quietly drew his chair to the hearth, and making himself at home, began to discuss the events of the day, asserted there could be but one opinion as to the issue of the battle, which must end in the defeat of the Americans, and assured the lady, that a large body of Indians would be let loose upon the inhabitants, who would burn and destroy all before them, spreading desolation throughout that whole region of country.

Mrs. Stanley did not suffer herself to be discomposed by his representations, but he succeeded in alarming the poor girl, who *now*, for the first time, trembled in every limb. A tremendous clap of thunder reminded the man that he was not at home; hastily rising, he thanked Mrs. Stanley for her hospitality and took his leave. The storm came rapidly on. Claspings her hands in anguish, Mrs. Stanley exclaimed, "Oh, where can he be now? This wild wind seems as if it would uproot the forest—should he now be crossing the plain, his life is in constant peril from some falling tree—at all events his exposure in such a storm as this will prove his death." She then opened a small trunk which contained changes of apparel for the family, and selected a complete suit for Dr. Stanley, and every preparation

was made for his comfort, should he ever return; this done, she hurried again to the street door to watch the coming of her husband. The clock had long since told one! No sound was in the silent street except the noise of the express; whose hoarse voice every half hour, broke upon the stillness of the night. The scene across the bridge was one of thrilling interest. Lights moving in every direction—the bright flashing of the sentinels' arms as they paced back and forth, on their night-watch—the hurried bustling air of those at work on, and near the bridge—the lights in the cantonment, where all seemed confusion, and the hum of voices coming at intervals across the water amid the howling of the blast, rendered the scene still more exciting. The dark clouds were now collecting in one dense mass over the little village, and with a crash, which appeared to shake the earth, they parted, emitting a sheet of flame, which seemed to wrap the heavens in a blaze. Mrs. Stanley passed her hand across her eyes, as if to shut out the fearful sight, and for a moment rested on the balustrade,—then retiring to the parlour, threw herself into a chair, and folding her arms across her breast, raised her heart in prayer to Him “who rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm”—while poor little Polly, her gay spirit broken and subdued, sank at her feet and clung to her knees, as if for protection. Oh! who can describe her feeling of total helplessness and desolation at that moment? A deathlike silence pervaded the empty apartment, rendered still more desolate by the absence of its usual comforts;—no word was spoken—the girl was awe-struck. The soul of Mrs. Stanley was raised in high and holy communion with her Heavenly Father. She had early been taught by sad experience the fleeting nature of all earthly good, and that mother whose precepts she was now called upon to practise, and whose example she was striving to follow, had taught her where to carry her burdens. At length the storm abated, the thunder rolled at a distance, the

lightning still flashed across the heavens—but it had spent its fury; the *spirit* of the storm was hushed, and again the moon came forth in “cloudless majesty!” It was past two. Again the agitated wife heard the footfall of a horse in the direction from which she expected her husband; in an instant she was at the door,—again she strained her eyes and ears to catch the sound, or sight, of his familiar form; the horseman advanced—her heart throbbed nearly to bursting—it is, it *must* be he! near and more near came the sound; at length the horseman rode up to the gate; her head grew giddy; her sight dim: “My husband!” she exclaimed—“my Margaret!” was the reply, and she sank lifeless on the steps of the piazza. Dr. Stanley rushed forward, and with the assistance of Polly, carried his fainting wife into the house; by means of the usual remedies she was soon restored to life and consciousness; and when she found herself once more folded to the bosom of her husband, she felt prepared to brave all and suffer all. The attention of the anxious wife was immediately attracted to the worn and haggard appearance of Dr. Stanley, and his apparel, from which the water was dripping, plainly told her he had been exposed to all the violence of the tempest. A boiling kettle, which her forethought had kept in readiness, now furnished the means of comfort to the exhausted invalid; a bowl of wine whey, a warm bath for his feet, and a complete change of garments, soon renovated and enabled him to explain to his wondering wife, the cause of his long absence. His weakness was extreme; after riding six miles he found himself so exhausted he could ride no farther, and was obliged to stop. Availing himself of the hospitality of a kind farmer, whose house he was passing, a bed was prepared; after resting half an hour, he found himself ready to proceed when the storm again arose; this caused another delay; he waited until its violence had passed—then mounting his horse rode on at full speed; but showers succeeded each

other in rapid succession, accompanied by thunder and lightning, and when he reached the little hamlet to which he was destined, he was deluged with rain. It was a long time before he succeeded in his mission. The persons he wished to see were gone; their wives could not act without the sanction of their husbands. His mind was racked with anxiety; there was no remedy, however, he must wait, or his journey would be of no avail. The chain of communication was kept up between the exiles in Peru and the village of Plattsburgh; they received all the intelligence as fast as man and horse could carry it. Of course Dr. Stanley knew the enemy had pitched his tents about four miles from the village, and would probably wait there until pleasant weather. It was late in the evening before his business was completed, and he had just entered upon the dreary pine plains, when the last terrible storm came on. Such was his little history of mishaps. Their preparations for departure were soon made, and the wagon at the door, which was to convey them to their beloved children. Sad were the feelings of these parents as the doors of their much loved home closed upon them perhaps for ever. It had been the scene of affliction; it had also been the seat of domestic happiness; the birthplace of their children; it had witnessed their infant sports, and was endeared to them by many tender associations,—its portals had now closed upon them, perhaps for the last time; the probability was, from its relative situation, it might take fire from the guns of our own fort. Mrs. Stanley brushed the tear from her eye, and quietly seated herself in the wagon.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE house clock struck three, as Dr. Stanley and his wife, with Polly, rode out of the yard. At half past two, Dr. Stanley on his return from Peru had crossed the upper bridge as usual—their design now was to cross the lower one, in order to learn the countersign, and obtain from the general a passport through the line of sentinels stationed on their route. When they reached the bridge, they found it uncovered; two sentinels advanced, one on each side of the wagon, and each presenting his gun demanded the countersign. What was to be done? Dr. Stanley told the “plain unvarnished tale” of villagers unavoidably detained—and was informed there was no passing through camp that night, *with or without* the countersign; their orders were peremptory—neither could they enter camp in the morning without the magic word. “*I am not a stranger,*” said Dr. Stanley, “*you must know me;* I have passed all hours of the night unmolested through your camp, during a succession of months before your army surgeons came on, and at all hours have I visited the fleet, having the professional charge of that also, and if I mistake not, young man, *you* have assisted me in handing dressings to bind up many an old wound received in battle, which had been neglected until dressed by me at yonder fort. Let us proceed, my good fellow!” “Can’t help you, sir,” was the laconic reply, “you pass here at your peril!” They rode on to the upper bridge, which Dr. Stanley had crossed without hindrance, when he returned from Peru a short hour before,—when lo! that bridge was taken up also, a fence across the road, a breastwork erected, and the passage completely blocked up. A faintness—a sick-

ness of the heart came over poor Mrs. Stanley—she wistfully turned her face to her husband with a look of inquiry: "*We must go west!*" said he. "Never!" said the half distracted mother; "who is to protect our babes? should the enemy penetrate into the heart of our country, they may be torn from us for ever—" "I cannot go west, I *must* go south!" "My dear Margaret," said the agonized husband, "quietly submit to this necessity, you see we cannot go south; in a few days the country will be quiet, and then we will rejoin the children. "Is it necessary, is it right, my husband, that we should separate ourselves from those helpless little ones? Oh! let us make one more effort, the cause is holy, God will aid us!" "My dear Margaret, resistance is vain; we only expose ourselves to insult, perhaps danger, by contending the pass with those sentinels." "Oh, Dr. Stanley!" exclaimed the half frantic mother, "I entreat you to make one more trial: let *me* in my own person make it; they will not refuse me. General Macomb is my personal friend, I will find some one who will procure me a sight of the general." "It is in vain, my dear Margaret, to resist the authority of these soldiers; be rational, I entreat you, and seek safety on the western road." "I implore, oh my husband, by all I have this night suffered, that you make one more effort to cross the lower bridge!" The husband gave up the point, and the head of his horse was again turned toward the village. When they arrived at the bridge, gray dawn was just breaking, and the scene which presented itself was truly imposing. The lights were not extinguished, lanterns were flying to and fro, in every direction, the string pieces of the bridge bare, every plank gone! the rapid motions of the soldiers engaged in their tasks; the glittering of firearms; the loud clear tones of the officers, giving direction, nodding plumes, and burnished swords, and "all the pomp and circumstance of war," so new to Mrs. Stanley, caused her heart to beat violently. She strained her eyes to

discover a boat, but no! there was no boat there. The moment the wagon arrived at the top of the hill above the bridge, two sentinels sprang forward and opposed their passage at the point of the bayonet. While Dr. Stanley was expostulating with the sentinel on one side, Mrs. Stanley, in tones that would have melted a heart of adamant, entreated the one on the other, that he would suffer them to proceed. With the gun pointed as close to her breast as it could be, without touching her, he refused. "Let me go," said she, "and obtain audience of the general! I can walk the string-pieces." "Pass at your peril," said the fellow, moving his weapon as if about to plunge it into her bosom; it did not touch her, and she feared it not. "I entreat you, my good fellow, call the officer of the night! I *must* see him," said the unhappy lady, raising her voice in agony; "I beseech you let me pass—I can walk the beams." "Pass at your peril!" repeated the angry sentinel. As the bright steel glanced before her eyes in the shadowy light reflected by the almost expiring lamps, mingling their fitful rays with the first faint streaks of morning, she shuddered; but again pleaded that he would call the officer of the night,—“Do, I entreat—if ye are men, ye will not persist in this refusal! call your officer, I implore you! or let me pass up on your own responsibility, to my helpless unprotected babes.” Again the fellow, probably enjoying her distress, made a feint with his gun, presenting it so close that its point pressed against her mantle. Although trembling she shrunk not, but raising her voice in the excitement of the moment exclaimed, “I must, I will join my children; sheath your bayonet,” said she, her voice still rising; “if ye have wives, or children of your own, for their sakes let me pass!” Still the bright bayonet flourished at her breast, while Dr. Stanley in deep altercation with the soldier on the other side, had not observed the close contact of the shining weapon with the person of his beloved wife: “You pass not here with

your lives," said the sentinel, again menacing the defenceless woman. "Let me get out," she shrieked, half rising, "let me make my way to General Macomb; he will send me on without delay." At that moment, an officer came running up the hill—"Who have we here? what is this? down with that weapon, sirrah! What lady is this? what Doctor?" "Lieut. M——!" exclaimed Mrs. Stanley, every feature irradiated with sudden joy, "do you not know me?" "Not know you; my dear madam! and is this Dr. Stanley? I am thankful I am stationed here this night;—pardon, dear madam the vigilance of my soldiers; but I fear I cannot readily pardon them myself the fright they have given you—but how is this? why are you here? explain!" A few words led him to understand the position of the fugitives. "Have patience, Mrs. Stanley," said he, "you shall cross the bridge in a few moments." He then sprang with the speed of lightning down the hill, and in a short time the Doctor and Mrs. Stanley saw as many soldiers as could work to advantage laying planks across the string-pieces. In a few minutes Lieut. M—— returned, and bidding Mrs. Stanley not to be alarmed at the narrow bridge, (the passage was only wide enough for the wagon to cross,) he volunteered to lead the horse himself. Polly and Dr. Stanley alighted, and the two gentlemen led the horse across the narrow pass, Mrs. Stanley keeping her seat in the wagon. It was a critical operation, but the horse was kind and well trained; the noble animal stepped as carefully and as proudly as if he knew he was performing an important service for his master. Arrived at the extremity of the bridge, Lieut. M—— said, "You are now, my friends, beyond the two most important lines of sentinels; wait a few moments, I will go to General Macomb and get you a pass through camp. Had our General been aware of Mrs. Stanley's situation, she would not have been subjected to such fatigue and alarm." He returned directly, bringing with him a passport. Then their way was plain,

the morning gun was fired just as they left behind them the last line of sentinels, and Mrs. Stanley uttered a sincere and heartfelt "*thank God*," as they cleared the cantonment. The sun was just rising above the horizon, as they left camp, and the heart of Mrs. Stanley beat high with hope;—she invoked blessings on the head of the young officer who had so nobly assisted them in that hour of peril. Should these pages ever meet his eye, he will have the pleasure to know that his noble exertions in the cause of humanity, that night, will ever be remembered with gratitude.

They proceeded on their way with lighter hearts than they had felt for many hours. Dr. Stanley, however, was almost worn out by his exertions, and the feeble frame of his wife seemed ready to sink with fatigue and anxiety. They accordingly decided to stop and breakfast with a friend, about half-way between Plattsburgh and Peru, their place of destination; wisely judging it prudent to husband their remaining strength to meet other emergencies. They were warmly welcomed by their friends. The lady of the house was ill of a fever. Dr. Stanley was their family physician, but hearing of his illness, they had not sent for him: at this time, when all was confusion, no physician could be had in whom they could confide. The Dr. and Mrs. Stanley seemed like messengers from heaven! On finding the family in such distress, they concluded to spend a few hours, which the Doctor devoted to the care of the sick lady, whose life was in imminent danger, while Mrs. Stanley essayed all her arts of consolation, to soothe the agitated feelings of her amiable young friend, who was trembling for the life of a beloved mother. They arrived at a critical moment, and both the Doctor and Mrs. Stanley have often since felt a pleasure in reflecting upon that incidental call, which proved of essential service to their friends, as he was, no doubt, instrumental in saving the life of Mrs. ——. It was however, neces-

sary that they should join their children as soon as possible, and, towards evening they proceeded to Peru.

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## CHAPTER VII.

I WILL not attempt to describe the meeting between the parents and children. Suffice it to say, that when Mrs. Stanley found herself quietly established in the rooms which her husband had provided, her children in health and spirits sporting around her, she (for the time) forgot all the sufferings she had endured since their separation. Her heart was so filled with gratitude for present blessings, that there was no room for any other emotion. Her treasures were safe, and she was happy! They were all once more united,—what greater blessing could she ask? True, by the fortune of war, their little property might be destroyed—their home reduced to ashes—but her husband, her children were restored, and as she folded them to her bosom, and imprinted a kiss on each glowing cheek, and listened to all their little details of what had occurred to them during their separation, she was happy. Alas! what short-sighted beings we are! Before Dr. Stanley retired for the night, he manifested symptoms of indisposition, which again alarmed his too sensitive wife. He refused to take medicine, and persisted in believing that a good night's rest would restore him. His constitution was naturally fine. He had seldom been out of health since their marriage, enduring all the fatigues of an extensive practice in medicine and surgery, in that new country, riding night and day, through wind and storms, without experiencing the least ill effects from the exposure, and often when engaged in the duties of his profes-

sion among the poor, when he has found himself at night fifteen or twenty miles from home, and his patient not in a situation to be left, had he thrown himself upon the floor of some wretched log hut, so open that he could run his arm through the planks; his great coat performing the double duties of bed and blanket, and his saddle for a pillow, slept as soundly, and felt as well as if he had slumbered upon a bed of down, curtained with damask hangings.

Was it a marvel then, that this tender wife should be anxious respecting his present situation, just recovering as he was from a long and violent attack of fever? Upon suddenly awaking, she fancied she heard him move, and gently disengaging herself from the arms of her sleeping boy, she stole softly into his room, and found him in a burning fever, raving wildly of the events of the preceding night, apparently unconscious where he was, or even of the presence of his wife. In a state of extreme agitation, Mrs. Stanley awakened the hired man of Mr. G.— to go for a doctor. The man seemed intelligent, and she made inquiries respecting the different practitioners. He told her she would be obliged to take whoever she could get; he fancied there would be no choice allowed her; there were but two doctors in the town, one of them was ill of a fever, the other had gone a journey, and was not expected to return in several weeks. A faintness came over the heart of Mrs. Stanley, her limbs almost refused their support; she leaned upon the window-sill to prevent falling. In a moment the weakness was past, and she prepared for exertion. “My husband is very ill,” said she, “what is to be done?—assist me my good fellow, and a liberal reward shall be yours.” “Indeed marm I dew not know, I guess *that are* young man, what lives with Dr. A.—*he’s larnin* the Doctor’s trade,—may be he knows *summat on it* a redy; he’s been larnin this two mon or more.” The idea of placing the life of her husband in the hands of an ignorant quack, or a raw young

student, made her shudder. She had herself been accustomed to sickness, and a few years previous to this time, during the prevalence of an epidemic (typhus fever) had proved an efficient aid to her husband in his extensive practice. She now thanked God that the spirit of inquiry into the why and wherefore, had led her to observe something of the minutiae of his general practice. He was a very sick man!—She thought his life in danger; how could she take the responsibility in so critical a case? the patient her own husband—the father of her children.—“I will see this young man,” said she to herself, and then I can better judge what confidence to repose in him.” The young student of medicine came. He was a young man of a fine open countenance, pleasing appearance, and had been bred a Quaker, although he had dismissed their peculiarity of language. There was a simplicity of manner, and absence of pretension about this young man, which pleased Mrs. Stanley. She stated to him the situation of her husband, and led the way to his room; his fever ran high, attended with delirium; the brain was evidently disordered—he recognised no one. But when his wife approached his bed-side, there was a softness and gentleness in his manner that plainly told, he knew a *friend* was near,—he would take nothing but from *her* hand, nor receive the assistance of any other person, yet *he did not know her!* Poor Mrs. Stanley! “what do you think of him, sir?” said she, in a tremulous voice.—“He is a very sick man,” was the brief reply. “What do you advise, Doctor?” “I do not know, madam—I am not competent to advise in so critical a case, for I have but just commenced the study of medicine.” “God bless you, my dear sir, for your candour on this occasion. I now feel far more easy about my husband than I should do, were you an arrogant, self-sufficient young man, professing to understand what you know nothing about.” “Dr. Stanley is certainly very ill; I wish we had able

counsel; we must make the best of it, however, madam; as I said, I will assist you all I can, but I am not willing to take the responsibility." "I will send to Plattsburgh, and get advice if possible; if a physician cannot be had, the responsibility must rest *here*," said Mrs. Stanley, placing her hand upon her heart. "Oh! God of mercy," she silently ejaculated, "inspire me with wisdom to direct, courage to perform, and strength to sustain me in this perilous business! what *heavy* responsibilities are mine. Oh, should I through ignorance administer what would injure his constitution, perhaps shorten his life, or should I omit what is necessary to perform, the same results will ensue—what shall I do? what can I do? I will send instantly to Plattsburgh." She stepped to the kitchen, and ordered the man to saddle Dr. Stanley's horse with all speed: while this was doing, she sat down to her desk and penned a note to a friend in camp, briefly stating her situation, and entreating that one of the army doctors might be sent without a moment's delay, and with a beating heart she waited the return of the messenger.

Mrs. Stanley saw with agony the ravages which fever was hourly making upon the frame of her beloved husband, and she exerted all her energies to avert the dreadful blow which threatened her. She had a painful task to perform—that of communicating to her affectionate children the alarming situation of their father. The little boy was too young to realize the evil she feared, but the two little girls possessed judgment and discretion beyond their years. Mrs. Stanley had been peculiarly situated ever since her marriage. When she settled on Lake Champlain, she beheld herself entirely separated from every member of her own family; one dear and almost idolized brother, and two sisters, were all that death had spared of a numerous family, and their lot was cast in a distant part of the state. Her husband's practice called him much from home, and as her own habits

were domestic and retired, she found herself much alone. She was a devoted mother, and from the first dawnings of reason her daughters had been her companions. She had entered into all their infantile sports, listened to all their little griefs, and identified herself as much as possible with them; of course she won their confidence, and they grew up as her companions and friends. These two lovely children, the one eight, the other six years old, assumed a responsibility (for it was self-imposed) that few young ladies of twenty feel toward a feeble mother. They felt that her happiness was in their keeping. With a constitution so fragile, that it seemed as if one rude blast of adversity would annihilate her, she had been the victim of sorrow from her childhood. It was theirs to soothe and console; if the tear trembled in her eye, Anna would sing one of her sweetest songs; if her brow was clouded with care, Louisa had a pretty story to read. Thus hand in hand, these two lovely, almost angelic little beings, watched over their almost idolizing mother. It would have warmed the heart of a stoic to have witnessed the pure, simple, yet child-like expedients they resorted to, in order to enliven the domestic hearth. They were too young to analyze their motives; they only knew she was their dear, their honoured mother, who looked to them for happiness; she must not look in vain. It was to these intellectual, almost ethereal little beings, that Mrs. Stanley was about to communicate the most mournful tidings of their father's illness. I will not attempt to describe the scene that ensued. At first their grief knew no bounds, but when told that she looked to them for consolation in this hour of trial, Anna, smiling through her tears, threw herself into her mother's arms, saying, "dear mamma, you shall not be disappointed in us; if we lose papa, we must all love each other the more;" while Louisa sat immovable as a statue, her hands folded across her little heart, and her full dark eye fixed on vacancy. "Louisa, my darling," said

the agonized mother, "speak to me, dearest; have you no word—no comfort for mamma?" The little creature's deep convulsive sobs spoke the anguish of her heart. "Luly, dearest Luly—speak to mamma—be calm, my love." "I am, I will be calm;" and she looked so piteously in her mother's face, while little Anna was constantly soothing and caressing her. "And must papa die?" she at last articulated. "Oh! Anna, mamma will be a widow then, and shall not we be orphans? does not that mean orphans, to lose our papa?" "Yes, dear sister," sobbed Anna, "we shall be almost orphans, we shall have mamma." "Oh Anna, it is dreadful!" and again she sobbed almost convulsively. The strong, deep feelings of the younger child almost suffocated her, while the not less sensitive, but more buoyant spirits of Anna rebounded. Although a babe in years, she seemed at once endowed with the discretion of a woman. The peculiar circumstances in which they were placed, drew forth traits of character which surprised and gladdened the heart of the mourning mother. Every plan Anna could devise, to amuse her little brother and sister, she practised. She unpacked their little books, played school, instituted herself their teacher, and kept good order, that her mother might be relieved from the task of amusing them.

Mrs. Stanley's patience was sorely tried before her messenger returned; at last he came, but no success. There was no doctor in the town, and no one was permitted to leave camp; and this afflicted lady must be guided in this dreadful strait by her own weak judgment.

The delirium of Dr. Stanley continued for several hours—when a deathlike stupor succeeded, attended by an inflammation upon the bowels, which it was feared would end in mortification. Many of the most respectable inhabitants of Plattsburgh had sought refuge in this little hamlet, and it was some consolation to see familiar faces, and to know that many of

her dear neighbours were near; yet every family had its own cares.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

THE chain of intelligence was kept up between Plattsburgh and Peru. Couriers were constantly riding back and forth with correct information. From the sixth until the eleventh, (the morning of the battle,) there was occasional skirmishing between the advance guards of the enemy and the Vermont volunteers, and New York militia. As is usually the case on such occasions, false alarms, and false reports were circulated by mischievous idlers who enjoyed the panic, riding furiously back and forth spreading terror all around, by rumors of farm houses burnt to ashes, and whole families massacred by the Indians, who were let loose to do their pleasure upon the peaceable inhabitants. These reports annoyed Mrs. Stanley, by creating alarm in the minds of those with whom she was associated. She knew herself, that there was no credit to be given them, and that the courier would soon arrive with the truth. Night and day she watched by the couch of her suffering husband. Every prescription was made by herself; her medical friend merely acquiescing in her views, and ending all his remarks by wishing they had able counsel. Mrs. Stanley trembled as the conviction forced itself upon her mind, that every thing rested upon her own judgment; a sacred solemnity pervaded her naturally cheerful mind; she had high and holy duties to perform. Her husband's life depended upon her judicious management; an indiscretion on her part, which might arise from want of medical knowledge, would deprive herself and children of their dearest earthly

friend. She knew that all depended upon her own self-possession. When her feelings amounted almost to agony, then would she close the door of her own little private room, and cast her burdens upon Him who was able to sustain them. She knew in whom she trusted—she rested on the promises of her God.

The exertions, both mental and physical, of this feeble woman were almost super-human. There were times when she felt herself sinking under the accumulated load of anxiety and fatigue. She saw her husband about to be torn from her for ever, at a time when his protection was necessary to their very existence as a family. Her mind reverted to that period, when a young and happy bride, she felt, that with *him* she could brave every extreme of danger and privation: to the hour, when a mother's love first filled her heart, and a parent's responsibilities were shared by the happy father. That father now lay before her unconscious of all her love, and all her woe. The lisping tones of his only son passed unheeded by him, and the tears of his idolized little daughters wet his face without recognition. "Oh speak to me, papa!" said the gentle Anna, as she threw her arms around his neck, and sobbed violently.

The heart of Louisa seemed bursting with sorrow; as she passed her little hand across his unconscious brow, a cold shivering seized her. There was something awful, to the mind of this child, in the change which a few days had wrought in that loved visage! Nothing disturbed him now!—there he lay—senseless—almost motionless—his eyes half closed, lips black and parched, his cheek flushed with the intense heat of fever which was scorching his vitals, while his wife, whose countenance portrayed the keenest anguish, was constantly employed in administering such antidotes as the united judgment of the two novices in the healing art directed, to arrest the alarming symptoms which had taken place within a few hours. The good people with whom they stayed, and indeed

the whole neighbourhood (who were of that sect denominated Quakers) manifested the greatest kindness and sympathy for the situation of the family. Daily offers of assistance, in the way of nursing, and sitting up at night with a sick man, were made, and as they viewed the pale cheek, and grief-worn face of Mrs. Stanley, and witnessed her unwearied devotion to her husband, they seemed to vie with each other in offices of kindness. There were also two young ladies, Miss Olivia and Martha R——, exiles like herself, staying in the same house, from whom she received almost sisterly attentions. Interesting young creatures they were, but where their lot has since been cast, I know not,—should they still live, they will be happy to know that their disinterested kindness to that afflicted family, to those sweet and interesting children, who are now angels in heaven, will ever be remembered by that bereaved lady with heartfelt gratitude.

Poor Mrs. Stanley scarcely left the bedside of her apparently dying husband, night or day, except at the earnest entreaty of her little daughters joined by the young ladies, who implored her for her children's sake, not to destroy her own life by such constant watching. There she sat—his burning hand pressed within her own, her face and lip as pale as monumental marble, the gaze of her dark hazel eye immovably fixed on those loved features, which to her excited mind were already settling for the grave.

There were, as I have before observed, constant skirmishes between our militia and the advance guards of the British. It was evidently the policy of the besiegers to make a simultaneous attack by land and water: but they were detained by the tardy movements of their fleet. Commodore M'Donough had chosen a favourable position to meet their fire; his fleet being moored just round the point, in Cumberland Bay, which position he resolved no *ruse* of the enemy should induce him to abandon. General Macomb had been in hourly expectation of an en-

gement since the first of September. The deliberation with which the besiegers advanced, while it had excited surprise, gave our brave officers time to mature their plans, and strengthen and complete their defences—their block-houses were rendered more secure, their fortifications doubly fortified, new batteries were erected, impediments thrown in the passage of the enemy, and now, when their movements made it evident that they were about to attack the fort, the brave Macomb found himself ready to receive them. It was the determined resolve of the magnanimous little band who threw themselves into that fort to defend it to the last extremity—to conquer, or die! They had prepared matches to blow up the fort in case defeat was inevitable, nobly resolving, not to give the foe the advantage of that important post with all its arms and stores, which had been secured within its walls. The superiority of the British forces was so great, that it was generally thought they would reduce both the fort and fleet, and penetrate by land and water into the heart of the country. Many brave hearts, which entered these walls, mentally bade adieu to wife and children, parents and friends, and all the tender ties which bound them to life, resolving to sustain the siege, repel the enemy, or perish in the ruins of the fort.

It would be vain for me to attempt a description of the little group, assembled in the chamber of the now apparently dying man, on the morning of the 10th of September. A material change had taken place in his symptoms during the night, and when the student came in the morning, he confirmed the worst fears of Mrs. Stanley. There he lay—nothing could move him now—his thick hurried respiration, difficulty of breathing, sunken features, all, every symptom appeared like approaching dissolution. There sat the mourning wife, the desolate mother; her sweet Anna on her knees on one side, partly reclining on her mother's lap; Louisa knelt on the other, an

arm of each encircling her waist; the big tears were chasing each other down the cheeks of the beautiful Anna, while little Louisa buried her head in her mother's lap, almost convulsed with the sobs she was trying to suppress; little Charles was seated on Polly's lap, in silent amazement at a scene so new. Poor Mrs. Stanley, encircled in the arms of her daughters, pale as a snowdrift and almost as cold, sat calm and motionless, her hands clasped, her eyes closed, unconscious of the animating scenes enacting in the street under her window. Her soul was bowed down with its weight of woe;—she was commending the spirit of her dying husband to the fountain of life, to the Saviour of sinners. Silence, like the silence of death, reigned in the apartment;—nothing but the low sobs of little Louisa, or the bursts of grief which Anna had in vain endeavoured to control, was heard. The student was unwearied in his attentions to the sick man; his kindness sunk deep into the mourning heart of Mrs. Stanley. Every thing which a friend could do on such an occasion was done by him; his frankness when he was first called, had won her esteem, and his generous kindness throughout the whole of that scene of affliction demands her lasting gratitude.

The loud tramp of the courier's horse now broke upon the ear; all was bustle and confusion, as he proclaimed his intelligence to his anxious auditors. "The enemy had struck their tents, and seemed about to commence their march. An attack upon the fort was hourly expected. How much depended upon the fate of that battle! Notwithstanding her own private griefs, Mrs. Stanley was deeply interested in the result of the war. Proud of the independence of her country, her young heart glowed with enthusiasm as she retraced the deeds of her heroic countrymen, who a few years since had fought and bled to obtain that independence; she could not brook the idea of surrender now. The ensign which Washington had planted in this land of freemen, must never bow to a

foreign power; and while the star-spangled banner floated from the mast of M'Donough, and the princely eagle waved his protecting wings over Fort Moreau, she knew her loved country was still free, and her heart was raised in gratitude and thanksgiving, to that Power who had fought our battles, and proclaimed us independent.

No change appeared in the sick man for many hours. The anxious mother feared the effects of such scenes of heart-breaking grief upon the minds of her children, and was gratified when Olivia asked them to go into the orchard; with some difficulty she persuaded them to go, and the sad wife was left alone in her grief, to reflect upon the helpless, hopeless situation in which she would find herself, should God in his wisdom see fit to remove her husband at this time. The hours passed heavily on. Mrs. Stanley was frequently annoyed by idlers, who for the want of more profitable employment, were interesting themselves in the affairs of their neighbours. In answer to their heartless questions "what will you do?" and "what can you do, if our army should retreat, followed by the Indians?" She had but one answer, "I have no choice left me." Night, with its darkness and gloom, approached. With much difficulty the little girls were prevailed upon to retire to bed. They entreated that they might be permitted to share their mother's vigils, but upon her promise, that if their father grew worse, they should be called, they kissed her good night and retired. Young Dr. A—— came to sit up with Dr. Stanley during the night, and urged the lady to retire; nothing could induce her at this critical moment to leave her post; of course both remained. Towards midnight a very perceptible change took place in the patient; he broke out in a profuse perspiration; instead of the short hurried breathing which had so much alarmed her, his respiration became full and free, while his whole appearance denoted a peaceful slumber. Mrs. Stanley watched the change with a

beating heart; her eyes were almost blinded by the intensity of the gaze which she fixed upon him; her head grew giddy, and she came near fainting. Dr. A—— was alarmed by her paleness, and gave her lavender,—she revived to a state of agonizing suspense. Dr. A—— critically watched the varying symptoms of the patient, and told Mrs. Stanley he thought she was right in her conjecture. *This, then, was the crisis of the fever;* and they hoped much from the sweet sleep into which he had fallen. Oh! who that has never been placed in a similar situation, can conceive the intense, the soul-harrowing anxiety which racked the heart of that almost despairing wife. Not a motion, not a breath was unobserved, and as she wiped the large drops of perspiration from his brow, she trembled lest his small remains of strength should give way under this powerful struggle between nature and disease. Dr. A—— threw himself upon a couch which had been prepared for the purpose, and now slept. Mrs. Stanley was left alone with her husband. A few hours before, hope was extinct in her bosom, and though her soul was filled with anguish, she had bowed submissively to the will of the Almighty. *Now*, a ray, a *faint and feeble ray* of hope, illuminated her mind, but it had deprived her of all her self-possession, all her composure. Again her own fearful responsibilities rushed upon her mind; the dreadful uncertainty; the suspense; the fear that her own inexperience and want of medical knowledge, might cause her to omit something which ought to be done, or to do something which ought not to be done. The life of a fellow creature was in her hands; that fellow creature was her *husband*. She stationed herself at the bedside, where she could watch the most minute change in his countenance, now so pale, so death-like—there she sat in her desolation and communed with her own heart. Her mind travelled back to the days of her infancy, childhood, and youth! Of her father she recollected little; that

little, however, told how tenderly she had been beloved by him; but her mother! her almost idolized mother! she who had watched over her infancy with the same tender care which she herself now exercised towards her own little ones, whose bright example had proved a beacon thus far, to light her own weary way—where was that mother now? The grave had long since closed over her mortal remains, but her spirit! had it deserted her child? Oh no! she felt its influence near, and around her; she daily held, or fancied she held high and holy communion with her beatified spirit. During her childhood, Margaret Stanley had almost worshipped her mother, and since the age of thirteen, the period when death had separated them, in every emergency had appealed to *that mother*, as if she had been present to her mortal eye, and fancied an answer to that appeal had been *given*; that her spirit was ever near to watch over, guide, guard, and protect her. In this solemn midnight hour, when the husband of her bosom, *now* her only protector, lay, as it were, hovering on the confines of eternity, she felt an immediate sense of her mother's presence; in the enthusiasm of the moment she stretched forth her feeble, wasted arms, as if to catch the bright vision. "Oh my mother! stay—let not thy pure spirit desert thy child; impart to her a portion of thine own fortitude in that sad hour, when my sainted father was called home to heaven, and left thee to buffet the storms of life alone! Let thy bright example stimulate me to perform my duty; let me exercise thy faith, thy patience, thy meekness and submission! Oh my mother! let thy spirit be with and sustain me." Her feelings were wrought up to a pitch of the highest excitement; she burst into tears, and wept long and violently, and her overcharged heart was relieved. It was near morning; Dr. Stanley continued to sleep, and as Mrs. Stanley wiped away the perspiration which streamed from his face, she observed with hope, the change in his counte-

nance. The pain-contracted brow, the shut teeth, frequently grating upon each other, were displaced for slumbers as quiet and gentle as those of happy infancy. His brow was now placid and calm; peace had stamped its impress there, and his own benign smile once more flitted across his thin pale visage. "I thank thee, oh my God," she ejaculated, as while sponging his lips with soda water, she marked the change. "Shall I wake him?" murmured she to herself, "he has slept long and soundly; this apparently sweet and quiet slumber is nature's own prescription, and is it right to counteract her operations? and yet I fear he sleeps too long; what shall I do? he does not look exhausted, or even weary; I will not disturb him;" and again she seated herself at his bedside. At length he slowly opened his languid eyelids, and faintly articulated, "Margaret! my own Margaret!" Her soul trembled on her lip, and seemed about to wing its flight for immortality; in vain she essayed to reply; a trembling seized her; she caught up a glass of water, drank it, and felt revived; then placing her fingers upon his lips, motioned him to be calm. He had awakened in his perfect senses!

Mrs. Stanley awakened Dr. A——, who evinced the most lively joy at the appearance of the patient. Without hesitation he pronounced him (according to the best of his judgment) *convalescent!* It was now morning. Dr. A—— took his leave, and the ever kind Olivia entered, and volunteered her services as nurse, while Mrs. Stanley should try to obtain a little sleep.

## CHAPTER IX.

A HEAVY weight was now removed from the heart of Mrs. Stanley; she sank into a refreshing slumber from which she was aroused by the caresses of her two little daughters, who came with a summons to breakfast, and to inquire after dear papa. Oh! with what mingled feelings of thankfulness and joy she folded the little creatures to her heart: and Fidele, the faithful little companion of their infant sports, was not now forgotten. The affectionate little dog had scarcely been noticed by his mistress since her mind had been so distressed about his master, and the sagacious brute saw at once that now he might venture to caress her, and be rewarded by the accustomed mark of her favour, a pat upon the head. The children and the dog were all in such high spirits, that Mrs. Stanley was obliged to call them to order as they passed out, and taking a child in each hand, leaving Anna to follow with Fidele, they looked upon the sick man, and proceeded to the breakfast-room. Exhausted by long anxiety and constant watching, the nerves of Mrs. Stanley were all unstrung. The morning was beautiful; the orchard with its loaded trees, the green grass, the blue sky, all looked so inviting, that when she arose from the table she proceeded with the children to enjoy for a few moments its refreshing shade. The pure morning air, the lowing of the cattle, the music of the birds, the humming of the insects, seemed to inspire her with new life,—now hope was again sparkling in her eye, and dancing in her soul. The hearts of the little group seemed to rebound after the dreadful pressure under which for a time they had laboured. Charles was all fun and frolic, Fidele was gaily tripping forward,

with tail curled, and ears erect, expressing as much joy as a dog could express that he was once more permitted to escort his indulgent mistress in a ramble. Mrs. Stanley cast her eyes over the little group, and once more enjoyed the delightful consciousness of a proud and happy mother. Suddenly a sound like the rumbling of distant thunder broke upon her ear! Peal succeeded peal, and a dense cloud of smoke rising in the direction of the lake, diffused itself over the heavens. Mrs. Stanley grew pale, her whole frame trembled—'tis the fleet, thought she, or the fort is on fire; and followed by the children she hastened to the house. After giving her children a caution not to disturb their father, to whom the slightest emotion might prove fatal, they entered his room. He had been awake, taken a little nourishment, and again fallen into a sweet sleep. All now was bustle and confusion. The cannonading continued without intermission, and the whole surrounding atmosphere was hazy with the smoke. The little village, upon which half an hour ago the sun shone so clear and beautiful, seemed enveloped in fog. Riders were pouring in with intelligence. Expresses arrived every fifteen minutes, reporting the progress of the enemy; contradictory statements confused the minds of the fugitives. One moment the Americans were fighting like lions, determined not to give one inch of ground, and almost in the same moment, our retreating troops had crossed Salmon river, and as they crossed had torn up the bridge, and opposed every obstruction they could invent to impede the progress of the enemy, who, bearing down all opposition, were spreading desolation in their path. A large body of Indians followed in their rear, with permission to murder, scalp, and burn. Whole families were wantonly massacred, defenceless women and children lay bleeding on their own hearthstones. The little village of Salmon river was in flames, and the whole country four miles north exhibited one wide scene of ruin and desolation; every

farm-house was blazing or already in ashes. These frightful and contradictory reports it may well be imagined, agitated Mrs. Stanley, who, seated by the bedside of her husband, her children clinging around her, quietly awaited her fate. The "Union," for so the little Quaker village to which the inhabitants of Plattsburgh had flown for safety, was called, was situated in a valley. It contained twenty or thirty houses, and a Friends' meeting house which was built on the hill at the north entrance. One straight street ran through the village, the houses not being compact, as a farm which ran back was generally attached to each dwelling. The south extremity of the village terminated at the foot of a long hill, the ascent of which measured more than a mile. This hill, usually known by the name of Hallock's Hill, commanded an extensive view in every direction, and from its summit the movements of the fleet could, by the aid of a spy-glass, be plainly discerned, when the breeze dissipated the cloud of smoke which shrouded the view. The street was filled with horses, wagons, and carriages of all descriptions, in readiness at a moment's warning to fly and keep before the enemy. Foot passengers, helpless women and children of all ages and sexes, thronged the road, who, having no means of conveyance, and alarmed by the report of Indians, with a few necessities tied in a handkerchief, had left their little all a prey to the marauding soldiery. Mrs. Stanley looked out of the window and recognized many of her old neighbours, shawled and bonneted, seated in their wagons and gigs, only waiting for the *next express* to confirm the *last intelligence* before they drove off. A bow of recognition and a thoughtless "where is your wagon? it is time you was ready," greeted her from various quarters. A sudden and overwhelming sense of her own utter helplessness came over her—her heart was full, and she turned from the window to conceal her agitation. At that moment the voice of the express chained her

to the spot—"Our troops are retreating, all is confusion, they are flying before the enemy in every direction, the village of Salmon River is in ashes, the enemy has crossed the river—he will penetrate into the heart of the country and overrun it!" As he ceased, a loud shout from the populace announced it was time to start—and "to horse" was the general cry!

How felt the heart of that poor lone one, at that awful moment? Still, pale, and almost powerless, she sank upon a seat, and as the heavy and constant roar of the cannon came booming over the waters, and reverberated from the hills, seeming to shake the firm foundations of the earth, she cast her eye upon her husband and babes in speechless agony. The report of small arms, as they were discharged in quick succession, confirmed the worst fears of the frightened fugitives, and they hastened to put a greater distance between themselves and the enemy, whom they supposed was at hand. Several ladies now came into Mrs. Stanley's room, and entreated her if she had any regard for her own life or the life of her children, to prepare for instant flight. "Do not, my dear madam," said *one*, "sacrifice the whole family for the sake of one member, and *he cannot* live long at any rate—dear Mrs. Stanley your husband is dying, and can you answer it to your conscience to expose yourself and these children to the tomahawk and scalping-knife, for the sake of one who is now, to all appearance, just expiring?" Mrs. Stanley pressed her hand upon her throbbing temples, and pointed to the bed where her apparently dying husband lay; she was understood. As the lady turned to leave her, a loud shriek from little Charles made the blood curdle in her veins; what new calamity was approaching? The child sprang into her arms: "Oh mamma, let us go! let us go; the naughty Indians will kill us all: let us go!" At the scream of the child the benevolent *Friend* (for she was one of that sect) again turned to Mrs. Stan-

ley and said, "although thou remain thyself, wilt thou not, my friend, permit me to take thy children with me? I will treat them as tenderly as if they were my own; the separation will not be long; I will keep before the enemy, and go no farther than prudence dictates, in order to do so." Mrs. Stanley's heart was too full to reply; she could only look her gratitude. She soothed the fears of the child, and extending her arms to the little girls, who rushed to her bosom—"My children!" said the agitated mother, "I cannot make this choice for you; here lies your sick father; if I leave him even for an hour, he dies; if I stay and nurse him he may get well. I shall never leave him! This kind lady will take you, and take care of you until the siege is raised; will you go? or do you prefer staying with papa and mamma?" Louisa with a composed and firm voice, spoke first: "Mamma, I will never, never leave you." "Anna," said Mrs. Stanley, "had not you better take Charles and go?" "Dear mamma," she replied, "do not send us from you." "But if the Indians should come, my child!" Fixing her speaking eyes upon her mother's face, Anna replied, "Mamma, *God is here*." "Yes, mamma," rejoined Louisa, "did you not tell us yesterday, that God was everywhere! and that he could, if he chose, turn aside the tomahawk of the Indians as easily as he can keep us safe during the thunder-shower? Oh mamma, you said God would take care of us; then why are you afraid?" Mrs. Stanley was confounded; her mouth was shut; self-condemned, she looked with amazement upon the young and confiding Christians, and as she again folded them to her bosom, said, "You have taught me a lesson of faith, my children, which I shall never forget: we will live and die together!" "Oh, Father in heaven, I thank thee that thou hast given me such comforters in my extremity! from the lips of these sweet babes has my want of faith been reprov'd. Then why am I afraid? because I have not thy faith, thy confiding love, my

child!" "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief," she mentally exclaimed. Grateful for kindness so unexpected, so unlooked for in a stranger, Mrs. Stanley again attempted to express her thanks. The good lady was earnest in her entreaties that she would trust the children to her care until after the siege was raised. "It will go hard," said the generous stranger, "if I do not obtain some means of finding out where thou art, and restoring thy children to thee." A hasty summons to the wagon called this kind benevolent woman away. She saw Mrs. Stanley was firm, and ceased her importunity; they parted—and never met again.

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## CHAPTER X.

Mrs. STANLEY trembled for the effects of this confusion upon her husband, although he manifested no consciousness that any thing unusual was going on. When his wife asked him a question relating to any of his little comforts, he would languidly open his eyes, and reply in a monosyllable so faintly, that she was obliged to put her ear down close to his face to understand him; yet she knew his mind no longer wandered. She trembled also for the fate of her little ones, although Louisa's artless reproof constantly dwelt upon her mind, and she repeatedly said to herself, "yes, God is everywhere! and he will protect the lowest of his creatures:" yet she often had cause to apply that exclamation of our Saviour to herself—"Oh ye of little faith!" Her dread of the savages was great, and when she thought of the tomahawk and scalping-knife, the cold perspiration would stand upon her brow, and she would tremble as if in an ague-fit.

The kind Quakeress, at whose house Mrs. Stanley was now staying, had often told her that no emergency would induce her to leave home; conceive then, the surprise of the poor distressed lady, when Mrs. G—— came into her room with her bonnet and gloves on. "Well, friend Margaret," said she, "shall I bid David get thy horse and wagon for thee?" "Madam!" said Mrs. Stanley, in perfect amazement. She repeated the question. Mrs. Stanley said, "by no means, madam!" The good woman proceeded: "Margaret, thou must fly with thy neighbours, and take thy children; what will become of thee, if on finding thyself unprotected, the soldiers should insult thee, or if the Indians should come, as we expect?" "Madam, look there!" said the astonished Mrs. Stanley, casting at the same time a look of anguish on the bed, where her apparently dying husband was lying. "Yes—yes, it's bad enough; but David will be here; he will give him drink, and a spoonful of nourishment now and then, and it may be, we shall come back to-morrow." Mrs. Stanley was silent, and Mrs. G—— probably thought she was deliberating, and proceeded: "would'st thou bear to see these children murdered and mangled before thine eyes?" The poor little things looked pale with terror, and clung close to their mother. Mrs. Stanley felt it was time to put an end to this scene, and rising from her seat, said in as firm a voice as she could command, "*I cannot go, madam.*" "But thou wilt listen to reason, Margaret; true, it is hard to leave thy husband, but what canst thou do here alone?" "I will appeal to the humanity of the British officers; *they* will shield me from insult; they are, or ought to be gentlemen; they surely will grant me the protection which no man of honour can refuse to a helpless female!" "Margaret, I fear thou art trusting to poor security; do, I beg of thee, go!" "Entreat me not! there is my answer, madam," said she rising and pointing to her husband; "I cannot go! God has left me no choice, and *He* will pro-

tect me!" Mrs. G—— extended her hand, and Mrs. Stanley saw the trembling in her eye. "Well, if thou wilt not be persuaded for thy own good, I must bid thee farewell, and may *God* help thee!" The good man, who had been a silent listener to what had passed, now stepped forward, and said, "Fare thee well *thou lonely one*, and may *God indeed help thee*. I fear thou wilt greatly need it:" and shaking her hand affectionately, they left the room. In a moment more little Charles was at the window, watching the progress of the receding wagon, which was taking away uncle and aunty G——, as he always called them.

Mrs. Stanley had made great exertions to maintain her composure during this dialogue, while the pale and agitated faces of the children added to her distress. The struggle over, she sank on a chair exhausted and covered her face with her hands to conceal the tears which were streaming down her pale and grief-worn face; Anna and Louisa knelt by her side; Louisa's head resting on her lap while Charles continued at the window to see the bonny horses go, child-like, forgetting in the raree-show, his own individual sorrows.

Mrs. Stanley spoke to her husband; he seemed sensible of her attentions, but too weak to open his eyes: she put a tea-spoonful of beef-tea into his mouth, which revived him, and he faintly said, "Margaret, I am a very sick man!" The sound of his voice thrilled through her heart—she had so long listened to the ravings of delirium, or watched over him as one, the sound of whose voice was for ever hushed in this world, that every accent, though feeble as the wailings of a new-born infant, fell like soft music over her soul. He was *certainly better*, she was *sure* of it. Hope now filled her heart; her husband *was saved*.

Although since nine o'clock there had been one incessant explosion of cannon from the fort and fleet, he had taken no notice of it; but now as the sound reverberated from the hills, and the echoes rolled along,

he opened his eyes and looked wildly around as if for the first time conscious that something unusual was taking place. The carriages and wagons drove rapidly on towards Hallock's Hill. When Mrs. Stanley saw the last wagon, which contained her kind landlady, drive away, she did indeed feel that she was *alone*. The air seemed heavy with smoke, and the constant bombardment which had been kept up two long hours, left a tenfold impression of awe and solemnity upon her mind, as the noise of the wagons and the hum of voices ceased. She had often tried to ascertain whether Dr. Stanley was conscious of the events which were going on, and sometimes thought he was, but that his extreme debility prevented a manifestation of his feelings. She had not however, been able to satisfy herself on the subject until within a few minutes; she was now convinced. But oh! he was so feeble it would require months of unceasing care to restore him, if he ever did recover.

I will not attempt to describe the feelings of that young and delicate woman, surrounded by her three infant children and sick husband, every moment expecting the entrance of a hostile army; she, the only female left in the place, except little Polly; every possible insult and degradation to which she might be exposed had been set in frightful array before her—timid to excess by nature, she seemed to be sustained by some invisible power: her mind was more composed than it had been at any former period since their flight from Plattsburgh. Anna's remark, "Mamma, God is here," followed by Louisa's question, "Mamma, if God is here, why are you afraid?" was ever present to her mind. And had she not, above all women, reason to bless God for the manifestations of his protecting care? Had she not been within the last few months supported under trials that would have crushed almost any other woman; and she the weakest, the most sensitive, and most feeble of human beings? At times when reflecting upon her various dangers and

escapes, in her enthusiasm she had almost fancied she saw the arm of the Almighty stretched out to save her. What but his Divine interposition could have preserved her, when a few months before she had been thrown from a carriage, and her babe killed? Why was she saved? She had held her child in her arms until the violence of the shock, as she struck the ground, caused her arms to relax, and the little creature to rebound and receive its death; and why was she spared? She felt that her work was not yet finished; she had high and holy duties to perform, which in due time would be revealed to her; the Almighty had made *her* life his peculiar care, and now she awaited the manifestations of his pleasure towards her. She feared not for her own life: neither did she fear abuse—she was under the protection of the King of kings, and who should dare insult her? When this strong excitement had in a measure subsided, she began to reflect upon what course she was to adopt in case the British came. There was but one course for her to pursue, that was, calmly and quietly to await their coming, then, as soon as possible seek an interview with the commander, frankly state her situation, and claim his protection. This course held out a prospect of obtaining medical aid for her husband; “who knows,” said she, clasping her hands in the enthusiasm of the moment, “who knows but this very calamity may be the means which God has appointed for his restoration to health?” Again the firmness of her mind was shaken as she reflected upon what would probably be her situation should the commanding officer be a man without principle, regarding neither the laws of God or society; what then would become of her? “Away with these dreadful thoughts,” said she, “they are as unprofitable as they are unjust and ridiculous—my cause is a holy one, and I shall be sustained. That man does not exist who is base enough to injure a helpless woman, who has cast herself upon his protection—it is folly to suffer

myself to be agitated in this way.—Anna, Louisa, come hither; take your little chairs and sit by mamma:" and she exerted herself to get up and maintain a conversation on cheerful subjects, anxious to withdraw the minds of her children from the fearful picture which had been presented in such glowing colours half an hour before. Never did her children seem half so dear or look half so lovely as they had done that day—they had behaved like little angels. Polly stood at the window with Charlie, pointing out the bonny horses, as he called them, of good Mr. G——. The little fellow was in high spirits, having forgotten the Indians, the knife, and all that alarmed him a few minutes before.

Of a sudden, the noise of the cannon ceased, and for a few moments the stillness of death succeeded the long continued roar; when a shout which seemed to rend the air, startled and appalled Mrs. Stanley. She flew to the window. Toward the summit of the long hill as far as the eye could extend, were seen wagons, gigs, horsemen, and foot-passengers, their faces again turned toward "Zoar," the city of refuge. They had halted in their course, and the shouts of "*victory*," "*victory* to the American fleet," rose loudly upon the ear. Dr. Stanley had for some minutes lain so still, so motionless, that his ever watchful wife doubted whether he was conscious of what was going on, when to her surprise, as the shouts of victory came louder and more near, he opened his eyes, and slowly raising his feeble hand for the first time, distinctly articulated, "for this, O God, I thank thee!" and exhausted by the effort, again sank into the inanimate state from which he had been for the moment aroused. Anna and Louisa, aware that some important event had taken place, not knowing which party had gained the victory, flew to the side of their agitated mother. "Oh mamma, what is it?" "Oh, is it Indians?" said Charlie, the bright tear glistening in his little eye. "Oh tell us, mamma," said Louisa. "My children,"

said Mrs. Stanley, "we are saved; the Americans have conquered; give praise and honour and glory where it is due; let your young voices be raised in gratitude to God, who has fought our battles, the Omnipotent Jehovah!" It is impossible to describe her emotions at that moment. Her feelings were wrought up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm; her heart was full to overflowing. The lion of England is now prostrate before the eagle of America, which still spreads its protecting wings over this land of freemen. The star-spangled banner still waves in proud defiance on the ramparts of the fort, and the fleet of our own glorious M'Donough now rides victorious on the waves of Champlain. These were her reflections as she again clasped her children to her bosom, and exclaimed, "Bless the Lord, oh my children; for all his mercies bless his holy name!" Carriages came rolling back; horses prancing as if they themselves partook of the general joy. The crowd seemed almost frantic. Many on the summit of that hill had seen the pride of England bow to M'Donough's standard. Poor Mrs. Stanley's excitement and fatigue had been so great, that she was completely overcome; she trembled in every limb. When the loud voice of the express again claimed her attention, all was confirmed, and she clasped her little ones by turns to her bosom in ecstasy.

Dr. Stanley slowly recovered, and the latter end of October saw her little group assembled around their own fireside, and a happy circle they formed, although the desolating footsteps of an invading army had stalked around their dwelling; although the house and garden, fruit trees, shrubs, and enclosures, all presented one scene of ruin, yet still they were a happy group. The shelter, the *bare shelter* of their much loved home remained. The husband and father was restored. The sufferings they had endured had

endeared them the more to each other, and although inconvenienced by their losses, their hearts were too full of gratitude for present blessings, to permit them to repine at the calamities which they could not prevent.

## R U T H.

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THE voice of wailing sadly rose  
Upon the midnight air,  
The palace walls, all hung with black,  
Told there was sorrow there.

For in that princely mansion lay  
The cold remains of one  
Early cut off, in manhood's prime,  
The husband and the son

Friends, in the chamber of the dead,  
Stand silent, in dismay,  
While hired mourners pour their wail  
O'er the unconscious clay.

Behold the melancholy group  
Assembled at his side;  
His aged mother Naomi,  
And Ruth, his princely bride.

Young Chilion's widow weeping stands  
Beside the fainting Ruth,  
Essaying every tender art  
Her anguish'd heart to soothe.

She, like some tender drooping flow'r  
Torn by the blast away,  
Upon her mother's faithful breast  
Poor Ruth in anguish lay.

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Mrs. Stanley spoke to her husband; he seemed sensible of her attentions, but too weak to open his eyes: she put a tea-spoonful of beef-tea into his mouth, which revived him, and he faintly said, "Margaret, I am a very sick man!" The sound of his voice thrilled through her heart—she had so long listened to the ravings of delirium, or watched over him as one, the sound of whose voice was for ever hushed in this world, that every accent, though feeble as the wailings of a new-born infant, fell like soft music over her soul. He was *certainly better*, she was *sure* of it. Hope now filled her heart; her husband *was saved*.

Although since nine o'clock there had been one incessant explosion of cannon from the fort and fleet, he had taken no notice of it; but now as the sound reverberated from the hills, and the echoes rolled along,

he opened his eyes and looked wildly around as if for the first time conscious that something unusual was taking place. The carriages and wagons drove rapidly on towards Hallock's Hill. When Mrs. Stanley saw the last wagon, which contained her kind landlady, drive away, she did indeed feel that she was *alone*. The air seemed heavy with smoke, and the constant bombardment which had been kept up two long hours, left a tenfold impression of awe and solemnity upon her mind, as the noise of the wagons and the hum of voices ceased. She had often tried to ascertain whether Dr. Stanley was conscious of the events which were going on, and sometimes thought he was, but that his extreme debility prevented a manifestation of his feelings. She had not however, been able to satisfy herself on the subject until within a few minutes; she was now convinced. But oh! he was so feeble it would require months of unceasing care to restore him, if he ever did recover.

I will not attempt to describe the feelings of that young and delicate woman, surrounded by her three infant children and sick husband, every moment expecting the entrance of a hostile army; she, the only female left in the place, except little Polly; every possible insult and degradation to which she might be exposed had been set in frightful array before her—timid to excess by nature, she seemed to be sustained by some invisible power: her mind was more composed than it had been at any former period since their flight from Plattsburgh. Anna's remark, "Mamma, God is here," followed by Louisa's question, "Mamma, if God is here, why are you afraid?" was ever present to her mind. And had she not, above all women, reason to bless God for the manifestations of his protecting care? Had she not been within the last few months supported under trials that would have crushed almost any other woman; and she the weakest, the most sensitive, and most feeble of human beings? At times when reflecting upon her various dangers and

escapes, in her enthusiasm she had almost fancied she saw the arm of the Almighty stretched out to save her. What but his Divine interposition could have preserved her, when a few months before she had been thrown from a carriage, and her babe killed? Why was she saved? She had held her child in her arms until the violence of the shock, as she struck the ground, caused her arms to relax, and the little creature to rebound and receive its death; and why was she spared? She felt that her work was not yet finished; she had high and holy duties to perform, which in due time would be revealed to her; the Almighty had made *her* life his peculiar care, and now she awaited the manifestations of his pleasure towards her. She feared not for her own life: neither did she fear abuse—she was under the protection of the King of kings, and who should dare insult her? When this strong excitement had in a measure subsided, she began to reflect upon what course she was to adopt in case the British came. There was but one course for her to pursue, that was, calmly and quietly to await their coming, then, as soon as possible seek an interview with the commander, frankly state her situation, and claim his protection. This course held out a prospect of obtaining medical aid for her husband; “who knows,” said she, clasping her hands in the enthusiasm of the moment, “who knows but this very calamity may be the means which God has appointed for his restoration to health?” Again the firmness of her mind was shaken as she reflected upon what would probably be her situation should the commanding officer be a man without principle, regarding neither the laws of God or society; what then would become of her? “Away with these dreadful thoughts,” said she, “they are as unprofitable as they are unjust and ridiculous—my cause is a holy one, and I shall be sustained. That man does not exist who is base enough to injure a helpless woman, who has cast herself upon his protection—it is folly to suffer

“Mother of Mahlon! hear my vow,  
In this sad presence made—  
To thee I’ll cling through weal and woe,  
Till by his side I’m laid!

“With every mem’ry of the past  
Thy image is replete,  
And all the happy hours I’ve spent  
In our once loved retreat:

“Oh! never will those days return,  
For, sealed in cheerless night  
Are the familiar forms I loved,  
And banished from my sight;

“With thee I’ve wept in cold despair,  
Over his silent bier;  
My life to thee I now devote  
Thy future days to cheer!”

Fair Orpah marked with wondering eyes  
Naomi’s bearing high,  
And marvelled what Almighty power  
Suppress’d the heaving sigh.

This high-soul’d woman stood erect  
Amid the raging storm,  
While sorrow rankled in a heart  
With generous feelings warm:

Like some tall tree she firmly stands,  
Nor bowed beneath the blast;  
’Twas hers to prop that falling house  
Which now was sinking fast.

The honours of their ancient name  
Must be revived in Ruth;  
Elimelech, her lord, was dead,  
And both her sons in youth:

Their lineage now became extinct,  
Their house without a name:  
In Judah, Ruth again might wed,  
And thus revive their fame.

She sat beside the silent bier  
Of her last, cherished one,  
Her bosom torn with anguish keen,  
Her thoughts revealed to none:

The images of other days  
Came rushing on her brain,  
Her former joys, her happy home  
And all her infant train:

In fancy then she view'd each form,  
And heard each dear loved voice:  
"I will return to Judah's land,  
The Lord directs my choice!

"And when the last sad rites are paid  
To my beloved son,  
I'll set my face tow'rd Bethlehem;  
Great God! thy will be done!"

The dust to the cold earth consigned,  
A mournful train is found,  
Three loaded camels ready stand  
To Bethlehem-Judah bound.

How felt the damsels as they pass'd  
That noble palace gate?  
That palace, where the Princess Ruth  
Once sat in all her state?

And Orpah's charms unconscious shone  
'Mid countless damsels fair,  
A host of nobles in her train  
Contend her smiles to share.

Around a hillock's grassy side  
The travellers wound their way;  
The last rays of the setting sun  
Shone on departing day.

The mournful cavalcade drew up  
Beneath a friendly shade,  
While they prepared their simple meal  
And parching thirst allayed.

The scene was desolate and grand!  
The Dead Sea lay before  
All sternly dark, and motionless  
It seemed from shore to shore.

The weeping sisters on the scene  
In silent sadness gazed!  
Naomi, with a mournful smile  
Her speaking features raised:

"My daughters—lo! observe yon sea  
Now stretched before your eye;  
Far, far beyond, the distant hills  
Of my loved Judah lie:

"My home! my own, my dear loved home  
Do I behold once more!  
Again descry her distant hills  
And view old Jordan's shore?

"Lord, thou hast heard my fervent prayer,  
I thank thee, oh my God!  
Though smarting still beneath the stroke  
Of thy chastising rod."

No marvel the young strangers shrunk  
From the cold, cheerless sight  
Presented by the distant glimpse  
In sunset's flickering light:

They turned, and with a deep drawn sigh  
Gazed o'er the lovely land  
Where Moab rose in all her pride  
With vales and mountains grand!

The silver Arno's glittering waves  
Adorned the distant scene,  
While towers and temples all arose  
Lit with the sun's last beam.

"Return!" the sad Naomi cried,  
"My daughters, oh! return—  
This selfish sorrow must not crush  
These blossoms in their germ!"

Again the widowed mother prest  
Each loved one to her heart,  
Again she kissed their fair young cheeks,  
And wept that they must part.

The Princess Ruth in anguish hung  
Upon her aged breast,  
While the sweet Orpah's flowing tears  
No longer were repressed.

Then Ruth,—“pray suffer us to go,  
And oh! forbid it not:  
We long to visit that loved land,  
That ever hallowed spot,

“Where our dear husband's infant eyes  
First opened on the light,  
And gave thy fond maternal heart  
A promise fair and bright.”

In all the dignity of grief  
The mourning mother said,  
“Go back! my daughters, oh! return;  
In me all hope is dead:

"No future husband e'er shall bless  
These widowed arms again,  
No future sons again shall rise  
My loved ones to sustain.

"Go back! and wed some noble youth  
To thine own house allied,  
Pledge him thy faithfulness and truth,  
And flourish at his side."

Again the burning tears bedewed  
The lovely Orpah's face,  
As, turning to the widowed dame  
With all her native grace,

Upon that ever faithful breast  
Her beauteous head she bowed,  
And wending towards her native land  
She wept and sobbed aloud.

How looked the sweet and gentle Ruth  
When Orpah moves to go?  
She hangs upon Naomi's neck  
And fast the tear-drops flow.

"Behold! thy sister hath gone back,  
Thy people shall rejoice;  
*Go thou*, dear Ruth! To Israel's God  
Thou *there* may'st raise thy voice."

"Mother—dear mother! urge me not,  
I cannot leave thee now;  
To follow thee through future life  
I've made a solemn vow;

"Whither thou goest I will go,  
I'll lodge where thou dost lie,  
*Thy* people shall *my* people be,  
And to thy God I'll cry;

“And I will die where *thou* dost die,  
And buried there I'll be;  
Witness the Lord of heaven and earth  
If aught part thee and me.”

Naomi raised her tearful eyes  
Upon Ruth's beaming face,  
And there, the firm, the high resolve  
With rapture she could trace:

She seized her fair and yielding hand  
And pressed it to her heart—  
“My Mahlon's bride, my own sweet Ruth,  
Oh! may we *never* part!”

Arrived at Bethlehem, who shall paint  
The feelings which oppressed  
The hearts of those lone wanderers  
As strangers round them press'd.

“Is this Naomi! can it be?”  
The aged men exclaim:  
“Call me not thus, from this time forth  
Shall Mara be my name!

“The Lord in anger hath chastised,  
And filled my cup with woe,  
I drank it to the very dregs,  
Though it did overflow.

“I went out full, the Lord hath caused  
Me empty to return,  
Blighted my fondest, dearest hopes,  
And made my soul to mourn!”

The gentle partner of her cares,  
The timid, trusting Ruth  
Now strove by all her soothing arts  
To show her love and truth.

The blasts of poverty blew keen  
Around these helpless ones,  
Fortune and friends, and all were lost  
With husband, and with sons.

'Twas autumn, and the harvest fields  
Waved rich in golden grain,  
When the young matron hied her forth  
A sustenance to gain.

With modest step and downcast eye,  
She joined the reaper throng,  
A gleaner in those very fields  
Which should to her belong.

With eager care the timid maid  
Collects each scattered grain,  
When lo! the master of the field  
Appears amid his train.

At his approach all hearts beat light,  
The servants loved their lord;  
And every man with pleasure bowed  
To catch the kindly word.

"The Lord be with you, faithful ones,"  
Burst from his lips revered;  
"The Lord bless *thee*," was the response  
Which this good master cheered.

His stately form and bearing spoke  
A man of high descent,  
While to his broad and lofty brow  
The fires of youth were lent:

In his dark intellectual eye  
The high resolve you trace,  
While pure benevolence diffused  
A softness o'er his face:

A tunic of the finest wool,  
Of bright cerulean blue,  
The silken girdle, wrought in gold,  
And flowers of crimson hue:

A mantle of the finest web  
Which Persia could bestow,  
Falling in soft and graceful folds,  
The man of rank doth show.

Ruth's dignified and modest mien,  
Her air, so full of grace,  
Filled with surprise the wondering man,  
Who stooped to view her face:

He marvelled at the queenly form,  
So delicate and fair;  
That downcast eye, so pure its beam,  
Well nigh transfixed him there.

He, wondering, to the reapers turned,  
And asked the maiden's name:  
"The Moabitish damsel Ruth,  
Who with Naomi came;

"She asked permission but to glean  
Among the sheaves *to-day*,  
This granted, she from early morn  
Has toiled without delay."

A shade passed suddenly across  
His broad and manly brow—  
"*Her* husband was my nearest kin,  
*I* must protect her now."

His generous bosom swelled with pride  
As he the maid address'd—  
"Mark me, my daughter! here abide,  
This be thy place of rest;

"Go not into another field  
To meet contempt and scorn,  
A something whispers to my heart  
Thou wert not meanly born;

"Go not into another field,  
Glean near my maidens, now,  
For I have charged my reaper train  
Thy labour to allow.

"When thou art weary with thy toil,  
Here's water to revive  
Thy fainting heart, yet all too young  
With the cold world to strive."

The princess lowly bowed her head,  
And kneeling at his feet,  
With the pure blush of innocence,  
Thank'd him, in accents sweet:

"My gracious lord! why is it thus  
Thy favour I have found?  
I am a stranger in the land,  
On mournful mission bound."

With strong emotion ill concealed,  
"A stranger!" Boaz cried,  
"Have I not heard the well earned praise  
Of Mahlon's virtuous bride?

"Thou hast sustained the feeble steps,  
Of one we long have loved,  
The mother of thy noble lord;  
Thy virtue hath been proved.

"The Lord shall recompense thy work,  
A full reward be thine,  
The favour of the King of kings,  
Protection all divine!

“The blessings of the Lord shall rest  
Upon thy youthful head,  
Under the shadow of his wings  
Thou shalt securely tread!”

In modest accents Ruth replied—  
“Oh, thou most noble lord!  
Much consolation have I found  
From every gentle word,

“Which in thy goodness thou hast said  
To a lone widowed one,  
Whose only treasure is a name  
As yet, defamed by none.”

He kindly bade her join his group  
Of reapers at their meals,  
Eat of their bread, drink of their cup,  
And glean within their fields.

And when she left their harvest field  
He gave his young men charge  
To drop some sheaves upon the ground,  
And let her glean at large.

She toiled till evening in the field,  
And then beat out the grain;  
An ephah, sure, of barley corn  
Her basket did contain!

“Where hast thou gleaned to-day, my love,  
Whose favour didst thou gain?  
Blessings upon his noble head,  
Thou hast not toiled in vain.”

“His name is Boaz”—said the maid.  
The matron, in surprise,  
Clasped both her pale and withered hands,  
And raised her streaming eyes.

"The Lord of Israel be praised!  
Whose loving kindness still  
Doth rest upon our falling house;  
Let us perform his will!

"This mighty man in Bethlehem,  
This Israelite indeed,  
Is kinsman to Elimelech,  
And proves a friend in need!"

"Mother!" said Ruth, "he bade me keep,  
Throughout the harvest moon,  
Fast by his maidens and young men,  
And glean till all was done."

"I charge thee, daughter, to abide  
By this his known desire;  
Attend his maidens in the toil,  
And do what they require.

"I would not have him see thee glean  
In any other field;  
For he has given his vassals charge  
Thy innocence to shield."

'Twas eve—and seated at her board,  
Naomi thus began:  
"Thy beauty and thy innocence  
Attract this virtuous man.

"This night he winnows barley  
Upon the threshing floor.  
Go, wash thy face, anoint thy head,  
And slip within the door.

"*He* is our near and valued kin,  
He will admit our claim;  
Be wise, and steal the door within,  
Let no one know your aim.

“And it shall be, when he lies down,  
That thou the spot shalt mark;  
Go, raise the covering from his feet,  
And lie down in the dark.

“And when he wakens, dearest Ruth,  
And finds to his surprise  
His kinsman’s widow at his feet,  
He will at once arise.

“Our fallen fortunes he’ll retrieve,  
Restore our ancient right,  
And thus acknowledge the appeal  
Made in thy name this night.”

Then Ruth arose, and washed her face,  
And modestly arrayed,  
Set forth to gain the threshing-floor,  
As her fond mother bade.

When Boaz left the merry feast,  
The straw a couch supplied;  
She from his feet the covering raised,  
And laid her by his side.

At midnight he awoke from sleep—  
The brave man shook with fear—  
His very heart within him quailed  
To find a woman there.

“Who art thou? on what errand bent?”  
“Behold, ’tis Ruth!” she cried:  
“Protect me, kinsman! for alone  
In this wide world I bide.

“Oh! shield me from the storms of life,  
Thy mantle o’er me spread;  
My husband was thy kinsman, lord,  
And he hath long been dead!”

"Oh! blest, thrice blessed daughter! *thou*  
Henceforth shall be my care;  
The *widow* of Elimelech  
My favour, too, shall share:

"*Thy* wisdom is beyond thy years,  
Thou hast discretion shown;  
The young and gay thou hast not sought,  
But looked to me alone.

"Name but thy wish, and I will grant  
Whate'er thou dost require;  
Thy virtues and thy truth are known,  
What more can I desire?

"And now, my daughter, fear thou not,  
For surely of a truth  
I am thy husband's nearest kin;  
Compose thee, gentle Ruth.

"I do mistake; there still is one  
Of nearer kin than I;  
If he'll perform a kinsman's part,  
Thou must on him rely.

"Soon as the eastern sun shall gild  
Our city with his rays,  
I'll see this man;—if he consent,  
He but our law obeys.

"Should he refuse, then fear thou not,  
I will thy guardian prove;  
A kinsman's part I will perform  
In honour and in love.

"Lie down, sweet Ruth, till morning break,  
Depart before 'tis light!  
I would not give malicious tongues  
The power thy fame to blight."

He gave her barley to sustain  
Her mother's fainting heart,  
And with a new assurance said,  
"I'll act a kinsman's part."

Then left the threshing-floor, and sought  
His noble kinsman's home,  
Who cheerfully resigned his claim  
To the lone widowed one.

Then he proceeded to the gate,  
The elders all arrayed,  
And there proclaimed his fixed resolve  
To wed the stranger maid!

"I'll purchase all her husband's land,  
And *she* shall be my wife;  
And in *this* presence here, I vow  
To shield her with my life.

"To Mahlon I'll raise up a name  
In future story great—  
Acknowledged in his ancient hall,  
And on his vast estate."

Then all the people gave a shout,  
And poured their blessings down  
Upon this good and upright man,  
Who should have worn a crown!

And Ruth, the *noble Princess* Ruth,  
Became the wife of *one*,  
Trusted and honoured in the land,  
And bore to him a son.

How throbbed the aged mother's heart  
As she beheld, with pride,  
The firstborn son of her loved Ruth  
Now nestling at her side!

She laid him on her faithful breast,  
Her eyes o'erflowed with joy,  
And viewed her future comforter  
In this beloved boy.

A pious matron, in the land,  
Stepped forth with bearing high,  
As with prophetic spirit, she  
*These marvels* did descry.

"Naomi! raise thy drooping head,  
Pour forth the song of praise!  
Peace, happiness and joy attend  
Upon thy future days!

"His mother's virtues shall descend  
Upon this infant head,  
A sevenfold blessing he will prove,  
Although *thy sons* be dead.

"*He* shall sustain thy wasted strength,  
Resuscitate thine age,  
Restore the honours of thy house,  
And rule with wisdom sage.

"And from his loins there shall descend  
A blessing on the race  
Of fallen man, who, from *his* birth,  
Shall their Redemption trace!"

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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### THUS PASSETH THE GLORY OF THE WORLD.

WHY dost thou slumber, oh! my soul,  
'Mid scenes so vain and false as these?  
The wheels of time full swiftly roll,  
And pleasures lose their power to please!

Life and its glories pass away,  
The charms of nature—power of song;  
Each beauty hastens to decay,  
While death steals silently along.

Our pleasures glide so swiftly by,  
We scarcely feel their magic power,  
Grief for their loss impels the sigh,  
Which would prolong the fleeting hour.

Oh! let delusive hope no more  
Cheat our fond hearts with dreams of bliss,  
Those golden dreams, in days of yore,  
Were bright with scenes of happiness.

But they have floated down the stream  
Which must o'erwhelm our present joys:  
This life is but a varied dream,  
And all its pleasures trifling toys.

Death levels all distinctions here—  
The glittering crown, and humble head,  
The eye undimmed by sorrow's tear,  
All,—all are numbered with the dead.

Where is the beauty which could charm,  
To infant softness, manhood's pride?  
And where the boasted strength of form,  
Which could the ills of life deride?

Lost in the tomb is all our pride!  
Our grandeur, and our love of fame:  
The mean and noble side by side,  
Affinity to dust must claim!

Then why pursue these fleeting joys?  
Their power is transient; short their zest;  
I turn disgusted from such toys,  
And look toward my heavenly rest.

Awake then, oh my slumbering soul!  
Let all thy warm affections rise,  
To that great source, that wondrous whole,  
Whose throne of glory is the skies!



## TO MY LITTLE DAUGHTER MARGARET,

AGED EIGHT YEARS.

Awake! dear Margaret, rise, my love!  
The songsters warble in each grove;  
Awake, my child! and early pay  
Thy homage to the god of day!

Oh! haste, and join thy infant song  
Of grateful praise, with the gay throng,  
Who daily tune their sweetest lays  
To chant their great Creator's praise.

Behold! the blessings which his hand hath spread,  
View this green carpet, yon gay flow'ring bed—  
*Here* the sweet rose its richest fragrance sends,  
And *there* the modest rivulet lowly bends.

See that majestic river wind its way,  
Mingling its waters in yon noble bay!  
Those beauteous isles, like gems upon the wave,  
Long famed in story, as the Hero's grave.

See mount on mount, in grand succession rise!  
Till lost in clouds, they mingle with the skies;  
Lo! all these wonders rose at God's command,  
*All* bear the impress of his mighty hand!

Come, view them, dearest, let thy young heart glow  
With love to *Him*, from whom all blessings flow;  
*He* gave thee life, and health, and tender friends,  
On *Him* thy comfort every day depends:

In *Him* you live and breathe, in *Him* you move;  
Then praise Him, child, for all his wondrous love!  
Oh! let thy song, like sacred incense rise  
In hallelujahs to the lofty skies!

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### EASTER HYMN.

*This day* our blessed Saviour rose  
Triumphant o'er his cruel foes!  
Burst the dark bondage of the grave  
The Lord omnipotent to save!

Blest be this day, for ever blest  
This sacred day of holy rest!  
Banish, my heart, each earthly care,  
Let heaven alone have entrance there.

Oh! may no earth-born passion rest,  
This holy day, within my breast!  
But may the treasures of thy word  
Refresh my heart, most gracious Lord!

Revive this weak and languid frame  
With pure devotion's sacred flame,  
And raise my soul to God above,  
The source of comfort, light, and love!



#### PARAPHRASE OF THE SEVENTH CHAPTER OF JOB.

Our days are numbered here below,  
And filled with vanity and pain;  
The lingering moments pass too slow;  
But this impatience is in vain.

Restless I pass the weary night,  
And long for morning's cheerful dawn;  
But morning's sunbeams, dazzling bright,  
Cannot bring peace, when health has flown.

My days of pain fly swiftly on,  
As shuttle from the weaver's hand;  
Soon will this weary race be run,  
And I be swept from off the land.

Reviving hope has ceased to cheer  
The anguish of my tortured heart;  
There's naught but pain and sorrow here,  
Oh! gracious God—let me depart!

When to my couch I restless fly,  
I find no ray of comfort there—  
Visions of darkness terrify  
My wounded spirit, spent with care.

Oh! heavenly Father, end my life!  
I loathe it, and would now resign  
These days of vanity and strife—  
Oh! God, I would be wholly thine.

My breath is like a passing cloud,  
Borne on the boist'rous northern gale;  
My wailings, nightly, loud resound  
Throughout my own, my native vale!

Oh! what is man, poor feeble man,  
That he should merit thy regard?  
His longest date is but a span,  
With suffering, pain, and anguish marr'd!

Why should'st thou visit him each morn,  
And ev'ry passing moment try  
His wayward faith, and prove how strong  
His hopes on heaven and Thee rely?

I have sinned—thou great preserver!  
Pardon my transgressions, Lord!  
My pilgrimage will soon be over,  
Teach me to rest upon thy word!

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“I ASCEND UNTO MY FATHER AND YOUR  
FATHER, MY GOD AND YOUR GOD.”

“Say, Mary, why these flowing tears?  
Lone one, why dost thou weep?  
Mourn not the errors of past years,  
But let their mem'ry sleep.

“Thy penitence hath washed away  
The crimes of early youth,  
And, through affliction, paved the way  
To virtue, peace, and truth.

"Then why those tears? Oh! tell me why  
Does grief contract thy brow?"

"Oh! canst thou not the cause descry?  
Where is my Saviour now?

"Where hast thou laid my blessed Lord?  
Why hast thou borne him hence?  
His sacred relics I would guard  
With love and penitence."

"Mary!"—a well-known voice replied,  
Which thrilled her inmost soul;  
She turned, and filled with wonder, cried  
"My *Master*, I behold!"

Oh! how her heart with rapture glowed  
And burned with sacred fire,  
When the soft accents gently flowed  
Which faith and hope inspire!

"Oh! touch me not;—I have not yet  
Ascended to my throne,  
At *His* right hand I take my seat,  
*My* Father, and *thine* own!

"Oh! Mary, haste, the tidings spread,  
The brethren shall rejoice;  
Tell them, though they beheld me dead,  
Thyself hast heard my voice.

"Unto my Father I ascend,  
Unto thy God and mine:  
Oh! let their faith on *me* depend,  
My power is all divine."

Transcendent goodness! wondrous grace!  
And godlike was the plan,  
Which brought salvation to the race  
Of guilty, fallen man!

TO MY DEAR AND BELOVED FRIEND,  
MRS. ———.

Oh dearest, could my feeble pen  
Express the feelings of my heart,  
Or give to verse the soothing charm  
Thy presence ever doth impart,

Then would I touch the trembling chord,  
And pour forth the full tide of song,  
Thine ear should catch the swelling strain  
As the sweet numbers roll along.

But my weak lyre in vain essays  
To touch the notes to friendship dear;  
Trembling it shrinks; the feeble lay  
Responds alone to sorrow's tear.

Oh, I would paint in glowing verse  
Thy gentle, tender, faithful love  
For the dear objects of my care—  
Those fair young angels now above.

Oh hast thou watched the germs of thought,  
And seen the swelling buds expand,  
Inhaled the fragrance of the flowers,  
When blooming 'neath my fostering hand.

And thou hast marked the swift decay,  
The blight of all my dearest hopes,  
And wept to see them fade away,  
My fairest, dearest earthly props.

And when my mourning soul looked up  
To find some resting place from grief,  
Thy gentle voice has led my heart  
To the true source of sweet relief.

There, in yon blissful realms of light,  
In spotless purity they stand,  
Before their Lord and Saviour's throne,  
Behold! my fair young angel band.

Their sacred lyres are tuned to sing  
The praises of redeeming love;  
Their full rich tones melodious join  
The saint and seraph choir above.

Oh, dearest, may this mourning heart  
E'er hope to join that youthful band  
Of angels, in those regions bright,  
The pure, the blessed spirit land?

---

The following stanzas were suggested by reflecting on the early development of Margaret's genius. She was but two years old when Lucretia died, who often, during the last year of her life, asserted that Margaret must and would be a poet. Her words seemed prophetic; the babe commenced writing between the age of six and seven years.

But, as she sought her mansion in the sky,  
She turned to view, with pity in her eye,  
Her much lov'd home, now desolate and lone;—  
Not a faint ray of light around it shone!  
She dropped the mantle from her graceful form,  
And tow'rd her infant sister it was borne;  
The babe, with rapture, seized the bright bequest,  
And all the *fire of fancy* warmed her breast!  
With eager haste she touched the sounding lyre,  
And filled each chord "with wild poetic fire."  
The wondering muses gazed upon the child  
As the full tide of song rose clear and wild;  
Then claimed the babe, inspired, pure, bright, and fair,  
As the dear object of their future care!

## ON THE VANITY OF WORLDLY PLEASURE.

Tell me, weak votary of pleasure,  
With haggard eye and pallid cheek,  
Tell me the value of the treasure  
Which so earnestly you seek.

Can your enjoyments purchase peace?  
Or sweet content impart?  
• Avert the shaft of fell disease?  
Or heal a wounded heart?

Each finer feeling of the mind  
Is blunted by their power;  
And, lost to virtue, you resign  
Your peace in folly's hour!

Does not the canker of remorse  
Prey on thy wasted frame?  
Wither thy fleeting, transient joys  
With never ceasing shame?

Come view the path to virtue dear!  
*Her* steps will lead to peace;  
No stings of conscience ravage here,  
*Her* joys can never cease!

Should sorrow blight your dearest hopes,  
Each fancied bliss destroy,  
Virtue is an unfailing prop  
The sinking soul to buoy.

In the last hour of mortal strife,  
When earth recedes from view,  
How happy to retrace a life  
To every virtue true!

This sweet reflection sheds a ray  
Of brightness o'er the mind,  
Which lights it to eternal day,  
And pleasures all refined!

---

## JOB XIX. A PARAPHRASE.

How long will ye afflict my soul:  
And break my mourning heart in twain,  
Your words, like raging torrents roll,  
And add new torture to my pain:

If I have erred, the sin is *mine*,  
My errors rest *on me alone*;  
Why thus assume the power *divine*  
To judge the faults which I bemoan?

Why with such cruelty reproach  
Thy friend, bowed down with grief and pain?  
Oh! rather light the cheering torch  
Of hope within my breast again!

Know ye, that 'tis the hand of God  
Has overthrown my strength and power?  
And while I wither 'neath His rod,  
Should *you* these bitter curses shower?

Why heap on this devoted head  
Such cold contempt, and foul reproach?  
The path of anguish which *I* tread  
Methinks should your compassion touch.

For *He* hath stripped me of my pride,  
My strength, my glory, my renown,  
My wealth and grandeur laid aside,  
And reft me of my brilliant crown.

*He* hath consumed my fairest hopes,  
Wither'd my dearest, sweetest joys,  
And, like the stately, blasted oak,  
My spreading branches he destroys!

My friends, who shared my social board,  
And feasted in my splendid hall,  
Around me their reproaches pour,  
And triumph in my mournful fall:

Their eyes glance coldly on my face,  
They scarcely know my altered voice,  
I walk a stranger in this place,  
The scene of all my former joys:

I call my servants, but receive  
No answer to my urgent call;  
No sympathy relieves my woe,  
'Tis scornful silence with them all!

My wife, who pledged to me her truth,  
Her duty, and her fervent love,  
And in the happy days of youth  
Each care to lighten, daily strove;

*Now* views with cold, suspicious eye  
My alter'd, wan, and wasted form:  
I feel my heart within me die,—  
Naught to my woe imparts a charm!

Each friend I love, with horror turns  
And views me with unfeign'd disgust;  
My flesh with raging fever burns,  
My mouth is parched with constant thirst.

Oh! let soft pity touch your heart!  
'Tis *God* who deals the heavy blow,  
Beneath *his* chastening hand I smart,  
*His power* hath laid my grandeur low!

Oh! could you read my inmost soul!  
My faith is firm, my hope is strong;  
I *know* that my Redeemer lives,  
And mercy doth to him belong!

Though the dark grave my form shall shroud,  
And worms shall revel on my frame,  
I *know*, I shall behold my God;  
The Great Jehovah is his name!



ON THE DEATH OF MY LAMENTED  
DAUGHTER, L. M. D.

Thou art gone from among us, so lovely and fair.  
No more shall the sound of thy lyre,  
Through our halls sweetly echo! Still sadness is  
there,  
And gone is the tuneful choir!

Oh, quench'd is that eye-beam, and quench'd is the  
light  
Of sacred "poetical fire,"  
And that genius, which shone so resplendently bright,  
Hath ceased our wrapt souls to inspire!

Sweet spirit of purity! where hast thou flown?  
To what region of light, and of peace?  
To what brilliant planet—say—where is thy home?  
And where do thy wanderings cease?

Art thou borne on the light cloud of evening along  
Thro' the azure expanse of heaven?  
Or is thy freed soul now number'd among  
The beautiful stars of even?

The sound of thy harp-strings steal over my soul  
In the sadness and stillness of night;  
In strings so celestial the sweet numbers roll,  
That my senses are wrapt in delight.

Alas! these are visions, delusive and vain,  
Which cheat my fond fancy, and lead me astray;  
Oh! teach me, blest cherub, thy loss to sustain  
Till I meet thee again in the regions of day.

---

LINES,

Suggested by receiving a boquet of rare flowers, with many other attentions, peculiarly grateful to an invalid, suffering by long confinement.

Beautiful blossoms! emblems fair  
Of purity and truth!  
I love to breathe their fragrance rare,  
The gift of happy youth:

Full well I know the generous wish  
To smoothe the brow of care,  
And 'rase the wrinkles, which the hand  
Of grief hath planted there,

Impelled thee, gentle maid; to send  
Thy treasures from their place,  
Enriched with all their sweet perfume,  
My couch of pain to grace.

Thy Father, love, who dwells on high,  
Amid his angel choirs,  
Sees from his throne beyond the sky;  
'Tis *He* thy heart inspires!

'Tis the "Divinity within"  
Thy warm and gentle breast;  
And his approving smile shall win  
For thee a glorious rest.

When sorrow lays her blighting hand  
Upon thy youthful form,  
Dear friends, beloved, thy couch shall spread,  
And shield thee from the storm.

And may that God, whose tender care  
Protects each fragile flower,  
Transplant thee to his garden fair,  
In Eden's blooming bower!

---

LINES TO ———.

Shall I sing of a face that is blooming and fair?  
And of dimples and smiles, which are revelling there,  
Of a broad white brow, and of ringlets bright,  
Of the soft blue eye which is beaming with light?

Shall I sing of a lofty and dignified mien,  
Of a graceful carriage, a step like a queen?  
Alas! these are fleeting—tho' lovely the bloom  
Of the rose on thy cheek, it may fade ere 'tis noon.

Those beautiful dimples that play round that face,  
Must soon to the furrows of age give place!  
And old Time will plant the deep wrinkles of care  
On that brow now so lovely, so placid and fair.

Those soft, waving ringlets, so glossy and bright,  
*His* hand will displace for a silvery white,  
And that form so majestic, so noble and proud,  
One day 'neath the pressure of time must be bowed.

Then what shall I say? shall I sing of the *mind*  
Which, within that fair, perishing form, is enshrined?  
*Its virtues* are lasting, they never decay—  
“But grow brighter and brighter as time wears away.”

’Tis the spirit divine, which to mortals is given,—  
Oh! ’tis surely a bright emanation from heaven!  
Its light grows more brilliant ’mid nature’s decay,  
And it beams thro’ eternity’s long, endless day.

---

## FIFTY-FIFTH PSALM.

Give ear unto my fervent prayer  
My Father! and my God!  
My cup with sorrow overflows,—  
I sink beneath thy rod!

Trembling, I view the fearful path,  
And overwhelmed with woe,  
My spirit sinks within me, Lord!  
Surrounded by the foe;

My bursting heart, my aching frame,  
Can scarce sustain the load;  
My sins with anguish fill my soul,  
And make me doubt my God!

Oh! could I fly like yonder dove,  
How soon I’d wing my way  
Through trackless ether’s broad expanse,  
To realms of endless day!

Or to some thick embowering wood  
I’d speed my airy flight,  
Or in some dreary wilderness,  
Would shade me from their sight:

There might the frowning tempest howl,  
Fearless I'd brave the storm—  
And 'mid the clustering branches hide  
My wan and wasted form.

Yet why these vain inventions seek?  
Doth not Jehovah reign?  
In *His* protection I'll rejoice,  
Nor shall I trust in vain!

A *stranger's* cold contemptuous glance  
My soul had met with scorn,  
Each slander, levelled at my name,  
I had in silence borne:

But *he*, mine own familiar friend,  
Mine equal, and my guide,  
He who had shared my inmost thoughts;  
Whose love had been my pride;

Whose sweet companionship had cheered  
Full many a weary day;  
Whose counsel stayed my erring feet,  
When wand'ring from the way;

Whose prayers ascended with my own  
Up to the fount of life,  
And bade me seek thy temple, Lord,  
With pure devotion rife!

Oh! it was more than I could bear  
That one I loved *so well*,  
Should thus combine my soul to snare  
With malice dark and fell!

Oh! Lord, defend thy servant's cause,  
Protect my helpless head!  
Oh! shield me in thy powerful arms,  
Redeem me from the dead!

Then what shall I say? shall I sing of the *mind*  
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And bade me seek thy temple, Lord,  
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Oh! it was more than I could bear  
That one I loved *so well*,  
Should thus combine my soul to snare  
With malice dark and fell!

Oh! Lord, defend thy servant's cause,  
Protect my helpless head!  
Oh! shield me in thy powerful arms,  
Redeem me from the dead!

Lord! I am crushed beneath thy rod,  
Father! on thee I call;  
At early morn, at latest eve,  
Thou art my stay, my all!

Oh! grant me but the cheering light  
Of thy approving smile,  
Danger and death my soul should brave,  
Nor shrink from care or toil.

I'll cast my burdens on the Lord!  
*He* will sustain them all,  
*His* love forever shall endure,  
*His* power prevent my fall.



LINES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG FRIEND.  
MISS ——— B.

Dear Mary, had thy friend the power  
Thy future to control,  
No shade of sorrow e'er should cloud  
The "sunshine of thy soul."

Thy life should smoothly glide along  
One pure unruffled stream;  
With health and competence and peace,  
Thy flowing cup should teem.

The morning dawns in cheerful light  
Upon thy youthful head;  
Oh, may a day as fair and bright  
Upon its footsteps tread.

Affection's kind and fostering hand  
Watched o'er thy tender youth,  
And planted in thy youthful breast  
The seeds of sacred truth.

Oh! let a harvest rich and rare  
Spring up within thy mind,  
Let Heaven-born virtue flourish there  
With feelings all refined;

That when thy long and useful day  
Is drawing to a close,  
Not one reflection on the past  
Shall ruffle thy repose.

Each sweet remembrance as it comes  
Across thy dying mind,  
Of passions conquered, faults redeemed,  
And actions just and kind,

Shall shed a ray of peace and joy  
O'er thy departing soul,  
And light thy entrance to a world,  
Where sin has no control.

---

### TO CAROLINE,

ON THE EVE OF HER MARRIAGE AND DEPARTURE FOR  
THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Adieu, my fair, my much loved friend,  
A long, a last farewell!  
May angels on your steps attend,  
And every fear dispel!

May *He* who rules the boisterous sea,  
And calms it at his word,  
Your guide and guardian ever be,  
Your Saviour and your Lord.

When severed is each tender tie,  
Which binds your heart to home,  
And when beneath a foreign sky  
A wanderer you roam,

May *he*, the friend for whose dear love  
Rich blessings you forego,  
A tender guardian ever prove  
In happiness or woe.

And may the sacred cause *divine*,  
Which leads you to depart,  
Impel each movement, and refine  
Each feeling of your heart.

And when in heathen lands you hear  
The blest Redeemer's praise,  
May the glad sound your bosom cheer  
While you the anthem raise!

Should pain and sickness cloud your brow,  
Then let your faith be shown:  
In meek submission humbly bow  
Before Jehovah's throne.

And should your weary spirit find  
No resting place from pain,  
No home in that far distant clime  
Your weakness to sustain,

Oh! then let faith and grace combine;  
Rest wholly on the Lord!  
Each earthly care may you resign,—  
Depending on his word:

'Tis the "Divinity within"  
Thy warm and gentle breast;  
And his approving smile shall win  
For thee a glorious rest.

When sorrow lays her blighting hand  
Upon thy youthful form,  
Dear friends, beloved, thy couch shall spread,  
And shield thee from the storm.

And may that God, whose tender care  
Protects each fragile flower,  
Transplant thee to his garden fair,  
In Eden's blooming bower!

---

LINES TO ———.

Shall I sing of a face that is blooming and fair?  
And of dimples and smiles, which are revelling there,  
Of a broad white brow, and of ringlets bright,  
Of the soft blue eye which is beaming with light?

Shall I sing of a lofty and dignified mien,  
Of a graceful carriage, a step like a queen?  
Alas! these are fleeting—tho' lovely the bloom  
Of the rose on thy cheek, it may fade ere 'tis noon.

Those beautiful dimples that play round that face,  
Must soon to the furrows of age give place!  
And old Time will plant the deep wrinkles of care  
On that brow now so lovely, so placid and fair.

Those soft, waving ringlets, so glossy and bright,  
*His* hand will displace for a silvery white,  
And that form so majestic, so noble and proud,  
One day 'neath the pressure of time must be bowed.

When peerless daughters blessed my arms,  
As lovely as thyself,  
Whose smiles were dearer to my heart  
Than mines of countless wealth,—

Oh! thou, whose sympathy sustained  
Me, in that trying hour,  
When dearest Margaret meekly bowed  
To the destroyer's power;

Who like a ministering angel stood,  
The tear-drop in thine eye,—  
And bade me seek my darling child  
Beyond the upper sky!—

What blessings shall I ask for thee?  
Thou dear and gentle one!  
Thy unremitting tenderness  
My grateful love hath won!

Fortune hath pour'd her choicest gifts  
Upon thy favoured head,  
Husband and children grace thy board  
And blessings on thee shed.

If e'er an aspiration rose  
Within thy gentle breast,  
If e'er thy heart hath form'd a wish  
Thou never hast expressed;

Oh! may that power who rules on earth,  
According to his will,  
In answer to my fervent prayer  
That cherish'd wish fulfil!

And I will ask the noblest boon  
To crown thy happy life,  
An interest in the eternal world,  
Where neither care, nor strife,

Thy peace shall mar, thy hopes destroy,—  
Where fadeless flowers shall bloom  
Through endless ages, pure and bright,  
Triumphant o'er the tomb!

---

TO A DEAR YOUNG FRIEND, MRS. \* \* \* \* \*.  
JUNE 15th, 1842.

Come, dear one! let thy gentle voice  
Revive the drooping head  
Of one, whom anguish long hath bowed,  
From whom e'en hope hath fled.

Dear one! I knew thee when a babe  
In thy fond mother's arms,  
I knew thee in the bloom of youth,  
Decked in thy maiden charms;

I saw thee in thy day of power,  
When lovers swell'd thy train!  
When each, to grace thy maiden bower,  
Culled blossoms from the plain!—

I saw thee when a beauteous bride,  
In modesty arrayed;  
Thy blushing cheek and downcast eye,  
Thy happiness portrayed:

But when I saw thy graceful form,  
In patient meekness, bend  
Hour after hour, above the couch  
Of thy young, suffering friend;

And when I saw thy tender hand  
Bathing his fevered brow,  
And heard thy strains of sympathy  
In gentle accents flow;

When all a sister's tenderness  
Was beaming in thine eyes,  
Lighting the sufferer's faded face  
With pleasure, and surprise;

Then, to my sad and mournful heart,  
Thy loveliness surpassed  
All that my fancy ever dreamed  
In mortal mould was cast!—

Oh! come again, and let thy smile  
Diffuse a transient glow  
O'er the pale cheek, where fell disease  
Hath stamped his impress now.

Come! and a mother's bursting heart  
Shall throb with grateful joy,  
Invoking blessings on *her* head  
Who soothed her dying boy!—



## A PARTING ADDRESS

OF A MOTHER TO A YOUNG SON ON HIS FIRST LEAVING  
THE PARENTAL ROOF.

Farewell, my son! may angels guard  
Thy unprotected youth!  
May heaven-born virtue guide thy steps  
In the fair path of truth.

Though tottering on the verge of life,  
And racked with pain and care,  
My own, my darling, much loved boy  
My counsel still must share.

•

*She* who has watched thy cradle-bed,  
 And marked thy infant sports,  
 Through early childhood's winding maze,  
 And led thee to the courts,—

The earthly courts of *Heaven's high King*,  
 And taught thee there to bow  
 In reverence to his sacred name,  
 Cannot forget thee now!—

Remember, boy, thy mother's love,  
 Her precepts and her care,  
 And may her parting counsel prove  
 A beacon bright and fair.

Oh! thou wilt need a guide, my son,  
 A firm and faithful friend,  
 A mother's watchful eye no more  
 Thy footsteps may attend!—

Oh! shun the tempter who would strive  
 To lead thee from the truth;—  
 Be God thy trust! he will protect  
 And guide thy wayward youth.



#### ADDRESSED TO MY FRIEND MRS. —

Why, dear one, dost thou stay? the summer rose  
 Has shed its blossoms, and the deep repose  
 Of cheerless winter hangs on all around!  
     No hum of bee,  
     Or insect free,  
 Or notes of woodland chorister resound  
 Throughout our groves! the cold, cold wintry day  
 Is dark and sad,—why, dear one, dost thou stay?

Are there no scenes to memory dear,  
No cherished loved ones lingering here,  
To whom affection fondly clings?

Oh! come and cheer

The sadness here!

Linger no more. On friendship's wings,  
Oh! come, and shed thy brightness on our day;  
Joy on our hearts; why, dear one, dost thou stay?

Oh! come, and let thy radiant eye  
Bid care and pain and sorrow fly.

I know within thy gentle breast

The thought of *one*

(Whose setting sun

Is sinking 'neath a cloud) doth rest;

Oh! come *once* more, and let the cheering ray  
Of friendship shine on her—why, dear one, stay?



### ON MY DAUGHTER MARGARET'S TENTH BIRTH-DAY.

Awake, thou bright orb! in thy splendour arise,  
Disperse every cloud in the pure azure skies;  
Blow soft, ye rough winds, as ye sweep o'er the  
plain,  
And bring fragrance and verdure and bloom in your  
train!

This day, be it sacred! Ye spirits of air!  
Who guarded the couch of the infant so fair,  
Ye sylphs, and ye sylphids, oh! hasten to earth  
To welcome the morn of your votary's birth.

Ye muses, attend! let your presence inspire  
The soul of your favourite with "poesy's fire;"  
Entwine round her brow the sweet garlands of spring,  
And in strains of soft melody teach her to sing.

Let virtue, and genius, and fancy unite  
To awaken the harp of this being so bright;  
Let the fire of devotion enliven the lay  
Which her spirit shall breathe on her blest natal day!

---

### IMPROMPTU,

AS THE THOUGHT OCCURRED OF GIVING THE NAME OF  
MY SAINTED MARGARET TO THE CHILD OF A VERY  
DEAR FRIEND.

Receive, sweet babe, an angel's name!  
And with the high bequest  
I would transmit the faultless mind  
In all its graces drest.

Dear Margaret!—with that sacred name  
Each blessing I'd bequeath;  
Health, peace and innocence should form  
For thee a fadeless wreath!

I would endow thee, favoured babe,  
If but the power were mine,  
With all that's noble and refined  
To grace thy infant shrine.

The muses should inspire thy tongue  
In seraph strains to sing,  
And teach thy young, thy infant lyre  
With melody to ring.

Genius should spread her soaring wings,  
And clasp thee in their fold,  
And on the golden scroll of fame  
Thy name should be enrolled!

Thy lyre should sound thy Maker's praise  
In music soft and low,  
And angels lend a raptured ear  
As the sweet numbers flow.

Virtue and truth should hold their throne  
Within thy peaceful breast,  
And pure religion's chastening power  
Fit thee for endless rest.

---

LINES,

SUGGESTED TO THE AUTHOR UPON LEAVING HER HOME  
AT PLATTSBURGH, WHICH WAS DOUBLY ENDEARED  
TO HER AS THE BIRTH-PLACE OF HER DAUGHTER  
LUCRETIA.

Oh! dear pleasant home, must I bid you adieu,  
And all the loved objects so dear to my heart?  
How oft will fond memory bring to my view  
The long cherish'd scenes from which I must part.

Dear home of enjoyment, of suffering, of grief,  
Where fond hopes were blasted, bright visions destroyed,  
Where the cup of affliction I've drank long and deep,  
And happiness exquisite likewise enjoyed—

\*Oh! there have I watched the young dawns of  
genius,  
Their beams bright and dazzling, but transient as  
bright;  
They glanced o'er my path like a meteor at evening,  
And hastily set in the deep shades of night.

\* Alluding to my daughter L. M. D.

But they left a reflection so bright and transcendent,  
It beams o'er my soul amid darkness and gloom;  
A glorious halo so bright and resplendent,  
'Twill lighten my path to the verge of the tomb.

Oh! dear to this heart is each fond recollection,  
And sacred the spot her nativity graced!  
Which witnessed her virtues, her filial affection,  
And hallowed the spot where her ashes are placed.

---

#### TO MY DAUGHTER MRS. A. E. T.

Oh, dear one! 'mid scenes of enjoyment and peace,  
When thy full cup of happiness nearly o'erflows,  
When bright rosy health all thy joys shall increase,  
*Then* think not of *her*, 'twill disturb thy repose;  
Oh! think not of *her*.

But when pain and disease shall ruffle that brow,  
When anguish has faded that health-blooming cheek,  
When all the bright visions which play round thee  
now  
Shall have vanished in air—Oh! then, dearest one,  
speak,—

Oh! then think of *her*.

Think of her who has watched, who has wept, who  
has prayed,  
That heaven would avert every sorrow from thee;  
That the mildew of sickness shall ne'er cast a shade  
Of gloom on that face so expressive of glee,—  
Oh! then think of *her*.

Think of her who with anguish has heard every sigh  
Which heaved thy young bosom in infancy bright—

Who has wiped, with affection, each tear from thine  
eye,  
And pressed thy soft form to her heart with delight—  
Think, dear one, of *her*.

Think *then* of the mother, the guardian, the friend,  
Whose counsels directed thy footsteps in youth;  
Her prayers and her blessings still daily ascend,  
For thee, to the fountain of mercy and truth—  
Oh! *then* think of *her*.



## THE LAMENT.

And thou art gone! with the autumn leaf,  
Thy fragile form hath faded!  
And all our warm and brilliant hopes .  
In the cold dark tomb are shaded!

Fond memory to my withered soul  
Presents my fair, my blighted flower!  
Mournful yet sweet her image comes  
As in that last, that dying hour,

When, clasped within my feeble arms,  
I held thee to my bursting heart,  
And met thy tender, earnest gaze,  
Which said—"dear mother! we must part."

The chastened ray which beamed within  
Thine intellectual eye,  
Told that a spirit rested there  
Whose light could never die!

What high and holy thoughts then gave  
Thy broad white brow an angel's light,  
As o'er the darkness of the grave  
It beamed with inspiration bright!

Thou art an angel now, my child,  
Each rich and glowing thought,  
No longer bound by earthly views,  
With heavenly themes is fraught!

Thy pure and lofty spirit now  
With kindred angels bows—  
Thy hallowed lyre, though silent here,  
Celestial bands arouse;

The soft melodious anthem peals  
Throughout the heavenly courts,  
While sister angels catch the strain,  
And swell the lofty notes.

And there, with all its vast desires,  
Half formed and undefined,  
Bathing in streams of endless light,  
Lives thy undying mind.



### CHRISTMAS HYMN.

'Twas midnight—and the moon's chaste beam  
Illumined Bethlehem's plain;  
It shed a soft but fitful light  
O'er nature's wide domain.

Its quivering beams now softly stream  
Amid the branches light  
Of the tall palms, which partly shade  
The brilliant orb of night.

The thin white clouds majestic move  
Across the radiant sky,  
Casting a slight and transient shade  
O'er objects as they fly.

The countless stars which deck'd the night,  
In regal splendour shone,  
Pouring their pure and sacred light  
On Bethlehem's humble town.

Beneath a tall and shady palm  
The slumbering shepherds lay,  
Upon the grass their bleating charge  
Slept 'neath the moon's pure ray.

Sudden, a peal of music burst  
Upon the ravished ear,  
The waking shepherds trembling lay,  
Transfixed in silent fear.

When, bending from a fleecy cloud,  
An angel met their gaze,  
While round a flood of glory poured  
Which filled them with amaze.

"Fear not! behold, I tidings bring,  
Glad tidings of great joy,  
To Israel there is born a King;  
Let praise your songs employ.

"To you in Bethlehem-town, this day  
Is born of David's line,  
A sovereign who is Christ the Lord,  
And this shall be the sign:

"The babe within a manger lies,  
All wrapped in swathing bands;  
Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To all the Gentile lands."

The soft melodious anthem ceased,  
When, to their raptured sight,  
The parting cloud a host displayed  
Of angels dazzling bright.

The shepherds list, in silent awe,  
To catch the sacred strain,  
"Glory to God! on earth be peace,  
Good will to sinful men;

"Glory to God! his name be praised,  
And Christ his only Son,  
Who brings redemption to a world  
By crime and guilt undone;

"Good will to men, and peace on earth."  
Each angel voice resounds,  
Salvation to the chosen race,  
Mercy and peace abounds.

Loud hallelujahs to the Lord,  
And to our infant King!  
Salvation to a ruined world,  
Doth Christ your Saviour bring!

A dazzling light resplendent shone  
Upon each angel face,  
Which, as they spread their golden wings,  
Illumined all the place.

Loud hallelujahs filled the air,  
As the ascending host,  
With outstretched pinions, soared aloft,  
And in the heavens were lost.

## THE SIX BOOKS OF FINGAL.

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[That the following poems may be the better understood, and the chain of the story kept unbroken, I have taken the liberty to insert the entire argument of M'Pherson in the original, before the commencement of every book.]

### ARGUMENT TO BOOK I.

Cuthullin (general of the Irish tribes in the minority of Cormac, king of Ireland), sitting alone, beneath a tree at the gate of Tura, a castle of Ulster, (the other chiefs having gone on a hunting party to Cromla, a neighbouring hill,) is informed of the landing of Swaran, King of Lochlin, by Moran, the son of Fithil, one of his scouts. He convenes the chiefs; a council is held, and disputes run high about giving battle to the enemy. Connal, the petty king of Togorma, and an intimate friend of Cuthullin, was for retreating, till Fingal, king of those Caledonians who inhabited the northwest coast of Scotland, whose aid had been previously solicited, should arrive; but Calmar, the son of Matha, lord of Lara, a country in Connaught, was for engaging the enemy immediately. Cuthullin, of himself willing to fight, went into the opinion of Calmar. Marching towards the enemy, he missed three of his bravest heroes, Fergus, Ducho-mor, and Cathba. Fergus arriving, tells Cuthullin of the death of the two other chiefs; which introduces the affecting episode of Morna, the daughter of Cormac. The army of Cuthullin is descried at a distance by Swaran, who sent the son of Arno to observe the motions of the enemy, while he himself ranged his forces in order of battle. The son of Arno returning to Swaran, describes to him Cuthullin's chariot, and the terrible appearance of that hero. The armies engage, but night coming on, leaves the victory undecided. Cuthullin, according to the hospitality of the times; sends to Swaran a formal invitation to a feast by his bard Carril, the son of Kinfena. Swaran refuses to come. Carril relates to Cuthullin the story of Grudar and Brassolis. A party, by Connal's advice, is sent to observe the enemy, which closes the action of the day.

## B O O K I.



By Tura's walls Cuthullin sat,  
By the tree of the rustling sound;  
His spear against the rock reclined,  
His shield on the grassy mound.

His thoughts were of the mighty dead—  
Great Cairbar slain in Erin's war—  
When Moran, Fithil's son appears,  
The scout of ocean from afar.

"Arise, Cuthullin!" cried the youth,  
"The ships of Lochlin ride the wave;  
Strong are the foes, Oh! chief of men,  
Great Swaran's sea-borne heroes brave."

"Why tremble, son of Fithil, why?  
Thy fears have magnified the foe;  
Great Morven's mighty king it is,  
Whose ships toward green Erin row."

"'Tis Swaran's self, I saw the chief,  
'Tis royal Starna's valiant son;  
His tall form as a glittering rock—  
His shield is as the rising moon.

"His spear is a tall blasted pine;  
He sat upon the lonely shore,  
As mist upon the silent hill,  
Conning the scenes of battle o'er.

“ ‘ Well art thou named the mighty man!’  
I said, ‘ Advance, thou chief of pow’r!  
Many and brave our hands in fight,  
And heroes dwell on Erin’s shore.

“ ‘ From Tura’s windy walls they come,  
Men fearless, mighty and renowned,  
Who, at Cuthullin’s slogan dread,  
Rush boldly to the battle ground!’

“ Firm as a rock, the chief replied:  
‘ Who is like *Swaran* in this land?  
Before me heroes sink to earth,  
And dare not in my presence stand.

“ ‘ Who in the fight can Swaran meet?  
Who but great Fingal, king of storms!  
On Malmor’s hill we wrestled hard,  
With strength surpassing mortal forms:

“ ‘ Three days successively we fought;  
Heroes with trembling marked the strife:  
Great Fingal boasts that Swaran fell—  
But Swaran never yields with life!

“ ‘ To me let dark Cuthullin yield:  
I, strong as storms of Erin, stand;  
O’er yonder sea my power extends,  
And shall be felt throughout this land!’ ”

“ Never!” exclaimed the blue-eyed chief;  
“ I never yield to man!  
Great shall Cuthullin’s fame arise,  
Or brief shall be his span!

“ Go, son of Fithil, take my spear,  
And strike brave Semo’s sounding shield!  
On Tura’s rustling gate it hangs;  
Haste—let it echo through the field!”

"Thou first in Cormac's war,—behold  
The sable fleet of Starno's son!  
Our coasts his mighty masts o'ertop,—  
Their banners waving in the sun;

"His ships are forests clothed in mist,  
His chiefs in battle strong and brave;  
Oh! son of Selma, sue for peace!  
Fingal himself the fight would wave."

"Fly! basely fly! thou man of peace!"  
Said Calmar with the arm of strength,  
"Shrink back, weak Connal, to thy hills,  
Where spear was never drawn at length!

"Pursue high Cromla's bounding deer,  
And chase the roe on Lena's plain,  
While Semo's blue-eyed, valiant son,  
To fight proud Swaran leads his train!

"Roar! with a voice of thunder, roar!  
And scatter all their ranks of pride;  
Cuthullin, in his father's strength,  
Will pour out blood on every side.

"Rise, ye dark winds of Erin, rise!  
Rage, whirlwind, and uproot the grove!  
Let Calmar 'mid the uproar die,  
And ride on tempest-clouds above;

"Be piecemeal torn by angry ghosts  
Of man, in mortal combat slain;  
If ere he feared the din of war,  
Or shunned the bloody battle-plain!

"If e'er the chace was sport to him,  
When he could fight in battle-field,  
Or music in the bay of dogs,  
Compared with Fingal's sounding shield!"

“Young son of Matha,” Connal said,  
“My fame in battle is but small,  
But I have fought at Fingal’s side,  
And never fled my country’s call.

“Oh! son of Semo, hear my voice!  
Regard young Cormac’s ancient throne!  
Give wealth, and half the land for peace  
Till Fingal’s army join our own!

“But should grim war be still thy choice,  
This arm shall wield my father’s spear,  
’Mid thousands shall my joy be found,  
And battle’s gloom my soul shall cheer!”

“Pleasant and sweet the din of arms,”  
Cuthullin thus with warmth replies,  
“Pleasant as thunder in the heavens  
The sound of battle shall arise!

“Then gather all our shining tribes,  
Let me behold the army form,  
And let them pass along the heath,  
Bright as the sun before the storm!

“But, where are all my warlike friends,  
To aid me in this trying hour?  
White-bosomed Cathba, where art thou?  
And where Duchomar’s arm of power?

“Fergus, my friend! thou too hast gone  
And left me in these days of storm;  
Once thou wert first at all our feasts,  
The grave now shrouds thy manly form!

“Hail, son of Rossa! arm of death!  
Like bounding roe thy step;  
What cloud now shades the soul of war?  
Where do my heroes sleep?”

"Four stones," the valiant chief replied,  
"Rise on the youthful Cathba's grave;  
I've laid Duchomar in the earth—  
That cloud in war, that spirit brave.

"Thou, Cathba! wert a sunbeam bright!  
Valiant Duchomar! thou a cloud  
Of mist, as o'er the autumn plain  
It moves along, a sable shroud!

"Thou, Morna! fair and beauteous maid!  
Calm is thy sleep within yon cave;  
Thy hapless fate shall heroes weep,  
And o'er thy breast the long grass wave!

"Thy life was like a meteor's flash,  
Which o'er the desert cast one gleam;  
The weary traveller marks its fall,  
And mourns its flitting, transient beam."

- "Tell me," said Semo's blue-eyed son,  
"How were the chiefs of Erin slain?  
Fell they by Lochlin's warlike sons,  
With heroes on the battle plain?"

Solemn and sad the hero replied,  
"By the sword of Duchomar he fell!  
'Neath the spreading shade of the stately oak,  
Where the noisy streams do swell;

"To the caverns of Tura Duchomar came,  
And he spake to the beautiful maid,  
The cherished young daughter of Cormac the brave,  
Who tarried alone in the shade;

"Oh, Morna! fair Morna, say, why art thou here?  
Alone, in the circle of stones!  
In the cave of the rock, where the storm murmurs loud,  
And the wind through the old tree groans?"

“ ‘The billows roll high on the troubled lake,  
And dark are the clouds of the sky,  
But thou art pale as the snow on the heath,  
When drifted in mountains high;

“ ‘Thy hair is like the floating mist  
When it curls on the brow of the hill,  
When it shines in the beams of the sinking sun,  
And the lake is calm and still;

“ ‘Thy bosom is fair as the smooth white rock,  
Embedded in Branno’s stream,  
Thy arms like pillars in Fingal’s Hall,  
So stately and white they seem.’

“ ‘From whence, Duchomar, most gloomy of men?’  
The fair-haired maiden replies,  
‘Thy terrible brow is dark and bent,  
And red are thy rolling eyes.

“ ‘Does Swaran appear on Erin’s coast?  
Duchomar! what of the foe!’—

“ ‘From the hill of the dark brown hinds I come,  
Where sports the bounding roe!

“ ‘Three deer have I slain with my bended yew,  
And three with my dogs of chase,  
One stately buck have I slain for thee,  
Oh! deign my poor offering to grace!

“ ‘High were his branchy antlers tossed,  
And his feet of wind did fly;  
I have slain him for thee, thou art dear to my soul,  
For the daughter of Cormac I sigh!’

“ ‘Duchomar!’ with firmness the maiden replied,  
‘Thy presents my soul doth spurn;  
Thy heart is as hard as the sea-girt rock,  
Thy love I can never return!

“‘Thou terrible man with the gloomy brow!  
Morna’s love to young Cathba is plighted,  
In darkness and gloom, like a sunbeam he shines,  
Mid the storm which the young trees had blighted.

“‘Hast thou seen my young Cathba, all lovely and  
fair?

On the hill of the hinds he stays,  
The daughter of Cormac is waiting him there;  
Canst thou tell me why thus he delays?’

“‘Long, long shalt thou tarry,’ Duchomar replied,  
‘Full long shall his coming be staid,—  
Oh, Morna! behold this unsheathed sword,  
And mark the red blood on its blade.

“‘Here wanders the blood of thy Cathba brave,  
And he fell by Branno’s stream!  
On Cromla’s heights I will raise his tomb,  
’Neath the pale moon’s flickering beam;

“‘Oh, turn on Duchomar thine eyes of love;  
As strong as the storm is his arm!  
Its grasp of power shall crush thy foes,  
And thy loveliness shelter from harm!’

“‘With wildly bursting voice she cried,  
‘Is the son of Torman low?  
Has he fallen upon his echoing hills,  
My youth, with the breast of snow?’

“‘The first in the chase of the stately deer,  
To the strangers of ocean the foe,  
The first on the battle plains was he,  
My youth of the breast of snow!

“‘Duchomar, thou dark and gloomy man,  
To Morna how cruel thy love!  
Each drop of that wandering blood how dear,  
Let the tears of Morna prove!

“ ‘Oh, give me that sword, ’twas my Cathba’s arm  
That once wielded its shining blade!  
Thou art dark to me, thou terrible man,  
Would Morna thine arm could have staid!’

“ He gave the sword to her streaming tears,  
And she pierced his savage breast!  
He fell like a bank of a mountain stream;  
His voice was weak and depressed:

“ ‘In my youth I am slain! the sword is cold;  
Oh, Morna! I feel it is cold  
Oh, draw the steel from the fatal wound,  
And my mantle around me fold!

“ ‘Oh give me to Moina! the maid whose love  
Would have cheered Duchomar’s life!  
She will raise my tomb in the dark green wood,  
Far from the scenes of strife.’

“ Trembling and pale the maiden came,  
In the midst of her tears she came,  
And drew the sword from the crimson wound,  
While horror shook her frame.

“ He seized the sword with a demon’s strength,  
And pierced her tender side;  
The bubbling blood gushed from the wound,  
And she sank! brave Cathba’s pride!

“ Her hair spread o’er the crimson ground,  
Her white arms stained with gore;  
Rolling in death the maiden lay  
Upon the rocky shore!”

“ Peace,” said Cuthullin, “ to their souls!  
“ Great were those heroes in the fight,  
On evening clouds, oh! let them ride,  
And show their features to my sight;

"My soul shall then be firm and bright,  
Mine arm like thunder of the heaven!  
My steel shall deal destruction round,  
Like lightning which the rocks hath riven.

"And, Morna, thou in all thy charms  
Dwell near the window of my rest,  
Be thou a moonbean in my path,  
When thoughts of peace my soul have blest!

"Gather the strength of all the tribes!  
Move on to aid in Erin's war!  
The prowess of your arms display!  
Attend my bright and shining car!

"Rejoice in great Cuthullin's fame;  
Place by my side three spears;  
Follow the bounding of my steed,  
When Swaran's host appears!

"Firm in my friends shall be my soul,  
When battle darkens round my steel;  
With strength, their valour nerves my arms,  
When fighting for my country's weal!"

As a stream of foam, from the dark steep  
Of shady Cromla's side,  
When heavy thunder rolls above,  
And shakes Heaven's arches wide;

And dark-browed night descending fast,  
Obscures near half the hill,  
Through breaches of the tempest dark  
Ghosts peep with voices shrill;

So fierce, so vast, so terrible,  
Rush'd on the sons of strife,  
Their chief, the foremost in the field,  
Was seen with vengeance rife;

He there, like ocean's mighty whale,  
By stormy waves pursued,  
Poured forth his valour like a stream,  
Or like a roaring flood.

The sons of Lochlin heard the noise,  
As the sound of a winter storm;  
Great Swaran struck his bossy shield,  
And gave the loud alarm!

"What murmur rolls along the hill,  
Like gathered flies at summer eve?  
'Tis Erin's fast descending sons!  
Or rustling winds mine ear deceive.

"Oh! son of Arno, mount the hill,  
View the dark heath on every side!"  
Trembling he sped, but soon returned  
With beating heart and rapid stride.

His words were faltering, broken, slow,  
And wildly rolled his dark blue eyes:  
"Chief of the dark brown battle shield,  
The hosts of Erin plot surprise!

"I see the stream of battle flow,  
The strength of Erin moves along;  
The car, the car of war appears,  
'The car of Semo's noble son!

"Behind 'tis bending like a wave,  
Like the sunbeam dazzling bright;  
Its sides with jewels are embossed,  
Which shine like foam at night.

"Of polished yew its beam is made;  
Its seat the finest, whitest bone;  
Its sides are filled with shining spears;  
The floor is the hero's stepping stone!

"Before the right side of the car  
The high-bred, snorting horse is seen;  
Broad-breasted, proud, wide-leaping steed,  
His warlike ardour fierce and keen!

"The spreading of his mane above  
Is like a waving stream of smoke;  
Bright are his tall and graceful sides,  
Sulin-Sifadda, strong as oak!

"Before the left side of the car  
The fleet Dusronnal bounds along;  
High-headed, thin-maned, snorting horse,  
Son of the hill, with muscles strong!

"Bound by a thousand strong made thongs,  
The stately car is raised on high;  
Each thong adorned with shining gems,  
All dazzling to the hero's eye!

"Within the car the chief is seen,  
Cuthullin is the hero's name;  
Great Semo's son, the king of shells,  
Nations afar have heard his fame!

"His cheek is like my polished yew,  
His blue eye, rolling bright,  
Beneath the dark arch of his brow,  
Shines like a flame at night!

"Fly, king of ocean, fly the field,  
He comes like storm along the vale!  
His bushy hair streams in the wind,  
He makes his foes with terror pale."

"When did I fly?" replied the king;  
"When fled I from the battle spear?  
From danger's form shall Swaran shrink?  
Chief of the little soul, beware!

"The storm of Gormal firm I met,  
When the foam of my waves beat high!  
I met the storm of the dark-browed clouds,  
And *now* shall Swaran fly?

"Did Fingal with his mighty arm,  
And all his powerful host appear,  
My valiant soul would still be firm—  
Great Swaran's heart shall never fear!

"My thousands, rise! to battle rise!  
Pour round me from the echoing strand;  
Gather the bright steel of your king,  
Strong as the mountains of my land!"

Like autumn's gathering strength they pour  
Forth from two tall and echoing hills;  
Like two deep streams they roaring met,  
While the loud sound the forest fills.

Lochlin and Inisfail have met,  
Chief mixes stroke with valiant foe;  
Steel clanging, sounds on bloody steel,  
And many a hero is laid low!

The bubbling blood now smokes around,  
Strings murmur on the polished yew;  
Darts rush along the cloudy sky,  
Like meteors which at night we view!

As troubled ocean's boisterous noise  
When rolling waves are mounting high,  
As the last thundering peal of Heaven,  
The flame of war came rushing by!

Though Cormac's hundred bards were there  
To give the fight to tuneful song,  
Their hundred voices were too weak  
To roll the sound of death along!

Oh, mourn in dust, ye sons of song!  
Oh, mourn the brave Sithallan low;  
High let Fiona's sighs arise,  
Dark Swaran gave the fatal blow.

Nor slept Cuthullin's mighty hand,  
Nor powerless was his noble arm;  
His sword was like the beam of Heaven,  
Spreading destruction and alarm.

Dusronnal snorted as he passed,  
Sifadda bathed his hoofs in blood,  
The battle lay behind their path,  
As groves upturned in Cromla's wood.

Weep on the rocks of roaring winds,  
Oh, lovely maid of Inistore!  
Bend thy fair head o'er yonder waves  
Which dash against the sounding shore.

Thou lovelier than the moon's pale beam  
When shining through the cloud of night,  
Fairer than stars on evening's brow  
Art thou, sweet mourner, in my sight!

Oh! he has fallen; thy youth is low;  
Pale 'neath Cuthullin's mighty sword!  
His worth and valour raised his name  
To rank with kings at royal board.

Trenar, the graceful Trenar fell,  
His dogs are howling in his halls,  
His bow hangs useless, all unstrung,  
Upon their lonely silent walls.

As roll a thousand waves along,  
So Swaran's host came rolling on;  
As meets a rock a thousand waves,  
So Erin met proud Lochlin's son.

Death raises all his voices round,  
And mixes with the sound of war;  
Each chief a pillar darkly stands,  
Like beams of fire their swords appear.

But who are those on Lena's heath?  
Their forms so gloomy and so dark---  
They move like clouds across the plain,  
Their gleaming steel at distance mark!

The little hills are troubled round,  
The solid rocks tremble with fear,  
Rough ocean's son in converse close  
With Erin's car-borne chief is there!

Full many an anxious eye is bent  
Upon those dark and moody men;  
Till twilight covers Lena's hill,  
And shrouds in night the battle plain;

'Twas on high Cromla's shaggy side  
That Dorglass placed the stately deer,  
The early fortune of the chase  
The morning of that day of fear;

A hundred youths collect the heath,  
Ten warriors wake the sleeping fire,  
Three hundred choose the polished stones,  
To spread the feast which they require.

Cuthullin, chief of Erin's war,  
Again resumed his mighty soul;  
He leaned upon his beamy spear  
And thus addressed the bard of old:

"Is this feast spread for ~~me~~ alone,  
While Lochlin's king is on our shores?  
The stranger must our banquet share,  
Though on the morn the battle roars!

"Carril, these words to Swaran bear;  
Tell him Cuthullin gives his feast—  
Bid him come listen to my groves,  
And on my green turf safely rest;

"For cold and bleak the blustering winds  
Rush over the foam of his seas;  
Here let him praise the trembling harp;  
Refresh him 'neath our shady trees!"

Old Carril went, with softest voice,  
And called the king of dark-brown shields—  
"Rise from thy skins, brave Swaran, rise,  
Thou king of groves and wide spread fields:

"Cuthullin gives the joy of shells,  
Partake the feast of Erin's chief;"—  
The eye of Swaran flashed with ire,  
As muttering thus his answer brief:

"Though all thy daughters, Inisfail,  
Should stretch aloft their arms of snow,  
And softly roll their eyes of love,  
Tell Erin, Swaran would not go!

"More pleasant to my warlike soul  
Is Lochlin's stormy wind,  
It rushes o'er my own blue seas  
And suits my gloomy mind:

"Let dark Cuthullin yield to me  
King Cormac's ancient throne,  
Or Erin's blood in streams shall flow,  
And all their maidens mourn!"

"Sad is the sound of Swaran's voice!"  
Said Carril, bard of other days;  
"To Swaran's self alone 'tis sad—  
It shall not damp our lays!"

"Come, Carril! raise thy voice on high,"  
 The son of Semo loudly cried,  
 "Give us the deeds of other days,  
 When heroes brave in battle died:

"Send thou the night away in song,  
 Oh! let us have the joy of grief,  
 For lovely are the songs of woe  
 Which Ossian sung to Albion's chief!"

Carril replied, "In other days,  
 Came ocean's sons to Erin's land:  
 A thousand vessels bound along,  
 And moor them on our rocky strand;

"The sons of Inisfail arose  
 To meet the race of dark-brown shields;  
 Grudar, a stately youth, was there,  
 And Cairbar, first in battle field;

"Long for the spotted bull they strove  
 That lowed on Galban's echoing plain,  
 Each claimed the creature as his own,  
 And each his title would maintain;

"On Lubar's grassy banks they strove,  
 Young Grudar fell 'neath Cairbar's steel,  
 Cairbar, that fierce and cruel chief  
 Who love or friendship ne'er could feel;—

"He sought his sister, beauteous maid,  
 The plighted bride of Grudar's love;  
 Alone she raised the song of grief,  
 And mourned his absence in the grove;

"She mourned him in the field of blood,  
 Her soft voice trembled in the breeze,  
 Yet still she hoped for his return,  
 And sought his form amid the trees;

"Cairbar appeared in fearful mood;  
'Take, Brassolis, this shield of blood,  
Fix it on high within my hall,  
There let it hang a trophy proud.'

"Her soft heart beat against her side,  
Pale and distracted forth she flew,  
She found her youth in all his blood,  
The spirit fled that heart so true!

"And here, their sacred manes repose,  
These lonely yews spread o'er their tomb,  
And oft, at midnight's solemn hour,  
Their shadowy ghosts are seen to roam!"

"Oh, Carril, pleasant is thy voice!"  
Said Erin's noble, blue-eyed chief,  
"I love the song of olden time,  
Sweet to my soul the tale of grief.

"Come, strike the harp in praise of *her*—  
Who lonely sits in the misty isle!  
Sing of her soft and winning grace,  
Sing of her artless, tender smile!

"Bragela, sunbeam of my love,  
Methinks I see thy slender form,  
Thy garments floating on the breeze,  
Thy bosom throbs, thy heart is warm;

"Methinks I see thee listening stand,  
Thy fair head gently forward bent,  
Thine eye fixed on the distant wave,  
To catch each sound thine ear intent;

"But not a glimpse, not one faint view  
Of thy Cuthullin in the gale;  
The sea is rolling mountain high,  
The foam deceives thee for my sail.

"Retire, for it is night, my love,  
The dark winds sing in thy long hair,  
Retire unto my lonely halls  
And think upon thy hero there!

"Soon as the storm of war is past,  
He will return to bless thy arms.—  
Oh, Connal, speak of blood and war,  
I dare not think upon her charms!"

No second bidding Connal waits,—  
"I warn thee to beware the foe!  
Haste, send thy troop of night abroad,  
To guard each pass full well they know;—

"Cuthullin, I am still for peace!  
Till Fingal comes, that hero brave,  
Then, like the sunbeam o'er our fields  
Full proudly let our banners wave!"

The hero struck the shield of war,  
The warriors of the night moved on,  
And ghosts of those who lately fell  
Swam on the clouds, their battles done.

## ARGUMENT TO BOOK II.

The ghost of Grugal, one of the Irish heroes, who was killed in battle, appearing to Connal, foretells the defeat of Cuthullin in the next battle, and earnestly advises him to make peace with Swaran. Connal communicates the vision, but Cuthullin is inflexible—from a principle of honour he would not be the first to sue for peace, and he resolved to continue the war. Morning comes: Swaran proposes dishonourable terms to Cuthullin, which are rejected. The battle begins, and is obstinately fought for some time, until, upon the flight of Grugal, the whole Irish army give way—Cuthullin and Connal cover their retreat: Carril leads them to a neighbouring hill, whither they are soon followed by Cuthullin himself, who descries the fleet of Fingal making toward the coast, but night coming on, he lost sight of it again. Cuthullin, dejected after his defeat, attributes his ill success to the death of Ferda, his friend, whom he had killed some time before. Carril, to show that ill success did not always attend those who innocently killed their friends, introduces the episode of Connal and Galvina.

## BOOK II.

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By the sound of the mountain's gushing stream,  
The weary Connal lonely lay,  
Sheltered beneath an aged tree  
Whose branches in the moonbeams play;

The mossy stone supports his head,  
And silence reigns throughout the vale,  
When shrill and clear the voice of night  
His wondering senses doth assail!

The fearless hero raised his head  
And there beheld a sight of woe!  
A dark red stream of livid fire  
Rushed down upon the plain below;

'Twas Crugal sat upon the stream,  
A noble chief who fell in fight,  
His face was like the moon's pale beam,  
His eye like fire's descending light!

His robes were of the misty clond,  
And dark the wound upon his breast,  
The paleness of his manly cheek  
A dreadful tale of woe expressed!

"Oh! why so pale and sad, my friend?"  
The mighty Connal fearless cried,  
"Thou breaker of the bossy shield,  
Oh! why that wound upon thy side?"

"My Crugal, why so pale thy brow?  
Say! what disturbs thy wandering shade?"  
The ghost o'er Connal stretched his hand,  
But feeble was the sound he made;

"My spirit wanders on my hills,  
On Erin's sand my corse doth lie;  
The heath no more my footsteps press,  
Like shadows of the mist I fly!

"Oh, Connal, Colgar's bravest son!  
I see a gloomy cloud of death,  
Darkly it hovers o'er the plain—  
The sons of Erin fall beneath;

"Oh, from this field of ghosts remove!"  
Then he in majesty retired,  
Lost in the whistling hollow blast  
That voice which sorrow had inspired.

"Oh, stay," the mighty Connal cried,  
"Oh, stay, my dark-red injured friend!  
That beam of heavenly light lay by—  
Oh! windy Cromla's son, attend!

"What cavern is thy lonely house?  
On what green hill dost thou repose?  
Shall we not hear thee in the storm,  
Or where the mountain streamlet flows?"

The soft-voiced Connal swiftly rose,  
And raised his powerful arm;  
In haste he struck his bossy shield,  
And gave the loud alarm;

The son of battle waked to war!—  
"Why comest thou through the gloom of night?  
Had I unconscious thrust my spear  
My friend had died, my soul's delight!

"Speak, Connal, son of Colgar, speak!  
Thy counsel is the sun of heaven—  
Oh! speak—thou bravest of the brave—  
For in thy speech is wisdom given."

"Attend, Cuthullin!" Connal cried—  
"Great Crugal's ghost rose from the heath,  
His voice was like the distant stream,  
He is the messenger of death!"

"Of the dark narrow house he speaks,  
Oh! chief of Erin, sue for peace!  
Till Fingal's reinforcements come,  
Our slender army to increase."

"Though twinkling stars shone through his form,  
Thy tale I cannot yet believe!  
The hoarse wind murmuring, and the storm,  
Thy watchful fancy might deceive;

"Or, if it was brave Crugal's ghost,  
Could'st thou not force him to my sight?  
Where is the cave in which he rests,  
That son of wind, throughout the night?"

"That awful voice my sword might find  
And force his knowledge from his breast,—  
But still, his knowledge must be small—  
This day, his feet our hills have pressed;

"These hills, as yet, he has not passed;  
Who there could tell him of our fall?"  
"Ghosts fly on clouds, and ride on winds,"  
Said Connal, "when their pleasures call!"

"Together in their caves they rest,  
And converse much of mortal men."  
"Of mortal men then let them talk—  
But ne'er name Erin's chief again!"

"Be he forgotten in their cave,  
From Swaran's arm I will not fly!  
If I must fall my tomb shall rise,  
My fame in Erin ne'er shall die!

"The hunter oft shall shed a tear  
Of sorrow on my mossy stone,  
And loved Bragela too will mourn  
Her hero lost, at evening lone!

"I fear not death; to fly I fear!  
For I have fought by Fingal's side,  
The valour of this arm have proved,  
And he has owned its strength with pride!

"Thou dim, pale phantom of the hill,  
Oh, why not show thyself to me?  
Come on thy beam of heavenly light,  
And say what Erin's fate will be!

"I will not fly, thou feeble ghost!  
Son of the wild and wandering wind;—  
Brave Connal! strike the sounding shield,  
My warriors are not far behind;—

"Though Fingal, with the noble race  
Of the stormy isles, delay,  
Still we will fight, oh, Colgar's son!  
Like heroes in the fray."—

The sound spreads wide—the warriors rise  
Like breaking of the rolling wave;  
Upon the heath they stand like oaks,  
A host of heroes firm and brave!

Gray is high Cromla's head of clouds,  
Fair morning trembles on the deep,  
Slowly the blue mist passes by  
And rises o'er yon rocky steep.

“Rise,” said the king of dark-brown shields,  
“Ye who in Lochlin’s ships remain!  
From war the sons of Erin fly,  
Haste and pursue o’er Lena’s plain!”

“Morla, proceed to Cormac’s hall,  
And bid him yield to Swaran’s bands,  
Ere to the tomb his proud heart sink  
And silence reign throughout his lands!”

Like sea-fowl in a flock, they rose,  
When waves expel them from the shore,  
Their sound was like a thousand streams  
Which o’er the high rocks rudely pour;

As the dark shades of autumn fly  
Over the hills of waving grass,  
So gloomy, dark, successive came  
The chiefs of Lochlin’s echoing pass;

Tall as the stag of Morven’s plain,  
The stately king before them moved;  
Like a red flame, upon the heath  
Shone the bright shield he oft had proved;

’Twas as some weary traveller sees  
A ghost of night upon the mound,  
While sporting in the pale moon’s beam  
It dimly gleams on all around:

A blast from ocean’s troubled breast  
Removed the settled misty cloud;  
Behold! the sons of Erin stand,  
A band of heroes brave and proud.

“Go, Morla, go,” the chieftain cries,  
“And offer Swaran’s terms to foes;  
If they accept, for them ’tis well;  
If they refuse, blood freely flows!—

"Offer the terms we give to kings,  
When nations bow them to our name,  
When valiant men have fallen in war,  
And virgins weep their lovers slain."—

Tall Morla came, the son of swarth,  
Full stately strode the youthful chief;  
"Take Swaran's peace," the warrior cried,  
"The peace of kings who need relief;

"Leave Erin's streamy plains to us,—  
Thy spouse and dog to us return—  
Bragela, beautiful and fair,  
She and thy dog must both be mine;—

"Give these to prove how weak thine arm,  
Then humbly live beneath our power,  
Repent thee that thou raised the sword  
'Gainst Swaran in an evil hour!"

"Tell Swaran, tell that heart of pride,  
That great Cuthullin *never* yields!  
I'll give him the dark rolling sea,—  
Graves for his men, in Erin's fields;

"But never shall his pride possess  
The pleasing sunbeam of my love,  
I prize her more than stars of heaven,  
And my best blood my faith shall prove:—

"No deer shall fly on Lochlin's hills  
Before swift-footed Luath's path,—  
This tell thy king, and let him prove  
The fierceness of his mighty wrath."

"Vain ruler of the rolling car!"  
Said Morla,—Lochlin's favour'd chief,—  
"Why wilt thou fight this mighty king,  
Why art thou to my counsel deaf?

“His ships of groves could take thine isle,  
So little are green Erin’s hills;  
He rules the stormy waves around,  
Your shores with his own men he fills!”

“In words, I yield to Lochlin’s chief,  
My sword shall yield *to none!*  
Erin shall own great Cormac’s sway  
Until my race is run;

“While Cormac and Cuthullin live,  
Cormac is Erin’s lawful king;—  
Connal, hearest thou his boasting words?  
Then haste, thy host to battle bring!

“Spirit of Crugal, from thy cloud  
Why didst thou threaten certain death?  
The narrow house shall be my doom,  
My fame unhurt by Swaran’s breath.

“The light of my renown shall rise,  
And future bards shall sing my fame,  
Fathers relate it to their sons,  
And great shall be Cuthullin’s name;

“Ye sons of Erin, bend the bow!  
Exalt to heaven the shining spear—  
We’ll rush in darkness on the foe,  
Our stormy spirits know not fear!”

Then dismal, roaring, fierce and deep,  
The gloom of battle poured along,—  
As mist that o’er the valley rolls  
Came Erin’s sons, in courage strong.

Stately in arms, Cuthullin moves,  
Like a grim ghost before a cloud,  
When meteors blaze around his form,  
And the dark winds are whistling loud.

Old Carril on the distant heath  
Bids the shrill horn of battle sound,  
Then raises high the voice of song,  
Till every valley echoes round!

"Where," said the tuneful bard of old,  
"Where is the brave young Crugal now?"  
He lies forgotten on the earth,  
His youthful head in death laid low!—

Sad is the spouse of Crugal's love,  
A youthful stranger in his hall;  
That hall is now the seat of grief,  
For there she mourns her hero's fall.

But who is she, the beauteous maid  
That darts like sunbeam 'midst the foe?  
It is Degrena, lovely, fair,  
The spouse of Crugal fallen low!

Her long hair floats upon the breeze,  
Her beauteous eye is red and wild;  
Her voice is dissonant and shrill,  
For she is "hopeless sorrow's child!"—

Pale is thy lover now, sweet maid!  
His form sleeps in the hilly cave;  
I hear his soft and feeble voice,  
As the bee hums when breezes wave;

But oh! Degrena, thou dost fall  
Like a bright cloud at early morn;  
The sword of Lochlin pierces deep,  
And thou art low in life's young dawn!

Cairbar, thy fair Degrena's slain!  
The daughter of thy youthful love,  
Pride of thy years, thy soul's delight,  
Her spirit sails on clouds above!

Fierce Cairbar heard the mournful sound,  
And rush'd along like ocean's whale!  
He saw his daughter's lifeless corpse,  
And roared like thunder thro' the vale.

His spear, a son of Lochlin met,  
The battle spreads from wing to wing,  
'Twas like a hundred rising winds  
Which through a burning forest sing!

So loud, so ruinous, so vast  
The deadly carnage raged around,  
Cuthullin's sword destruction spread,  
Like thistle tops they strew the ground.

Proud Swaran wasted Erin's land,  
And laid the mighty Cairbar low!  
Morglan has gone to his last rest,  
And Caolt bleeds with mortal blow.

His fair white breast is stained with blood,  
And stretched in dust his yellow hair;  
He oft had spread the feast of joy  
On that same spot and revelled there!

Here, often had he tuned the harp,  
His dogs around him leaped for joy,  
His voice the youthful heroes loved,  
For Caolt was a noble boy!—

Swaran advances as a stream  
That wildly bursts upon the view,  
Removing, in its rapid course,  
All that impedes its passage through;

But like a mount Cuthullin stood,  
That catches e'en the clouds of heaven,  
The winds contending round its base,  
While o'er its brow the hail is driven.

Thus firm in strength the hero stands  
And shades green Erin's sons from fight,  
Blood flows like fountains from the rock,  
While spears and broad-swords glitter bright!

On either wing, brave Erin falls  
Like snow before the mid-day sun;  
Lochlin is conqueror on the field;  
Full many a chief his race has run!

"Oh sons of Erin!" Grumal cried,  
"Why strive as reeds against the wind?  
Fly to yon dark-brown, distant hill,  
And leave the bloody foe behind!"

He spake, and flew across the plain!  
Chief of the little narrow soul,  
While heroes' blood in battle slain  
In crimson streams o'er Lena roll.

High on his car of many gems  
The noble chief of Erin stood,  
Dealing destruction to the foe,  
His sword and garments dyed with blood!

"Oh Connal, first of mortal men!  
Thyself, first taught this arm of death,  
Though Erin's sons have basely fled,  
*We'll* fight, until our latest breath.—

"Go Carril, son of other times,  
Convey our friends to yon lone hill,—  
Here Connal and myself will stand,  
Though conquered, we will save them still!"

The car of gems brave Connal mounts,  
Their shields are like the darken'd moon,  
That daughter of the starry skies,  
Warning frail man of dreadful doom;

Sitfadda panted up the hill,  
And Stronnal, high bred, fiery steed:  
Like waves behind the mighty whale,  
The furious foe rushed on with speed!

Now, on high Cromla's rising side,  
Stood Erin's few and sorrowing sons;—  
Like trees when blasted by the flame  
Which the rude whirlwind hurries on:

There, distant, withered, dark, they stand,  
All leafless mid the stormy gale,  
Though their firm trunks unhurt appear,  
Their leaves are scatter'd through the vale.

Cuthullin stood beside an oak,  
His red eye rolled in silence round,  
Behold! the scout of ocean comes,  
Welcome once more the well known sound!

"The ships, the ships," the warrior cried,  
The strong ships of the lovely isles!  
Great Fingal comes! the first of men,  
To share our fate, assist our toils;

"The waves foam high before his prow,  
His masts like groves in yonder cloud;"  
"Blow," said Cuthullin, "blow ye winds  
Oh higher rise, blow still more loud!

"Oh to the death of thousands come,  
Great Selma's noble, mighty king!  
Thy sails are like the morning clouds,  
Thy ships such heavenly light do bring!

"A pillar of fire thou dost appear  
Beaming on the dark world by night!—  
Dear are our friends in hours of grief,  
They cheer the heart with prospects bright.

"But night is gathering fast around—  
Where are the ships of Fingal now?  
Here, let the hours of darkness pass;  
Oh, for a moon on heaven's broad brow!"

The winds came roaring through the woods,  
Adown the rock the torrent pours,  
Rain gathers fast round Cromla's head,  
The threatening clouds descend in showers;

Sad, by the side of yon lone stream,  
Whose voice is echoed by a tree,  
The sorrowing chief of Erin sits,  
Pondering on what his fate may be;

Connal, the son of Colgar, there,  
And Carril too, of other times,  
Lament the fate of Erin's wars,  
Past scenes revolving in their minds:

"Cuthullin, oh ill-fated chief!"  
The son of Semo mournful cried,  
"Ill-fated, ever is this hand,  
Which slew my friend, my joy, my pride!

"Oh Ferda! Damman's noble son,  
I loved thee ever as myself,  
To save thee once I would have died,  
Or sacrificed my all of wealth!"

"Well I remember," Connal said,  
"Bold Damman's son, the noble chief!  
His form was comly, fair and tall,  
His life was as the rainbow, brief.

"Chief of a hundred hills he came  
From Albion's beauteous isle,  
In Muri's halls he learned the sword  
And won Cuthullin's smile.

“Together in the chase we moved,  
One bed was ours upon the heath,  
Dugala in her beauty came  
And won his love, the noble chief.

“Though she was Cairbar’s wedded spouse,  
And fair as morning’s early ray,  
With pride her scornful heart was filled;  
She sought young Ferda to betray;

“The white-armed maid, to Cairbar said,  
‘Give me the half of all thy herd,  
I’ll rest within thy halls no more!  
Young Ferda is by me preferred.’

“‘Divide the herd!’ dark Cairbar cried,  
‘Cuthullin, come, divide my herd,  
Within thy breast strict justice reigns,  
We will be governed by thy word.’

“When just division had been made,  
One noble, snow-white bull remained,  
And to the dark-brow’d, injured chief  
I gave the bull, himself had trained;

“Dugala’s fiery wrath arose:  
‘Rise, son of Damman!’ said the fair,  
‘My inmost soul Cuthullin pains,  
I cannot rest while he is near,—

“‘Oh, he must die a bloody death,  
Or Lubar’s stream shall roll o’er me!  
My ghost shall wander near thy rest,  
And morn and night shall harass thee;

“‘The blood of Erin’s chief pour out,  
Or pierce this white and heaving breast,  
My wounded pride cannot be healed  
Till low in death Cuthullin rest!’

“ ‘Dugala!’ said the fair-hair’d youth,  
‘How shall I slay my dearest friend?  
He shares my love, my secret thoughts,  
And, with his life, would mine defend.’

“ Three days she weeps before the youth;  
On the fourth morn, her tears succeed;  
‘Dugala, cease,’ he frantic cried,  
‘I’ll fight my friend, though foul the deed;

“ ‘Oh may I fall by his right arm!  
For I cannot survive his loss;  
To wander on the hill alone,  
Or on his grave-stone view the moss!’

“ We fought on Muri’s shady plains,  
Our swords the bloody wound avoid,  
They slide on helmets made of steel,  
Or shields, which force of blow destroyed:

“ Dugala, with an artful smile,  
To Damman’s son again replied,  
‘Thy feeble arm cannot sustain  
That weight of steel upon thy side!

“ ‘Thy years are tender, yield thee love,  
To proud Cuthullin yield the sword;  
*He* is a rock on Malmor’s height,  
Oh yield thee! he will grace accord!’

“ The tear was in his youthful eye,  
With faltering step to me he came  
‘Cuthullin, raise thy bossy shield!  
Defend thy life, defend thy fame!

“ ‘It is thy friend, thy chosen friend  
Who calls on thee to raise the sword;  
My soul is bursting with my grief,  
But I must stay thee, on my word!’

"As wind in rifted rock, I sighed,  
And lifted high the edge of steel;  
My friend, my dearest friend is dead!  
And this rough hand, the blow could deal."

"Oh mournful is thy tale my son,"  
Said Carril of the tuneful song,  
"My soul rolls back the stream of time,  
To other years when life was young;

"Oft have I heard of Comal's fate,  
Who slew the friend he dearly loved,  
And though with grief his heart was filled,  
His sword hath oft victorious proved!

"Comal, was son of Albion's isle,  
A powerful hunter on her hills,  
His deer drank of a thousand streams,  
His dogs' loud bay each cavern fills;

"Mild was his face as early youth,  
His hand, the death of heroes proved,  
Brave Conloch's daughter fair, he saw,  
He saw, and when he saw, he loved.

"She was a sunbeam in his path,  
Her hair was dark as raven's wing,  
Her dogs were taught the warlike chase,  
Graceful her bow was taught to spring.

"Young Comal won her artless heart,  
Frequent their tender glances met,  
Their course in the wild chase was one,  
And oft in shady groves they sat;

"Dark Grumal loved the blooming maid,  
The chief of gloomy Ardven he,  
He watched her lone step on the heath,  
Her light fair form and heart of glee;

"One day when wearied by the chase,  
Young Comal led his faithful love  
To a cool seat in Ronan's cave,  
His favourite haunt when forth he roved;

"Its sides were hung with warlike arms,  
A hundred shields of thongs were there,  
A hundred helms of sounding steel  
Adorned its walls with martial care:—

"Thou light of Ronan's lonely cave!  
A deer appears on Mora's brow,  
I go, but I will soon return,  
Rest here my love, nor fear the foe.'

"He sought the deer on Mora's brow;  
The maiden fain his love would prove,  
With armour round she clothed her sides,  
Then forward strode to meet her love;

"He thought it was his mortal foe,  
His throbbing bosom bounded high,  
The colour fled his manly cheek,  
And darkness dimmed his brilliant eye.

"He drew the bow, the arrow flew!  
Galbina fell all steeped in blood,  
He wildly ran and loudly called  
On Conloch's daughter through the wood;

"No answer in the lonely rock!  
'Where art thou? oh my love so true?'  
He saw at length her heaving breast  
Beat round the arrow which he threw!

"Oh! fair Galbina! is it thou?"  
He sank upon her bleeding breast,  
The hunters found the hapless pair,  
And laid her in the grave to rest.

“Long Comal walked the lonely hill,  
Around the dwelling of his love,  
At length the fleet of ocean came,  
To calm his grief, he vainly strove;

“He fought, and conquered on the field,  
He sought for death in every land,  
He threw away his dark-brown shield;—  
An arrow laid him on the strand!

“He sleeps beside his murdered love!  
At the noise of the sounding surge,  
The grass waves o’er their lonely tombs  
While the whirlwind chants their dirge.”

## ARGUMENT TO BOOK III.

Cuthullin, pleased with the story of Carril, insists with that bard for more of his songs. He relates the actions of Fingal in Lochlin, and death of Aggandecca, the beautiful sister of Swaran. He had scarce finished when Calmar the son of Matha, who had advised the first battle, came wounded from the field, and told them of Swaran's design to surprise the remains of the Irish army. He himself proposes to withstand singly the whole force of the enemy, in a narrow pass, till the Irish should make good their retreat. Cuthullin, touched with the gallantry of Calmar, resolves to accompany him, and orders Carril to carry off the few that remained of the Irish. Morning comes. Calmar dies of his wounds, and the ships of the Caledonians appearing, Swaran gives over the pursuit of the Irish, and returns to oppose Fingal's landing. Cuthullin, ashamed after his defeat to appear before Fingal, retires to the cave of Tura. Fingal engages the enemy, and puts them to flight, but the coming on of night makes the victory not decisive. The king, who had observed the gallant behaviour of his grandson Oscar, gives him advice concerning his conduct in peace or war. He recommends to him to place the example of his fathers before his eyes, as the best model for his conduct, which introduces the Episode concerning Fainasolis, the daughter of the King of Craca, whom Fingal had taken under his protection in his youth. Fillan and Oscar are dispatched to observe the motions of the enemy by night. Gaul, the son of Morni, desires the command of the army in the next battle, which Fingal promises to give him.

Some general reflections of the poet close the third day.

## BOOK III.

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“SWEET are the words of tuneful song,”  
Said Semo’s noble, blue-eyed son—  
“I love the tales of other times,  
I love to hear of battles won;

“They fall like dew upon my soul,  
When morning streaks the east with gold;  
Oh Carril, strike the sounding harp,  
And give us Selma’s song of old;

“That song which echoed through our halls  
To please great Fingal, King of shields,  
Who joyed to hear his father’s name  
Ring with applause throughout our fields.”

Fingal, thou soul of battle! brave,  
Thy youthful arm was trained to war;  
Proud Lochlin proved its early strength,  
And distant heroes wondering saw:

They smiled, to see his blooming face  
While death was in his powerful hand,  
His warriors roared like thousand stream  
A strong, a valiant youthful band!

Great Lochlin’s king they took in war,  
And then, to him his ships restored;—  
With pride his haughty soul was swelled,  
And deep deceit was their reward!—

The mighty Fingal's arm alone,  
Once overcame proud Lochlin's chief;  
Revenge sat brooding o'er his soul,  
And he had vowed, the hero's death!

"Go, gray-hair'd Snivan," Starno said,  
"Haste thee to Ardven's sea-beat strand,—  
Tell Selma's king that he is fair,  
'Mid thousands, none before him stand!

"My daughter is the loveliest maid  
That ever heaved a breast of snow,  
Her arms are white as foaming waves—  
Generous and warm her feelings glow;

"I'll give this treasure to his arms,  
If he will come to Starno's Hall;  
His bravest heroes in his train;  
To grace our feast, invite them all!"

Snivan arrived at Selma's Hall,  
The fair-haired Fingal welcome gave;  
His kindling soul flew to the maid,  
While swiftly bounding o'er the wave:

"Welcome," said Lochlin's dark-brown chief,  
"Thrice welcome, rocky Morven's king!  
Welcome his heroes, brave in fight!  
Now let the joyful sports begin.

"Three days ye'll feast within my halls,  
Three days my bristly boars pursue,  
Your prowess shall delight the maid,  
Her secret sigh shall be for you!"

Starno designed their speedy death,  
And gave the royal feast,  
But Fingal kept his painful doubts  
Confined within his breast.

He girt his arms of steel around  
His tall majestic form,  
Determined, let come weal or woe,  
He would abide the storm!

The voice of sprightly mirth arose,  
The trembling harps of joy were strung,  
They praised the heroes of the land,  
The heaving breast of love was sung!

Ullin, great Fingal's bard, was there,  
He sung the maid of Lochlin's praise,  
And Morven's high descended chief,  
The chorus to the skies they raise!

The maiden heard the lofty strain,  
And left her hall of secret sighs,  
In all her beauty forth she came,  
With rapture beaming in her eyes.

Oh! she was fair as yonder moon,  
When bursting from the eastern cloud,  
Graceful her light elastic step;  
She saw the youth amid the crowd,—

His was her bosom's secret sigh,  
She blest the chief of Morven's lands,  
Her stolen glances oft she threw,  
While shrouded from their view she stands!

At length the third eventful morn  
Shone bright on Starno's fields,  
When forward moved dark Lochlin's chief,  
And Fingal king of shields;

Till noon they sported in the chase,  
And Selma's spear was red with blood,  
He paused to breathe his panting steed,  
When by his side the maiden stood:

Her soft blue eyes were filled with tears,  
With the sweet voice of love she came  
To warn the hero of his fate,  
And save her father's blasted fame:

"Oh Fingal! high descended chief!  
Trust not to Starno's heart of pride,  
Within yon wood his warriors lie,  
Prepared to spread destruction wide;

"But oh! remember, warrior chief,  
Remember Aggandecca's love,  
Oh! save me from my father's wrath!  
And thus thy truth and virtue prove."

With unconcern the youth passed on,  
His valiant heroes by his side,  
The sons of death fell by his arm,  
And freely flowed the crimson tide.

Before proud Starno's lofty halls,  
The bloody sons of chase convene;  
"Bring hither," said the stormy king,  
"The erring daughter of our queen;

"Bring Aggandecca to her love,  
His hand is red with Lochlin's blood,  
She is a traitress to our cause,  
And she shall die for Lochlin's good!"

She came with red and tearful eyes,  
She came with loosely flowing hair,  
Her white breast heaved with broken sighs,  
Her careless robes all speak despair!

Fierce Starno pierced her tender side;  
She fell like snow-wreath from the rock!  
Great Fingal eyed his warlike chiefs,  
Who stood astounded at the shock!

Enraged, his warriors flew to arms,  
The gloom of battle roared around,  
The sons of Lochlin fled, or died,  
And dreadful was the echoing sound.

Safe in his ship, sad Fingal closed  
The relics of his murdered love;  
Her tomb ascends on Ardven's plains,  
The maid who died her faith to prove!

Here Carril ceased his mournful song,  
"Blest be her soul!" Cuthullin said,  
"And blessed be the mouth of song,  
Which sounds the praises of the dead.

"Strong was the arm of Fingal's youth,  
Strong doth his arm of age remain,  
Lochlin shall fall before the chief,  
When in his strength he comes again!

"Oh moon! arise from 'neath thy clond,  
And light his white sails o'er the wave,  
Spirits who ride o'er heaven's broad arch,  
Preserve from harm the hero brave!"

Thus spake Cuthullin, chief of men,  
At the sound of the mountain stream;  
When Calmar drenched in blood appeared,  
Trembling, and slow he came;

Upon his bended spear he leaned,  
His arm hung feebly at his side,  
But strong the youthful hero's soul,  
For he was Erin's boasted pride.

"Oh son of Matha!" Connal cried,  
"Thou'rt dearly welcome to thy friends,  
Why heaves that sigh within thy breast?  
Oh tell us what thy grief portends?

“Calmar, thou bravest of the brave,  
Why tremble? speak! it is not fear?”  
“For me the pointed steel hath charms,  
Which brighten more when danger’s near.

“For I was bred in battle-field,  
My valiant fathers never feared;  
Cormar was first of all my race,  
And danger’s post he ever shared;

“He sported through the stormy waves,  
His black skiff bounded o’er the sea,  
And travelled on the wings of wind,  
Regardless what his fate might be!

“A spirit once embroiled the night,  
Seas swell and echoing rocks resound,  
Winds drive along the dark-browed clouds,  
On fire-wings fly the lightning round!

“He feared, and hasted to the land,  
Then blushed that he had feared at all;  
Then rushed again among the waves—  
Regardless of the threatening squall!

“Three youthful heroes guide the bark,  
With sword unsheathed, he fearless stood,  
And, as the low hung vapour passed,  
He caught it curling on his sword!

“He pierced its bloodless form with steel,  
The son of wind forsook the air;  
The moon returned in glory bright,  
And every star of night shone clear!

“Such was the boldness of my race!  
Calmar is what his fathers were;  
Danger will fly the uplifted sword,  
They best succeed, who boldly dare!

“Listen, ye sons of Erin’s isle!  
Retire from Lena’s heath of blood;  
Collect the remnant of our friends,  
And join great Fingal’s conquering sword;

“I hear the sound of Lochlin’s arms,  
Advancing through the silent night;  
Oh! haste thee to the sea-beat shore,  
I will remain and join the fight;

“My voice shall roar, as if a host  
Of heroes were behind me cast,  
But, Semo’s son remember me,  
Remember Calmar to the last,—

“When Fingal’s sword has won the field,  
Oh, place me by some humble stone,  
That future time may hear my fame,  
And friends rejoice in my renown!

“Let Calmar’s mother weep with joy,  
When bards shall sound abroad my name;  
And let her fond maternal heart,  
Exult with pride in Calmar’s fame.”

“No Calmar!” brave Cuthullin said,  
“I will not leave thee here alone,  
My joy is in unequal fight—  
I’ll shield thee when the battle’s done.

“Connal, do thou and Carril go!  
Take with you Erin’s mournful sons!  
And when the rage of war is past,  
Search for our forms among these stones;

“For near this tall, this blasted oak,  
My mind misgives me, we shall fall;  
Here will the stream of battle pour,—  
The tale will many a heart appal!

“Haste, Fithil’s son! with flying speed,  
Haste and o’ertake the conquering chief,  
Relate, to Fingal, Erin’s fall,  
And bid him come to our relief!”

Morning is gray on Cromla’s hill,  
And ocean’s sons ascend the height,  
Calmar stood forth to meet the foe,  
Pride kindling in his eye of light;

The youthful chief was wan and pale—  
He leaned upon his father’s spear:  
How will his noble mother grieve  
The sad catastrophe to hear!

Lovely Alcletha! waning now,  
With weight of sorrow and of years,  
How will her bosom bear the blow?  
In Lara’s Hall she sits in tears.

But slowly now the hero falls,  
Like a tree blasted in the vale;  
Firmly Cuthullin stands alone,  
No fears his noble heart assail!

Now from the mist of ocean came  
The white-sailed ships; great Fingal’s fleet:  
Like some tall grove their masts appear,  
The warriors loud their landing greet;

Swaran beheld them from the hill,  
And hasted to annoy the foe,  
While Erin’s lonely, mournful chief,  
Is silent, and o’erwhelmed with woe.

Dragging his long and pointed spear—  
Now bending, weeping, slow and sad,  
Cuthullin sank in Cromla’s wood,  
And mourned his friends in battle dead;

The face of Morven's king he feared;  
How could he meet that noble eye,  
Which oft had glanced upon his form,  
'Mid shouts of victory rising high?

"Where are the chiefs of Erin's race—  
They that were cheerful in my hall?  
No more I meet them on the heath;  
No more they hear Cuthullin's call;

"Pale, silent, on his bloody bed  
Now lies each much lamented friend,  
Oh! spirits of the mighty dead  
To calm my soul your influence lend!

"Oh! come in clouds on the flying gale,  
Speak to me in the breezes light,  
When the rustling tree by Tura's cave  
Reechoes to the voice of night;

"There, Semo's son shall lie unknown,  
Mourn oh! Bragela mourn me dead!  
No bard shall sound my deeds in arms,  
My light is quench'd, my fame has fled!"

Great Fingal in his mighty ship,  
Stretched his bright lance beyond his head,  
His flaming spear gleams in his hand,  
And loud resounds his warrior tread.

The king beheld the bloody plain,  
"'Tis past," he cried, "the battle's o'er!  
Lonely and sad is Lena's heath,  
Mournful the distant ocean's roar;

"Low have the valiant hunters fallen!  
The son of Semo is no more;  
Ryno, and Fillan, rise my sons,  
And sound my horn from shore to shore!

“Ascend yon steep and rugged hill,  
And call the children of the foe,  
Shout with your father’s powerful voice,  
Oh haste thee Fillan! Ryno, go!”

Like lightning Ryno gleam’d along,  
Dark Fillan rushed like autumn’s cloud;  
O’er Lena’s heath the notes resound  
And Lochlin heard the echo loud!

Like the rough ocean’s roaring tide  
So dark, so sudden, and so strong,  
Across the shore with rapid stride,  
The sons of Lochlin pour along!

King Swaran, in their front appears,  
In all the dismal pride of arms—  
Wrath sits upon his scowling brow,  
The fire of rage his bosom warms;

Fingal beheld proud Starno’s son;  
The thoughts of Aggandecca rose,  
For Swaran, with the tears of youth,  
Had mourned his deep and early woes.

He sent the bard of tuneful song  
To bid him to the feast of shells.  
For pleasant on his sorrowing soul  
The memory of his first love dwells.

Ullin advanced with aged step,  
And spoke to Starno’s haughty son,  
“Oh thou! whose dwelling is afar,  
In Fingal’s mighty name I come!

“Come to the royal feast of shells,  
And pass the day in peace and rest,  
To-morrow’s dawn shall view the fight,  
And put our courage to the test.”

"To-day!" said Starno's wrathful son,  
" *To-day* we break the sounding shield,  
To-morrow eve, *my feast* I spread!  
Fingal shall sink upon the field."

"To-morrow let his feast be spread,"  
Said Fingal, with a scornful smile,  
" *To-day* my own, my noble sons  
We drive proud Swaran from this isle!

"Ossian, stand first near Fingal's arm,  
Gaul, lift on high thy wrathful sword,  
Brave Fergus, bend thy crooked yew,  
And strike the foeman at the word;

"Let your broad shields like moon-beams shine,  
Equal *my* deeds on battle plain,  
Brandish your spears amid the foe,  
And imitate your father's fame!"

'Twas as an hundred veering winds,  
As the streams of a hundred hills,  
As clouds successive fly o'er heaven,  
As the wave the ocean fills;

So vast, so terrible the rush  
Of the warriors on the heath,  
Their dying groans spread o'er the hill,  
Like the gathering cloud of death;

Fingal rushed on in all his strength,  
Fierce as the spirit of the storm,  
When whirlwinds tear the stately oaks,  
To view his sons in battle form;

Now dimly through the moon-beams seen,  
Largely he strides from hill to hill,  
And powerful was my father's hand  
Which this good sword aspired to fill!

He thought upon the days of youth,  
He thought upon his murdered love,  
He saw with pride his youthful sons  
Who fiercely to the battle move;

Ryno was like a stream of fire,  
Dark is the brow of valiant Gaul!  
Fergus rushed forth with feet of wind,  
And Fillan rose in stature tall;

Then Ossian's heart exulted high,  
In the strength of his noble sire,  
My sword gleam'd brightly in my hand,  
My bosom glowed with fire;

My locks were not then gray with age,  
And firm was this now trembling hand,  
These darkened orbs then brightly shone,  
Well could I wield the battle brand.

But how shall I describe the scene?  
The deeds of heroes, how relate?  
When Fingal, burning in his wrath,  
Pressed Swaran on to meet his fate?

Groans swelled on groans, from hill to hill,  
Till night in darkness veiled the scene,  
When, like a herd of frightened deer,  
On Lena's heath the foe convene.

We sat and heard the sprightly harp,  
At the foot of Luba's gentle stream;  
Fingal himself was next the foe,  
And listened in the moon's pale beam;

Attentive, leaning on his shield,  
Was seated, woody Morven's king,  
His gray locks floating on the breeze,  
His warlike soul was on the wing;

Near him, upon his bended spear,  
My young, my valiant Oscar stood,  
His heart was warmed to Morven's king,  
*His* noble deeds had fired his blood.

"Son of my son!" began the king,  
"Beloved Oscar, pride of youth,  
I saw the shining of thy sword,  
And gloried in thy fame and truth;

"Pursue the path our fathers trod,  
Be *thou* my son what *they* have been!  
Trathal a train of heroes reared;  
And Trenmor lived, the first of men!

"They fought the battle in their youth,  
And bards have raised their names on high,  
Courage and truth their actions swayed,  
Their fame in arms shall never die!

"Oh, Oscar! bend the strong in arm,  
But spare the feeble, helpless hand,  
Be thou a stream of many tides  
Against the foes of Erin's land;

"But like the gale which moves the grass  
To those who humbly ask thine aid,  
Support the helpless and the weak,  
Protect the injured and betrayed:

"So Trenmor lived, so Trathal died,  
And such has Fingal ever been,  
The injured foe my arm sustained,  
And to the weak it proved a screen;

"Once, Oscar, I was young like thee,  
My fame did Fainasolis bring,  
That sunbeam, that mild light of love,  
Daughter of distant Craca's king;

“ Few were the followers in my train,  
For I had just returned from war,  
When a white sail and boat appeared,  
Tossing upon the waves afar;

“ It neared the shore, we saw the maid,  
Her white breast heaving with her sighs,  
The wind sang through her dark, loose hair,  
And sorrow filled her downcast eyes:

“ ‘ Daughter of beauty,’ calm I said,  
‘ What sigh disturbs thy breast of snow?  
Young as I am, can I defend  
Thy matchless charms from reckless foe?’

“ With sighs, she said, ‘ to thee I fly,  
Oh generous prince of mighty men,  
To thee I fly, oh lend thine aid!  
A hapless maiden to sustain;

“ ‘ My father, king of Craca’s Isle,  
Owned me the sunbeam of his race,  
Tall Cromla’s hills have heard my fame—  
Slender my form and fair my face;

“ ‘ Sora’s proud chief beheld me fair,  
And would possess these hapless charms;  
I fear his dark and stormy love,  
It fills my bosom with alarms;

“ ‘ His sword is as a beam of light  
Upon the valiant warrior’s side,  
But dark and gloomy is his brow,  
And his fierce soul is filled with pride;

“ ‘ I shun him on the roaring sea,  
But he pursues my bounding bark,  
Great king, protect me from his power!  
Nor let his eye my footsteps mark.’

“ ‘Rest thou,’ I said, ‘behind my shield,  
 Here rest in peace, thou beam of light,  
 If Fingal’s arm is like his soul,  
 Your chief will safety seek in flight!

“ ‘In some lone cave I might conceal  
 Thy beauties, daughter of the sea,  
 The foe, brave Fingal never flies,  
 His arm shall prove a shield to thee.’

“ I saw the tear upon her cheek,  
 I pitied Craca’s daughter fair,  
 When, like a dreadful wave, I saw  
 The stormy Borbar’s ships appear!

“ His masts high bending o’er the sea,  
 Behind their spreading sheets of snow,  
 White roll the waves on either side,  
 And high the boisterous north winds blow;

“ ‘Come thou,’ I said, ‘from ocean’s roar,  
 Thou rider of the stormy wave,  
 Partake the feast within my hall,  
 It is the home of strangers brave.’

“ With steady hand the bow he drew;  
 The maid stood trembling at my side;  
 Lifeless she sank upon the earth,  
 And freely gushed the crimson tide.

“ Borbar! unerring was thy hand,  
 But helpless was thy fallen foe,  
 A noble soul would scorn to lay  
 A weak, defenceless maiden low!

“ We fought, nor weak the strife of death,  
 He sank beneath my vengeful sword;  
 We laid them in two tombs of stone,  
 The chief and maid whom he adored.

"Such were the deeds of Fingal's youth,  
And such be yours, my noble sons,  
Never for conquest raise the sword,  
Nor shun the battle when it comes;

"Fly swiftly, Oscar, Fillan fly!  
View Lochlin's son across the heath,  
I hear the distant sound of feet,  
Thy come to meet the bloody death:

"Oh! let them not escape my sword,  
Here Erin's chiefs all bloody lie;  
Low on their dark and silent beds,—  
Revenge, revenge, for this they die!"

The heroes flew, like two dark clouds  
Which bear along the forms of ghosts,  
When air's dark children sally forth,  
To fright the intruder from the coasts.

Firm as a rock stood Morni's son,  
The young, the noble, warlike Gaul!  
Like shining stars his glittering spear,  
His voice was like a waterfall.

"Hear, son of battle!" cried the chief,  
"Fingal, thou king of shells, give ear,  
Summon your bards of many songs,  
To soothe our souls, our spirits cheer;

"Great Fingal sheath thy sword of death,  
And let thy people fight thy cause;  
We withering pass without our fame,  
Our king alone, obtains applause;

"When morning rises on our hills,  
Do thou the fight at distance view,  
Let Lochlin feel the sword of Gaul,  
That bards may sing *his* prowess too!

“Such was the custom of our race,  
Such was *thine own*, thou king of spears;  
Oh! grant my boon, most noble chief,  
When Lochlin on the plain appears.”

“Thou valiant chief,” the king replied,  
“I glory in thy youthful fame;  
Fight—but *my* spear shall be at hand  
To aid thee, should’st thou need its flame;

“Raise, raise the voice, ye sons of song,  
And lull my weary soul to rest,  
Here will I lie amidst the wind,  
My senses are by sleep oppressed.

“Oh, Aggandecca! art thou near  
Among the children of thy land?  
Or, if thou sittest among the masts  
Of Lochlin, which now crowd our strand;

“Come to my dreams, my fair one, come;  
Show me thy pale and lovely face,  
Oh! let me view thy youthful form,  
So full of beauty, full of grace!”

Many a voice, and many a harp,  
Arose with sweet and tuneful sound;  
They sung of Fingal’s noble race,  
Loud through the air the notes resound;

And, as the song was borne along,  
Upon the breeze came Ossian’s name,  
For with the spear I often fought,  
And strove to earn a deathless fame;

Now, blind and tearful, and forlorn,  
Silent I walk with little men;  
Fingal, thy great and warlike race,  
These eyes will ne’er behold again!

The wild roes feed on thy green tomb,  
Thou woody Morveu's mighty king;  
Blest be thy soul, thou chief of swords,  
Thy fame shall throughout Erin ring!

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### ARGUMENT TO BOOK IV.

The action of the poem being suspended by night, Ossian takes that opportunity to relate his own actions at the Lake of Lego, and his courtship of Evir-allin, who was the mother of Oscar, and had died some time before the expedition of Fingal into Ireland. Her ghost appears to him, and tells him that Oscar, who had been sent at the beginning of the night to observe the enemy, was engaged with an advanced party, and was almost overpowered. Ossian relieves his son, and an alarm is given to Fingal of the approach of Swaran. The king rises, calls his army together, and as he had promised the preceding night, devolves the command on Gaul, the son of Morni, while he himself, after charging his sons to behave gallantly, and defend his people, retires to a hill, from whence he could have a view of the battle. The battle joins. The Poet relates Oscar's great actions. But when Oscar, in conjunction with his father, conquered in one wing, Gaul, who was attacked by Swaran in person, was on the point of retreating in the other. Fingal sends Ullin his bard, to encourage him with a war song, but notwithstanding, Swaran prevails, and Gaul and his army are obliged to give way. Fingal descending from the hill, rallies them again; Swaran desists from the pursuit, possesses himself of a rising ground, restores the ranks, and awaits the approach of Fingal. The king having encouraged his men, gives the necessary orders, and renews the battle. Cuthullin, who with his friend Connal and Carril his bard had retired to the cave of Tura, hearing the noise, came to the brow of the hill which overlooked the field of battle, where he saw Fingal engaged with the enemy; he being hindered by Connal from joining Fingal, who is himself upon the point of obtaining complete victory, sends Carril to congratulate that hero on his success.

## B O O K I V.

Who comes with songs from yonder hill,  
Like the bright rainbow on the heath?  
It is the maid of the voice of love,  
The white-armed daughter of our chief.

Oft hast thou listened to my song,  
And oft the tear of beauty shed,  
Dost thou advance to view the war,  
Or hear the fame of Oscar spread?

My age is darkened with my grief,  
Oh, when shall Ossian cease to mourn?  
My years have been in battle spent,  
Amid the roaring of the storm;

I was not always dark and blind,  
Thou daughter of the hand of snow,  
When I was Evir-allin's love,  
My step was like the bounding roe!

The maid was noble Branno's pride,  
She with the dark-brown flowing hair,  
Her love, a thousand heroes sought,  
But she refused their love to share;

For, graceful in her partial eyes  
Was Ossian, noble Fingal's son,  
For many were my deeds of arms,  
And many battles I had won;

I went to make my suit of love,  
Twelve of my warriors in my train;  
The sons of stormy Morven they—  
To Branno's friendly halls we came:

"From whence," he cried, "these arms of steel;  
My daughter is not easy won;  
Many have sought the dark-haired maid,  
But blest be thou, oh Fingal's son!

"Did I possess twelve daughters fair,  
*Thine* were the choice thou son of fame,  
Happy the maid who on thee waits,  
For blessed is brave Ossian's name!"

He led us to the stately hall,  
Where sat the tender blooming maid;  
Joy kindled in our manly breasts,  
While we our humble homage paid;

Above us, on the hill appeared,  
The stately Cormac, famed in arms,  
Eight were the heroes of the chief;  
We fought for Evir-allin's charms;

Three times I broke on Cormac's shield—  
Three times his spear he broke,  
Alas, unhappy youth of love,  
He fell beneath my stroke!

Who would have told me, lovely maid,  
When thus I fought for thee,  
That blind, forsaken and forgot,  
Thy Ossian now should be?

The sound of music died away,  
On Lena's gloomy heath;  
The surly blast blew strong and loud,  
'Twas like the voice of death!

My thoughts were on my youthful love,  
When lo! she came before my sight,  
Her blue eyes rolling in their tears,  
She stood upon the cloud of night;

She feebly raised her gentle voice,  
"Rise, Ossian, rise, oh! haste, begone!  
Save noble Oscar, prince of men,  
He fights with Starno's wrathful son."

She sank again into her cloud—  
I covered me with shining steel,  
My spear my hasty step supports,  
My armour rang with dreadful peal;

I hummed, as I was wont to do,  
The songs of days of other years—  
Lochlin, like distant thunder heard,  
And fled, enfeebled by their fears;

Oscar pursued them o'er the heath,  
"My son," I called, "my son return!  
Pursue no more o'er Lena's heath,  
The fate which Ossian's soul would mourn."

"My father, why arrest my hand,  
Till death had covered over the plain?  
For dark and dreadful by the stream,  
Now lie the bodies of the slain!

"Myself and Fillan were alone—  
The foe have marked our deeds this night,  
A few have fallen beneath our swords,  
The rest advance in all their might;

"As the night wind the ocean heaves,  
Over the white and sandy shore,  
So dark advance proud Lochlin's host,  
O'er Lena's heath they loudly roar;

"The ghosts of night shriek from afar,  
Bright meteors shoot athwart the sky!  
They come! the messengers of death,  
We'll boldly fight, but scorn to fly;

"Let me awake the sleeping king!  
He smiles when danger stalks around,  
His brow is like the beaming star,  
When clouds and storms the skies surround."

Fingal had started from a dream,  
And leaned on mighty Trenmor's shield,  
The hero in his dream was blest,  
There Aggandecca stood revealed;

From ocean's winding way she came,  
And slowly moved o'er Lena's heath,  
Dark were her tears, and pale her face,  
Alas! it bore the stamp of death!

Her robe was as the clouds of heaven!  
And oft she waved her shadowy hand  
O'er Fingal's form, then turned her eyes  
In silence back toward Lochlin's land.

"Why weeps fair Aggandecca thus?"  
Said Fingal with a deep drawn sigh,  
"My love, ah! why so pale that face?  
Thou lonely wanderer of the sky:"

She vanished on the passing breeze,  
She left him in the midst of night;  
Her people's helpless sons she mourned,  
Who were to fall by Fingal's might;

The hero started from his rest,  
Still he beheld her in his soul—  
At Oscar's fast approaching step,  
He strove his feelings to control:

The gray shield of the youth he saw  
As the faint beams of morning rose,—  
“How fares the war? does Lochlin fly?  
Oh, haste to tell me of our foes!

“Wait they the battle of our steel—  
Or, do they fly through ocean’s wave?  
I hear their voices on the breeze,  
And we must haste the fight to brave;—

“Fly over Lena’s heath, my son,  
And wake our sleeping friends,  
We must prepare the foe to meet,  
Who on our plains descends.”

Thrice, Fingal raised his awful voice:  
The affrighted deer ran o’er the plain;  
The firm rocks trembled at their base,  
As on the thundering echo came!

’Twas like the noise of many streams  
That burst and rear the woods among,  
’Twas like the gathering tempest-clouds  
Borne by the stormy gale along:

“Come to the battle,” said the king,  
“Children of Selma’s echoing Hall,  
Come to the death of thousand foes,  
Fingal will stand and view their fall;—

“My sword shall wave on yonder hill,  
Your safeguard in this mortal fray!  
I trust its aid you will not need  
While Morni’s hero leads the way;—

“Great Gaul, the chief of mighty men,  
Shall lead the sons of battle on;  
His powerful arm shall crush the foe,  
And raise his name in future song;—

"Descend! ye ghosts of heroes dead,  
Ye riders of the stormy cloud!  
Receive my falling men with joy,  
And let your mist their forms enshroud!

"May they be wafted by the blast,  
Over my dark-blue stormy seas!  
Visit me in my silent dreams,  
Delight my soul in every breeze!—

"Fillan, and Ryno, fight like men!  
And, Oscar of the dark-brown hair,  
Advance with firmness to the fight,  
The son of Morni's fame to share;—

"Let his example be your guide,  
Behold the deeds his hands perform,  
Your father's faithful friends protect;  
Succour the helpless 'mid the storm!—

"Though you should fall on Erin's fields,  
My children!—we again shall meet,  
Our pale, cold ghosts shall soon unite,  
And, in yon skies, hold converse sweet."

Now like a dark and stormy cloud,  
With heaven's red lightning edged around,  
Flying before the morning beam,  
The King of Selma left the ground;—

Terribly light his armour shone,  
Two spears are in his aged hand;  
His gray hair floats upon the wind,  
And oft he turns to view the band;

Three bards attend the son of fame,  
His mandates to the chiefs to bear,  
High on tall Cromla's side he sat  
And raised his long sword in the air;

And, as that sword of lightning waved,  
We onward to the battle moved;  
Joy rose in youthful Oscar's face,  
For he the scenes of battle loved;

His cheek is flushed, his eye upraised,  
His sword is as a beam of fire,  
His valiant heart was beating high  
When thus the youth addressed his sire:

"Oh! Ossian, ruler of the fight,  
My father, hear thy youthful son,  
Retire with Morven's mighty chief,  
Till I've the fame of Ossian won;

"If here I fall upon this plain,  
Remember, sire, yon mourner there,  
The lonely sunbeam of my love,  
Toscar's white-handed daughter fair!

"Methinks I see her from the rock,  
Her soft hair round her bosom flies,  
With red cheek bending o'er the stream  
She pours for me her anxious sighs;—

"Tell her, I wander on my hills  
A lightly bounding son of wind;  
Tell her, that on a cloud I sail,  
Searching her lovely form to find."

"Raise, Oscar, rather raise my tomb!  
I will not yield the war to thee—  
The first and bloodiest in the strife,  
My arm shall teach the foe to flee:

"Forget not, oh! my much loved son,  
To place this sword, this bow, this horn  
Within that dark and narrow house  
Whose mark is one gray stone forlorn!

"I leave no love unto thy care,  
My Evirallin is no more!  
Her lovely form now sleeps in death  
Upon the rocky sea-beat shore."

Such were our words, when Gaul's loud voice  
Came growling on the whistling blast,  
His father's sword he waved on high,  
The tide of war was rising fast!

As waves come bubbling o'er the deep,  
As rocks of Ooze meet roaring waves,  
So Erin's sons met Lochlin's chief;  
So foes attacked and found their graves;—

Man met with man, and steel with steel,  
Shields sound, and warriors bleeding fall!  
'Twas as a hundred hammers' clang—  
So rose their swords, 'twas carnage all!—

Gaul, like a whirlwind rushed along!  
Destruction on his fiery sword;  
Swaran was like a rushing fire,  
As o'er the bloody plain he roared;—

How can I give their deeds to song—  
Oh! how describe the deadly fight?  
My sword rose high, and flamed in blood,  
But death nor blood our souls affright;

Oscar, my best, my greatest son,  
Thou didst rejoice my secret soul!  
Thy sword is flaming o'er the heath,  
While death and carnage round thee roll!—

They fled amain across the plain,  
We quick pursued and slew,  
As stones that bound from rock to rock,  
So swift our weapons flew;

As thunder rolls from hill to hill,  
With dismal, hollow, broken peal,  
So blow succeeded mortal blow,  
And death to death from Oscar's steel;

But Swaran closed round Morni's son  
As the strength of the roaring tide,  
The king half rose upon the hill—  
His spear flamed at his side;—

“Go, Ullin, go, my aged bard!”  
Said woody Morven's fearless king,  
“Remind the mighty Gaul of war,  
And of his father's valour sing;

“Music enlivens flagging war,  
Let the loud harp support the fight;”  
With steps of age tall Ullin went,  
His songs their drooping souls delight;—

“Son of the Chief of generous steeds,  
High bounding king of bloody spears,  
Strong arm in every dangerous toil,  
The son of Morni never fears!—

“Chief of the pointed arms of death,  
Cut down the proud and haughty foe,  
Let no white sail bound round our shores  
When stormy gales from ocean blow;

“With thunder let thine arm be clothed,  
Thine eyes like beams of liquid fire,  
Be thy heart form'd of solid rock,  
Remember, Gaul, thy noble sire!

“Whirl round thy sword like meteor bright!  
Lift thy broad shield, a flame of death;  
Cut down, destroy the haughty foe,  
Oh! leave not one on Lena's heath.”

The hero's bounding heart beat high:—  
Fierce Swaran with the battle came,  
In twain he cleft the shield of Gaul,  
The sons of Selma fled the plain;

Fingal at once arose in arms,  
And thrice he raised his dreadful voice,  
High Cromla echoed back the sound,  
His chieftains trembled at the noise!—

They bent their faces to the earth,  
Ashamed their aged king to meet,  
With stately, measured steps he came,  
Resolved proud Lœchlin to defeat;—

Swaran beheld his warlike form  
And halted midway in his course,—  
Silent he leaned upon his spear,  
His fiery eye had spent its force;

Stately and tall, the hero stands  
Like the strong oak near Lubar's stream,  
Whose branches long had blasted been  
In the fierce lightning's fiery beam:

Brave Fingal, like a light from heaven,  
Shone in his mournful people's eyes,  
His heroes gather round his shield  
And loud resound the battle cries:

“Raise, warriors, raise my standards high,  
Let them spread wide on Lena's wind,—  
Like flames upon a hundred hills  
To animate our sinking mind;—

“Oh! Oscar of the future wars,  
Ye sons of Morven all attend!  
Ossian, thou king of many songs,  
Be near my arm, prompt to defend,”

We reared the standard of our king,  
The sun-beam floated in the breeze,  
Each hero's heart with joy was filled,  
As high it waved among the trees:—

“Behold,” said Fingal, “view those troops!  
Confusion reigns among the foe,  
They stand like broken clouds of Heaven,  
Their spears like passing meteors glow;

“Let every chieftain in our band  
Select a troop of those dark men,  
Nor let a son of echoing groves  
E'er bound on Erin's waves again.”

“Be mine,” said Gaul, “the seven bold ships  
That came from Lena's stormy lake;  
On Inistore's dark frowning king  
Let Oscar his fierce vengeance slake.”

“Blest, and victorious be my chiefs,”  
Said Fingal while his gray locks shook,  
“Swaran, thou king of roaring waves,  
Fingal himself thy sword shall brook!”

Now like a hundred different winds,  
That pour thro' many different vales,  
The sons of Selma sally forth  
And each his chosen troop assails;

Oh, how shall I relate the scene  
We witnessed ere the strife was closed,  
Or tell how many, pale in death,  
Upon the bloody heath reposed?

Oh, powerful were our hands, sweet maid;  
The gloomy ranks of Lochlin fell,  
Bright victory o'er our standard waved,  
Each chief performed his promise well;

Oh! thou hast seen the setting sun  
Slowly retire behind his cloud,  
Night gathering round the mountain's brow  
While autumn's blast roared long and loud;—

The thunder rolled in heavy peals,  
The rain at length poured down in streams,  
The lightning glanced upon the rocks,  
And spirits rode on fiery beams!

Such was the battle's dreadful din,  
Thou maiden of the arms of snow,  
But why, my daughter, why that tear?  
*Tears from the maids of Lochlin flow.*

The people of their country fell,  
My heroes' swords stained with their blood,—  
Oh, weep for me, forlorn and blind,—  
Vanished is every earthly good!

Give me thy tears, thou tender heart,  
My dear companions mouldering lie,—  
Feeble and helpless here I sit,  
Oh! maiden, give to me thy sigh!

'Twas then, by Fingal's mighty hand,  
A valiant son of Lochlin fell—  
He raised his dying eyes to heaven,  
The king of Morven knew him well:

“And hast thou fall'n, mine ancient friend?  
Has Fingal's hand then dealt the blow?  
And thou wast Aggandecca's friend,  
Thine eyes have wept the maiden low;

“Oh! I am grieved that by *my* hand  
Thou should'st have found a bloody bed,  
For thou hast been the mortal foe,  
Of those who laid her with the dead;—

“Raise, Ullin, raise great *Mathon's* grave!  
Name *him* in Aggandecca's song;  
Oh! she was dear to Fingal's heart,  
His love was faithful, deep and strong!”

From Cromla's cave Cuthullin heard  
The din of war, the sound of spears,  
He called to Connal, brave in fight,  
And Carril, bard of other years:

The gray-haired heroes heard his voice,  
And shook their pointed spears,  
They saw the tide of battle roll:—  
Cuthullin dried his tears;

His soul was kindled at the sight,  
Dark was his frowning brow,  
His hand is on his father's sword,  
His red eye on the foe!

Thrice he essayed to join the war,  
And Connal stayed him thrice;  
“Oh, Chieftain of the Isle of Mist!  
Take Connal's sage advice;—

“Great Fingal now subdues the foe,  
Seek not to rob him of his fame,  
For he is like the stormy tide,  
His valour Lochlin cannot tame!”

“Go, Carril, go,” replied the chief,  
“And greet the mighty king of spears;  
Say, that should he require my aid  
’Tis known Cuthullin never fears;—

“When he has conquered Lochlin's chief  
And all his army falls away,  
When the fierce battle scene is past  
Cuthullin will his homage pay;—

"Sweet in his ear shall be my voice,  
I'll praise the king of Selma high!  
Give him great Cathbat's sword of might,  
His fame shall ring through earth and sky!

"But I am humbled to the dust,  
My father's arms I dare not raise;  
Come, all ye wandering ghosts of air,  
And soothe me with your mournful lays!

"Be near Cuthullin's wandering steps,  
Talk to him in his lonely cave;  
No more shall my renown arise  
'Midst warriors in the battle brave!

"I was a beam that brightly shone,  
A transient mist, a morning cloud;  
My light is quenched, my spirit broke,  
Henceforth these walls my form shall shroud;

"Oh! Connal, talk no more of arms!  
Departed is my warlike fame,  
My sighs shall rise on Cromla's wind  
When quite forgotten is my name;

"But thou, Bragela! lonely maid!  
Thy hapless hero's fate shall weep,  
Vanquish'd, I'll ne'er return to thee,  
In Tura's cave my form shall sleep!"

## ARGUMENT TO BOOK V.

Cuthullin and Connal still remain on the hill. Fingal and Swaran meet: the combat is described. Swaran is overcome, bound, and delivered over as a prisoner to the care of Ossian and Gaul the son of Morni. Fingal, his younger sons, and Oscar, still pursue the enemy. The episode of Orla, a Chief of Lochlin who was mortally wounded in the battle, is introduced. Fingal, touched with the death of Orla, orders the pursuit to be discontinued, and calling his sons together, he is informed that Ryno, the youngest of them, is slain. He laments his death: hears the story of Lamderg, and Gelchossa, and returns toward the place where he had left Swaran. Carril, who had been sent by Cuthullin to congratulate Fingal on his victory, comes in the mean time to Ossian. The conversation of the two Poets closes the action of the fourth day.

## BOOK V.

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CONNAL, from Cromla's echoing side,  
The sad Cuthullin thus addressed:  
"Oh! son of Semo, why that gloom?  
Thy useless grief must be suppressed;—

"Our friends are terrible in war,  
And thou, a hero of renown!  
Thy arm hath spread destruction wide,  
Brave men have quailed beneath thy frown;

"The fair Bragela oft has met  
Her hero from the battle plain,  
Her blue eyes wet with tears of joy  
That he in triumph came again;

"The blood-stained sword she fondly viewed,—  
Red with the gore of slaughtered foes,  
And pleasant to her ears the harp,  
When in the song thy deeds arose;

"Behold, Cuthullin, Morven's king  
As a fiery pillar moves along!  
Strong, as fair Lubar's rushing stream,  
Or wind thro' echoing Cromla borne."

Happy the nation thou dost rule,  
Oh Fingal! wise, and valiant king,  
Happy the warriors who partake  
That fame which future bards shall sing!

But who is he so dark and grand  
Comes in the thunder of his course?  
Who but proud Starno's haughty son,  
Behind him all his warlike force;

Behold the battle of the chiefs!  
'Tis like the storm the sailor braves,  
When spirits fierce in wrath contend,  
Which shall possess the rolling waves.

The mighty clang of arms is heard,  
Dreadful the battle rages round—  
In twain are cleft their dark brown shields,  
Their steel flies broken on the ground;

Each to his hero's grasp doth rush  
And round their sinewy arms they bend,  
They turn from side to side and strain,  
And wide their spreading limbs distend!—

But when their pride of strength arose  
They shook the high hill with their heels,—  
Rocks tumbled headlong from on high,  
Trees are uprooted in the fields!

At length the strength of Swaran fell!  
The king of groves is strongly bound,  
And Fingal gives a strict command  
That guards the prisoner shall surround;

For he is strong as Lochlin's waves—  
His hand was early taught to war,  
His race is ancient and renown'd;  
Secure him well with strength and care!

"Thou first of heroes, valiant Gaul,  
And Ossian, king of songs, attend;  
His grief to joy, oh! strive to raise,  
For he was Aggandecca's friend!

"But fly, ye children of the race!  
Pursue the foe o'er Lena's plain,  
Let no tall ship hereafter bound,  
On Inistore's dark rolling main!"

Sudden they flew across the heath,  
While slowly moves his stately form,  
Like thunder o'er the sultry plain,  
Silent and dark, before the storm;

He marched toward a lonely chief,  
His sword was as a sunbeam bright,  
Before his fiery eyes it waved  
Like streaming meteor of the night!

Who is that man so dark and sad,  
At the rock of the roaring stream?  
He cannot bound across its course—  
A noble chief, 'twould seem!—

"Youth of the dark red flowing hair,  
What tidings dost thou bring?  
Art thou a foe to Fingal's race?"  
Said woody Morven's king—

"A son of Lochlin I," he cried,  
"And powerful is my arm in fight;  
My spouse sits weeping at our home,  
But Orla ne'er shall bless her sight."

Said Fingal, "dost thou fight, or yield  
To this, my powerful arm!  
Foes do not conquer where I stand,  
And thee I would not harm;—

"Be thou my friend, and follow me—  
Pursue my fleet and bounding deer,  
Partake my goodly feast of shells,  
Be thou my friend, and share my cheer."

"No," said the hero, "Fingal, no!  
My strength is with the weak in arms,  
My sword has ever been unmatched,  
For valour's fire my bosom warms;

"So let the king of Morven yield."  
"Orla, I never yield to man!  
Then draw thy sword if thou wilt fight,  
And choose thy foe amongst my clan."

"And does the king refuse to fight?"  
Said Orla of the dark-brown shield;  
"Orla is match for Fingal's sword,—  
I fight *him* only in the field!

"But, king of Morven, should I fall,  
For every chief must one day die,  
Oh! raise my tomb upon this plain—  
And, generous Fingal, raise it *high*!

"And o'er the dark-blue rolling wave,  
To her he loves send Orla's sword,  
That she may tell her youthful son,  
Whose soul shall kindle at the word."

"Son of the mournful tender tale,  
Why thus awaken Fingal's grief?  
Death is the certain doom of man,  
Whose longest term of life is brief;—

"The hero in the battle falls,  
While widows mourn their lonely fate,—  
Children and youths, with pride and love,  
Their fathers' valiant deeds relate:

"The arms hang useless in the hall  
Which gleam'd like lightning on the foe,  
No more the warrior through his ranks  
Makes seas of blood around him flow:

"Fair Orla, thy tall tomb shall rise,  
And tower above each common tomb:  
Upon thy sword thy spouse shall weep,  
Thy son lament thy hapless doom."

On Lena's bloody heath they fought,  
Feeble the arm of Lota's son,  
The sword of Fingal cleft his shield,  
It fell, and glittered as the moon!

"Oh! generous Fingal!" said the chief,  
"Haste, end thy work, and pierce my breast!  
My weary spirit longs to fly  
And find a lasting place of rest;—

"Bloody and wounded, from the fight  
I dragg'd my feeble, fainting frame;  
Deserted by my dearest friends,  
All weak and lonely, Orla came!

"Oh! lift once more thy friendly steel  
And lay me in my silent tomb,  
The tale will grieve my widow'd love,  
To whom my ghost will often come;

"How will her heart sustain the blow  
When she receives the mournful tale?  
My son will weep his father's fate,  
And both will long my loss bewail."

"Orla," the noble Fingal cried,  
"I cannot slay so brave a foe—  
On Lota's bank there meet thy love,  
From Selma's power in safety go:

"In peace, go greet thy gray-hair'd sire!  
Perhaps his eyes are blind with age—  
And let the music of thy voice  
The anguish of his heart assuage."

"But he will never hear that voice,"  
Feebly the fainting chief replied—  
"Beneath my belt are mortal wounds,  
Here on these plains my woes subside!"

From 'neath his belt the dark blood pours,  
And pale upon the heath he falls,  
And Fingal, bending o'er his corse,  
In tears his youthful heroes calls:

"Oscar, and Fillan, hear my words!  
Come, raise the tomb of Orla high,  
Here let the dark hair'd hero rest—  
Far from his spouse with tearful eye;

"Here in his narrow house he sleeps  
Far from his love; in Lota's Hall  
His faithful dogs are howling round,  
Waiting to hear their master's call;

"Oh! fallen is the valiant arm,  
The mighty son of war is low!  
Exalt the voice, and blow the horn,  
In music let our sorrow flow!

"To Swaran let us all return,  
And send the night away in song,—  
But Ryno, that young son of fame,  
To greet me why delay so long?"

"Ryno," said Ullin, first of bards,  
"Rests with his fathers' awful forms,  
The youth is low, the youth is pale,  
On Lena's heath exposed to storms."

"Oh! thou wert swiftest in the race!"  
Exclaimed the mourning king,  
"The first to bend the stately bow:—  
Thy fame our bards shall sing;

"Why, Ryno, art thou gone so soon?  
But softly be thine early sleep,  
Soon shall my soul unite with thine,  
Where heroes have no cause to weep;

"Oh! Ryno, thou art low indeed,  
Thou hast not yet received thy fame!  
Come, Ullin, strike the tuneful harp,  
And sound aloud his youthful name;

"Farewell! thou first in every field,  
No more shall I direct thy dart—  
Oh! thou wert fair, my noble son,  
And dear unto this aged heart."

The big tears flowed in copious streams  
Adown the manly hero's cheek,  
His heaving bosom told the grief,  
His mourning tongue refused to speak:—

"Whose fame is in yon dark green tomb?"  
Inquired the aged, sorrowing chief;  
"Four mossy stones the story tells  
Of some brave hero's passage brief;

"They mark the narrow house of death,  
Near it let youthful Ryno rest!  
Let him be neighbour to the brave,  
No more by bloody war oppress'd.

"Here lies some fallen chief of fame,  
To fly with him let Ryno come,—  
Oh! Ullin, raise the songs of old,  
Awake their memory in the tomb;

"If in the field he never fled,  
My son reposes by his side,  
Far from his own, his native woods,  
We make his tomb, who was their pride."

Then spoke the bard of Selma's Halls,  
"Here doth a valiant warrior rest!  
Lamderg is silent 'neath this turf,  
His fame by distant lands confessed;

"Oh! who, soft smiling from her cloud,  
Shows me her pale and beauteous face?  
And why, loved daughter, tell me why  
Sleep'st thou with foes in this lone place?

"Thousands have sought thy youthful love,  
But Lamderg was thy chosen chief,  
He flew to Tura's mossy towers,  
And thus he put his questions brief;

"Where is Gelchossa, where's my love?  
Noble Tuathal's daughter fair—  
I left her in this stately hall,  
She said 'I'll wait thy coming, here;'

"But why not haste to meet me, love?  
Thy Lamderg has returned to stay—  
Come, gently soothe my weary soul,  
For I am sick of battle fray;

"How silent is my Hall of joy!  
I see not fair Gelchossa's form—  
My bard is silent at my gates,  
Bran gives me not his welcome warm;

"Where is Gelchossa, where's my love?  
She, who on Lamderg sweetly smiled;  
'Hero,' replied a youthful chief,  
'She hunts the deer, in forest wild!'

"Ferchios!' he in amazement cried,  
'No sound is in the silent wood—  
No panting dog pursues the deer,  
In haste to draw his vital blood;

“ ‘Gelchossa moves not on those hills,  
I cannot see her beauteous form—  
My love is fairer than the moon,  
When she appears before a storm!’

“ ‘Go, Ferchios, go, to Allad speed!  
And do not my impatience mock,  
He may of bright Gelchossa know,  
The gray-haired sire of yonder rock.’

“ The son of Aidon went, in haste,  
And communed with the ear of age—  
‘Oh! thou who tremblest here alone,  
Oh say! what scenes thine eyes engage?’

“ ‘I saw,’ replied the aged man,  
‘Ullin, the son of Cairbar, pass,  
He came in darkness and alone,  
His voice was like the surly blast;

“ ‘He entered Tura’s stately Hall—  
‘Lamderg,’ he said, ‘thy powerful arm  
Must crush strong Ullin to the earth  
Or yield to him life’s sweetest charm.

“ ‘Ullin,’ replied the maiden mild,  
‘My Hero is not here—  
He fights Ulfadda in the vale!  
A stranger he to fear.’

“ ‘Oh, thou art fair,’ he grimly cried,  
‘I’ll carry thee to Cairbar’s Halls,—  
Three days on Cromla I will wait  
Lamderg’s return to Tura’s walls.’

“ ‘Allad,’ replied the youthful chief,  
‘Peace to thy dreams within the cave!  
Haste, Ferchios, blow my sounding horn  
And let the breeze my banner wave!’

“ Now Lamderg, like a roaring stream  
Ascended Tura’s rugged hill,  
He hummed a war-song as he passed,  
Its echoes every cavern fill;

“ Like a dark cloud before the wind  
He stood upon the mound,  
He rolled the signal stone of war,  
Grim Ullin heard the sound.

“ He took his aged father’s spear,  
His dark face lighted by a smile,  
He placed the sword upon his side,  
His dagger in his hand the while;

“ Gelchossa saw the silent chief  
Like wreath of mist ascend the hill,  
She struck her white and heaving breast,  
And her dark eyes with sorrow fill.

“ ‘ Cairbar, thou hoary Chief of shells,  
On Cromla I must bend the bow,  
I see the dark-brown flying hinds,  
Gelchossa to the chase must go.’

“ In vain she hasted up the hill,  
Why should I the sad tale relate?  
The gloomy heroes fought and bled,  
And instant death was Ullin’s fate!

“ All weak and pale the maid advanced—  
‘ Oh! what, my love,’ she trembling cried,—  
‘ Lamderg, what means this gush of blood  
Which streams adown thy warrior side?’

“ ‘ Thou fairer than the drifted snow,  
’Tis Ullin’s blood,’ the chief replied,  
My limbs are weary, here I’ll rest;  
Then feebly bowed his head, and died!

“ ‘And dost thou sleep so soon on earth?  
My Lamderg’s is a bloody bed;’  
Three days she thus bemoan’d her love,  
The fourth mourn found her cold and dead!

“ The hunter raised this tomb so tall,  
’Tis over a hero’s breast,  
Thy son, oh king! should here repose,  
And gentle be his rest.”

“ And here my valiant son shall rest!”  
Fingal in haste replied,  
“ Their fame is pleasing in mine ears,  
Oh, place him by their side!

“ The youthful Orla hither bring,  
Lay him too by the hero’s side;  
Equal to Ryno in the field,  
His valour was by Fingal tried;

“ Daughters of Morven! weep his fate,  
Ye maids of winding Lota, weep,  
For they have fallen like towering oaks  
When winds across the desert sweep;

“ Oscar, thou chief of every youth,  
Thy weeping eyes have seen their fall,  
Be thou like them renown’d on earth,  
And like them, die at honour’s call!

“ Their forms were terrible in war,  
But calm in peace was Ryno’s soul,  
He, like the rainbow of the storm,  
Shone mildly, ’mid the thunder’s roll;

“ Rest here! thou youngest of my sons;  
Oh, Ryno! rest on Lena’s heath!  
Warriors one day must surely fall,  
But thou hast met an early death.” —

Deep was thy grief, thou king of swords,  
When low on earth thy Ryno lay,  
But oh! thy grief was small to mine,  
Now, *thou* art mingled with the clay!

Thy distant voice no more I hear  
On Cona's lone and echoing hills,  
Forlorn I sit beside thy tomb  
While grief my aged bosom fills;

My eyes no more behold thy form,  
That noble form from earth has passed,  
And when I think I hear thy voice  
'Tis but the roaring of the blast!

Now with his warriors Fingal sleeps,  
That mighty ruler of the war—  
His ghost is riding on the storm,  
The warrior hears his voice afar!

On Lubar's soft and flowering banks  
Ossian and Gaul with Swaran stood,  
To please the king I touched the harp,  
And strove to chase his gloomy mood!

He roll'd his red eye toward the plain,  
And frowning knit his darkened brow,  
The hero mourned his conquered host,  
He mourned his bravest chieftains low.

I raised mine eyes to Cromla's brow,  
The son of Semo met my gaze!  
Slowly and sad he moved along  
Like a dark cloud in Luna's rays;

He saw victorious Fingal come,  
And mixed with joy his heavy grief,  
The sun shone brightly on his steel,  
And stately looked the mournful chief;

The rugged rock which forms his cave  
Is close beside the roaring sea,  
Its sides the foaming ocean laves,  
And o'er it bends one shady tree;

'Tis here the chief of Erin sits,  
And mourns o'er his departed fame;  
He ponders on his battles lost,  
His cheeks are wet with tears of shame!

Bragela's absence now he mourns,  
Too far remote to cheer his soul;  
His fancy wanders o'er her charms—  
Would she were near him to console.

Who cometh with those locks of age?  
'Tis Carril, son of tuneful song!  
"Carril of other times, all hail!  
Why tarries Semo's son so long?

"Carril, thy voice is like the harp  
Which hangs in Tura's stately Halls,  
Thy words are pleasant as the shower  
When o'er the sunny field it falls."

"Ossian, thou mighty king of swords,"  
Cuthullin's aged bard replied,  
"Thou best can raise the cheerful song,  
Thou dost in peace and war preside.

"Long have I known thee, noble chief,  
Oft touch'd the harp within thy hall!  
Thy voice has often joined with mine  
At lovely Evirallin's call!

"One eve of Cormac's love she sung,  
While tears stood in her dark-blue eyes,  
For sometimes, wafted on the breeze,  
Her strains were sweetly heard to rise;

“He was the youth who died to gain  
The beauteous Evirallin’s love;  
Her soul was melted with his fate,  
For she was gentle as the dove!

“Among a thousand beauteous maids,  
Oh! she was fairest of the fair,  
Throughout the land not one was found  
With Branno’s daughter to compare.”

“Oh! Carril, cease,” I mournful said,  
“Her form is now to earth consigned,  
My soul is melted at thy tale,  
Bring not her memory to my mind;

“But sit thou on the heath, oh! bard,  
And let us hear thy cheerful voice,  
’Tis pleasant as the gale of spring  
Which doth the hunter’s ear rejoice!”

## ARGUMENT TO BOOK VI.

Night comes on. Fingal gives a feast to his army at which Swaran is present. The king commands Ullin, his bard, to give the song of peace; a custom always observed at the end of a war. Ullin relates the actions of Trenmor, great grandfather of Fingal, in Scandinavia, and his marriage with Inibaca, daughter of King Lochlin, who was ancestor to Swaran, which consideration, together with his being brother to Aggandecca, with whom Fingal was in love in his youth, induced the king to release him, and to permit him to return with the remains of the army into Lochlin, upon his promise of never returning to Ireland in a hostile manner. The night is spent in settling Swaran's departure, in songs of bards, and in conversation, in which the story of Grumal is introduced by Fingal. Morning comes—Swaran departs—Fingal goes on a hunting party and finding Cuthullin in the cave of Tura, comforts him, and sets sail the next day for Scotland, which concludes the Poem.

## BOOK VI.

---

**THE** clouds of night come rolling down,  
And darkness rests on Cromla's steep,  
The stars arise o'er Erin's wave,  
Reflected in the troubled deep;

A rising wind roars through the wood,  
Silent and dark is Lena's vale,  
When Carril's tuneful voice arose,  
Borne swiftly on the passing gale;

He sung of days and years gone by,  
On each loved friend the minstrel dwells,—  
Those who on Lego's banks convened  
And sent around the joy of shells;

Tall Cromla answered to his voice,  
Ghosts were seen bending from their cloud,  
Listening with joy to notes of praise  
Which from the harp re-echoed loud;

Thou ridest now on eddying winds,  
Oh! Carril, blessed be thy soul!  
How oft in fancy 'mid the night  
I hear thy strains of music roll;

Oh that thy spirit could descend  
At midnight; in that lonely hour  
'Tis said, the spirits of the dead  
To soothe our grief alone have power;

I often hear my harp-strings sound  
When it hangs on the distant wall,  
Its echoes waken all my grief,  
I mourn each hero's fall!

Now, on green Mora's shady side  
The chieftains gathered to the feast,  
A thousand oaks are blazing high,  
Whose light their festive joys increased;

The cheerful strength of shells goes round,  
Joy brightens in each warrior's soul,—  
All but fiery Lochlin's gloomy king,  
Whose eyes of pride in silence roll!

He often turned toward Lena's heath,  
In sad remembrance of his fall,  
While Fingal rested on his shield,  
His stately form erect and tall!

His gray locks waved upon the wind,  
And glittered in the beams of night,  
The king of Lochlin's grief he saw,  
His soul was mournful at the sight;

"Raise, Ullin, raise the song of peace!  
And soothe my troubled soul to rest,  
I'm weary of the din of arms,  
Music will give the feast a zest!

"Come, let a hundred harps resound,  
To cheer the king of Lochlin's heart,  
None ever sad from Fingal go,  
And Swaran must with joy depart;

"Oscar, the lightning of my sword  
Is ever 'gainst the strong in fight;  
When warriors yield, it peaceful lies,  
Its unstained blade a beam of light!"

The mouth of song then touched the harp—

“Great Trenmor lived in other days,  
He bounded o’er the dark-blue seas,  
Towards Albion’s hills his course he lays;

“The lands of Lochlin and its groves,  
Its high rocks, and its murmuring sounds  
Through the thin mist attract his eye,  
As o’er the wave his vessel bounds.

“He landed, and pursued the boar  
That roar’d through Gormal’s shady wood,  
Hundreds before its wrath had fled,  
But Trenmor’s spear now drinks its blood!

“Three chiefs beheld the mighty deed,  
And told the tale to Lochlin’s king—  
How like a pillar firm he stood,  
While his strong arm the arrows fling!

“The king of Lochlin spread the board,  
And bade his friends the feast prolong,  
He feasted in their windy towers  
’Mid shells of joy, and bards of song:

“Trenmor was brave in single fight,  
No hero would with him compare;  
Three days their songs of joy went round,  
And Trenmor’s fame resounded there;

“Now, when the fourth gray morn arose,  
He walked along the silent shore,  
His tall and stately ship he launched  
And loudly called the blast to roar!

“While thus engaged a youth appeared  
Cover’d with arms of shining steel,  
Red was his cheek, and fair his hair,  
His brow like snow on Morven’s hill.

"Mild rolled his blue and smiling eye  
As he addressed the king of swords,  
'Stay, Trenmor, stay, thou first of men,  
And listen to my earnest words;—

" 'Though thou hast fought with valiant men,  
Thou hast not conquer'd Lonval's son!  
*My* sword hath often met the brave,  
And wisdom doth my arrows shun.'

"The chief replied, 'thou fair-haired youth,  
With Lonval's son I will not fight,—  
Too feeble is thy slender arm,  
Instant retire, thou sunbeam bright!'

" 'I *will* retire,' the youth replied,  
'But it must be with Treumor's sword,  
I'll go exulting in my fame,  
Thy conqueror, by each maid adored;

" 'Oh! they shall sigh with sighs of love,  
And my long spear shall be admired,  
Thousands shall view its glittering point,  
And ask how I such fame acquired!'

" 'Thou never shalt possess my spear,'—  
The angry king of Morven cried,  
'Thy friends shall find thee on the shore  
And weep that thou so early died.'

" 'I will not lift the heavy spear,'  
The beauteous youth replied,  
'But with this light and feather'd dart  
I'll pierce thy manly side;

" 'Throw down that heavy coat of mail,  
From death thou'rt shielded well!  
But first I'll lay these trappings off,'—  
The clattering armour fell!

“ The heaving of her breast he saw,  
He saw her blushing face,  
He knew the sister of the king,  
So full of youth and grace!

“ The spear fell from his trembling hand,  
He bent his red cheek to the ground,  
She was to him a beam of light,  
Which shed its radiance all around;

“ ‘ Great chief of Morven’s windy wood,’  
The maiden said, with arms of snow,  
‘ Here let me rest within thy ship,  
From Corlo’s sight I fain would go;

“ ‘ He loves in all the gloom of pride,  
For me he shakes ten thousand spears,—  
Dreadful the thunder of his love!  
It fills my gentle soul with fears.’

“ ‘ Dear maiden, rest thee here in peace,  
Secure behind my father’s shield,  
Although he shake ten thousand spears,  
Your love to him I’ll never yield!’

“ Three days he waited on the shore,  
And sent abroad his sounding horn,  
Loudly he called on Corlo’s name,  
From setting sun till early morn!

“ But Corlo came not to the fight,  
Though Lochlin’s king in state descends  
And feasts upon the roaring shore,  
Surrounded by his valiant friends;

“ To Trenmor’s arms he gave the maid,  
All blushing in the pride of youth,  
Who bore her to his shady woods,  
The seat of valour and of truth.”

Said Fingal to the moody king,  
"Thy blood is flowing in my veins,  
Our fathers oft in battle met  
To try their strength upon our plains.

"And oft they feasted in the hall,  
And sent around the joyful shell;  
Oh! let thy face with gladness beam—  
Let future bards the story tell,

"How thou hast poured thy valour forth  
Dread as the storm on thine own sea,  
Thy voice has sounded through our vales,  
And great in war thy fame shall be!

"Rest here this night;—to-morrow, raise  
Thy white sails to the flying wind,  
Thou brother of my murder'd love!  
That tie, alone, our souls shall bind!

"Bright as the beam of noon she comes  
To soothe my ever mournful soul,  
My anguish for her early loss  
No battle scene could e'er control.

"I spared thee in proud Starno's Halls,—  
To thee, I knew the maid was dear—  
Amid a host of slaughtered foes  
I spared thee — and repressed the tear!

"The combat which thy fathers gave  
To Trenmor, I will give to thee,  
That thy renown, when thou art gone,  
E'en as the setting sun shall be!"

"Oh! king of Morven's valiant race,"  
Said the chief of the dark-brown shields,  
"Swaran with thee will never fight,  
Thou pride of battle-fields!

"I saw thee in my father's halls,  
Few were thy years beyond my own;  
When shall I, said my haughty soul,  
Lift spear like noble Comhal's son?

"Oh! warrior, we have fought before  
On shaggy Malmor's rugged head;  
My waves conveyed me to thy hall,  
Where feast of thousand shells was spread;

"Many of Lochlin's youthful sons  
Now silent, press yon bloody plain,  
Who once conveyed those stately ships  
In pride across the foaming main.

"Oh! Fingal, noble king, take these,—  
And be the conquered Swaran's friend,  
And when thy sons to Gormal come  
We will the feast of shells attend!"

"No ship," the generous monarch said,  
"Shall Fingal take, nor lands, nor hills;  
The desert is enough for me,  
Which with its deer my valley fills!

"Rise on thy waves, my noble friend!  
My love to Swaran ne'er shall cease,  
Spread thy white sails to morning's beam;  
Return to Gormal's hills in peace."

"Blest be thy soul, thou king of shells,"  
Said Swaran of the dark-brown shield,  
"In peace, thou art the gale of spring,  
In war, the storm that wastes the field:

"Now let our hands in friendship join!  
And let thy bards mourn those who fell,  
Let Erin bury Lochlin's sons,  
And high-raised tombs their story tell;

"That, when the children of the north  
Hereafter may behold the spot,  
The hunter 'mid his sport may pause  
And say—'twas *here* our fathers fought!"

"In future times our names shall live  
And our renown shall never die;"—  
"Great Swaran," Fingal mildly said,  
"Our fame like mountain mist shall fly!"

"*To-day*, we're mighty on the earth,  
But like a dream we pass away!  
No sound of war within our fields,  
Our memories, with our tombs decay!"

"The hunter shall not know the place  
Where Fingal and great Swaran fought,  
Our names in song no more will rise,  
Our strength hath fled, and we are nought."

"Oh! Ullin, Carril, ancient bards!  
Sing to us heroes that are gone,  
Give us the tales of other years  
And send the night away in song!"

We gave the song of other days,  
A hundred voices loudly rise,  
The face of Swaran brightly glowed  
Like the full moon in evening skies,

When clouds have vanish'd from her face,  
And leave her calm, and broad, and high,  
To spread her brightness o'er the Heavens  
While travelling through the midnight sky.

"But, tell me, Carril," Fingal cried,  
"What of the noble Semo's son?  
Oh! has he like a fallen star  
To Tura's dreary cavern gone?"

"Cuthullin," thus replied the bard,  
"Now lies in Tura's gloomy cave;  
His hand is on his sword of strength,  
His thoughts on battle of the brave.

"Oh mournful is the king of spears!  
Unconquered he in war till now,  
By me he sends a hero's sword,  
For thou hast vanquished Erin's foe.

"Oh place it by thy warrior side,  
It long has graced a hero's hand!  
But now, departed is his fame,  
In battle he no more shall stand!"

"No, Carril, no," replied the king,  
"Cuthullin's sword I cannot take,  
It well becomes his valiant arm:—  
That noble spirit must not break!

"Though vanquished, he is noble still,  
And high the hero's fame shall rise,  
And, like the sun from 'neath the cloud,  
Shall brightly beam amid the skies!

"Young Grumal was a valiant chief;  
He sought the war on every coast,  
The din of battle pleased his ear,  
And scenes of carnage were his boast;

"On Craca's coast his warriors poured,  
He met the king in solemn hour,—  
For, within Brumo's circle, he  
Consulted the great stone of power!

"The brave in battle fiercely fought  
For Craca's daughter, young and fair,  
Her praises rang throughout the land,  
And heroes paid their homage there.

“Grumal had vowed to gain the maid,  
Or die on echoing Craca’s plains:  
Full long they strove in mortal fight;  
Grumal at length was bound in chains!

“Far from his friends, far from his home,  
The horrid circle closed him round,  
Where oft ’tis said the ghosts of night  
Howled round the stone, and darkly frowned;

“But after that he brightly shone,  
His fame was as the light of Heaven,  
The mighty fell by his right arm,  
And from the field his foes were driven.”

“Come, sound the harp, ye bards of old!  
Oh! raise the praise of heroes high,  
My soul would settle on their fame,  
Till Swaran’s sadness passes by.”

The bards reclined upon the heath—  
At once a hundred voices rose!  
They sung the deeds of other times  
’Till Swaran’s mournful bosom glows.

When shall I hear their songs again?  
The harp is silent on those walls!  
Low are the mighty! hushed the bards  
Whose voices echoed through our halls.

Morn trembles on its eastern beam,  
And glimmers on high Cromla’s side,  
When loud is heard the echoing horn  
To summon men, once Lochlin’s pride.

The sons of ocean gather round,  
And sad they rise upon the wave,  
The blast of Erin fills their sails,  
Which float aloft like banners brave:

“Call all my dogs, ye sons of chase!  
Fillan and Ryno, sound the horn!  
My Ryno sleeps, alas! in death,  
He greets no more the vernal morn!

“Fergus, and Fillan, blow the horn,  
And joyful let the chase arise,  
Let the deer start from Cromla’s hill,  
And let our echoes reach the skies!”

Shrill the horn sounded through the wood,  
And a buck fell at Ryno’s tomb!  
The father’s grief was all renewed,  
He mourned young Ryno’s early doom:

“Behold! how peaceful ’neath the stone  
Lies he, who was the first in chase!  
Thou shalt no more arise, my son!  
Who in the field will fill thy place?

“Thy tomb will soon be lost from sight,  
The rank grass, o’er thy breast shall wave,  
The sons of feeble men shall pass  
And not discern the warrior’s grave;

“Children of Morven, let us rise!  
And go to Erin’s mournful son;—  
And are *these* Tura’s stately walls?  
The seat of many a battle won?

“Lonely, and gray, these towers arise,  
And sadness reigns within the walls!  
’Tis here the hero sits and weeps  
The fame departed from his halls.

“Fillan, is that a stream of smoke?  
The wind of Cromla dims my eyes;  
Or is it sad Cuthullin’s form?  
The great, the valiant, and the wise.”

"Father, it is Cuthullin's form,  
Gloomy and dark the hero comes,  
Upon his sword his hand is placed—  
Hail! bravest of green Erin's sons!"

"Hail! to thee, woody Morven's king!  
To Morven's valiant sons all hail!  
Thy presence cheers my withered soul  
As the warm sun, the blossoms pale;

"Thou'rt like the moon on Cromla's hill,  
Thy sons like stars attend thy course,  
This friendship bows my stubborn soul,  
And thanks from my proud heart must force!"

"It was not thus when last we met,—  
Fingal, I then a victor came;  
I fought the wars in Morven's land,  
And distant kingdoms own'd my fame!"

"In words, Cuthullin doth abound,"  
Said Con-nan; man of small renown,  
"But where oh! chieftain, are thy deeds?  
Where are the wonders thou hast done?"

"Why did we come o'er ocean's wave  
Thy feeble, helpless arm to aid?  
At ease thou liest within thy cave  
While Con-nan's arms the battle staid!"

"Resign to me those arms of light,  
Yield them, thou chief of Erin's Isle!"  
With scorn Cuthullin raised his eye,  
"*No coward hands my arms defile.*"

"No hero ever sought my sword;  
I fled not to this gloomy cave  
Till Erin failed at all her streams,  
And low were all her chieftains brave!"

"Con-nan," said Fingal, "cease thy words,  
Youth of the feeble, helpless arm!  
Cuthullin is renowned in war,  
His valour can e'en cowards warm.

"Widely has spread thy brilliant course,  
Thou stormy chief of Inisfail!  
Raise now thy white sails on the sea  
And tell thy love thy mournful tale;

"Bragela leans upon her rock,  
Her eyes are filled with tender tears,  
Her long hair waves upon the breeze,  
Her heaving breast proclaims her fears;

"She listens in the breeze of night  
To hear the sound of distant oars,  
Vainly she tries thy harp to hear,  
While loud around the ocean roars!"

"Long will she listen there in vain,  
Cuthullin never shall return,—  
Can I behold Bragela's face?  
And see that face, with anguish burn?

"Fingal, in former battles I  
A victor to Bragela came!  
Conquered I never can return  
To tinge her glowing cheek with shame."

"Hero, thou shalt victorious be,"  
Said Fingal, of the joyful shell,  
"Thy fame, Cuthullin, shall extend,  
And future bards thy deeds shall tell;

"Thou shalt fight many battles, chief!  
And many battles thou shalt win;  
Come hither Oscar, spread the feast,  
And let the joy of shells begin!"

We sat, we feasted, and we sung,—  
The soul of brave Cuthullin rose,  
His arm resumed its wonted strength,  
His manly heart forgot its woes.

Carril, and Ullin, raised the voice,  
I sung of battles of the spear,  
Battles where I have often fought,  
Though now I sit in darkness here:

Thus passed the night away in song,  
With joy we hail'd the morning light;  
Fingal arose upon the heath,  
And shook his spear all shining bright!

“Haste, spread the sail,” he loudly said,  
“We'll seize the winds before they sleep;”  
We rose upon the wave with songs,  
And bounded o'er the foaming deep!

THE END.

POETICAL REMAINS  
OF THE LATE  
LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON,  
COLLECTED AND ARRANGED  
BY HER MOTHER:  
WITH A BIOGRAPHY,  
BY  
MISS SEDGWICK.

---

"Death, as if fearing to destroy,  
Paused o'er her couch awhile;  
She gave a tear for those she loved  
Then met him with a smile."

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A NEW EDITION, REVISED.

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PHILADELPHIA:  
LEA AND BLANCHARD.  
1846.

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J. FAGAN, STEREOTYPHER.

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## DEDICATION.

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TO

WASHINGTON IRVING, ESQUIRE.

DEAR SIR :—

Since the publication of my daughter Margaret's Poems, I have been solicited to revive the writings of my lamented Lucretia. The public has manifested so much interest, and expressed such unqualified admiration of their merits, and so much forbearance in criticising the errors of these juvenile productions, that I feel myself, in a measure, bound to comply with their wishes. As a testimony of my grateful respect, will you permit me, sir, to dedicate this little volume to you, with the sincere and united thanks of my family, for the truly touching and elegant manner in which you have executed your voluntary task.

I am called upon for a life of my Lucretia. Broken as I am in health and spirits, I am not equal to the effort; but the kindness of Miss Sedgwick has obviated that difficulty, and I am happy in being able to substitute the following elegantly written memoir from the pen of that highly gifted lady, which is incorporated in Sparks's American Biography, for the broken and unconnected narrative which a grief-worn, and almost broken-hearted mother would have produced

I have merely strength to slightly remark upon the circumstances under which some few of her poems were written; and should the imperfect manner in which this little volume is "got up," form a painful contrast to your elegant work, I trust an indulgent and discriminating community will make every allowance for its inefficiency. The forbearance, and even approbation in some instances, manifested by Mr. Southey, in his Review of her former publication, to which Professor Morse prefixed a brief sketch of her life, leads me to hope, that the same indulgence will be granted to this little tribute of maternal love;—a feeble monument of a mourning mother to the talents and virtues of a darling child.

I have felt much diffidence in presenting these manuscripts to the public, in their present imperfect and unfinished state; but the circumstances under which many of them were written, condemned and partly destroyed by herself, as if unworthy to hold a place among her papers, her extreme youth and loveliness, and the melancholy fact of her dying before she had time to complete others, will, I trust, make them not less interesting to the reader of taste and feeling.

The allegory of "Alphonso in search of Learning," was written at the age of eleven. It was suggested to her infant mind by seeing a cupola erected upon the Plattsburgh Academy, upon which was painted the Temple of Science.

The poem of "Chicomico" was written after a severe illness, which confined me many months to

my bed, during which time Lucretia made a resolution that if I ever should recover, she would give up her "scribbling," as she called it, and devote herself to me; at my earnest entreaty, however, she resumed her pen, and the first thing she produced was *Chicomico*, prefaced by the following lines:

"I had thought to have left *thee*, my sweet harp, for ever;  
To have touched thy dear strings again—never—oh, never!  
To have sprinkled oblivion's dark waters upon thee,  
To have hung thee where wild winds would hover around thee;  
But the voice of affection hath call'd forth one strain,  
Which when sung, I will leave thee to silence again."

This beautiful tribute of affection has ever been one of the most cherished relics of my child, and I deeply regret that the irregular and unconnected state of the manuscript obliges me to withhold the whole of the first part.

The ballad of "De Courcy and Wilhelmine" was written for a weekly paper, which she issued for the amusement of the family. It was dated from "The Little Corner of the World," edited by the Story-Teller, and dedicated to Mamma. After a time it was discontinued, and to my extreme regret destroyed. The fragment inserted in the collection, is one of the very few remnants found among her manuscripts; the first sixteen verses are purely original; the sequel was supplied by a friend, it being deemed too fine to be rejected for want of mere filling out. Lucretia's diffidence, and the apprehension that the circumstances might transpire or the papers be read by some friend out of the

family, was, I believe, the sole reason why she discontinued and destroyed them. This mutilated paper, and a part of Rodin Hall, are all that remain of the "Story-Teller."

Her sweetly playful disposition is strongly manifested in her "Petition of the Old Comb." She had retired to her room with her books and pen, where she had spent several days. Feeling a desire to see how she was getting on, I went to her room. As I passed through the hall, I saw a sealed letter directed to me, lying at the foot of the stairs; I opened it, and found it contained the "Petition of a Poor Old Comb."

Dear mistress, I am old and poor,  
My teeth decayed and gone;  
Oh! give me but one moment's rest,  
For mark, I'm tott'ring down.

Thy raven locks for many a day,  
I've bound around thy brow;  
And now that I am old and lame,  
I prithee let me go.

Have I not, many a weary hour,  
Peep'd o'er thy book or pen;  
And seen what this poor mangled form  
Will ne'er behold again?

A faithful servant I have been,  
But ah! my day is past;  
And all my hope, and all my wish,  
Is liberty at last.

Mark but the glittering well-fill'd shelf  
Where my companions lie;  
Are they not fairer than myself,  
And younger far than I?

Oh! then in pity hie thee there,  
Where thousands wait thy call,  
And twine one in thy raven hair,  
To shroud my shameful fall.

My days are hast'ning to their close,  
Crack! crack! goes every tooth;  
A thousand pains, a thousand woes,  
Remind me of my youth.

Adieu then—in distress I die—  
My last hold fails me now;  
Adieu, and may thy elf locks fly  
For ever 'round thy brow.

On reading it, I went up stairs and found her enveloped in books and manuscripts. Several large folios lay open on the table, to which she seemed to have been referring; while books, papers and scraps of poetry were strewn in confusion over the carpet. Her luxuriant hair had escaped from its confinement, and hung in rich glossy curls upon her neck and shoulders, while the superannuated comb lay at her feet. As I hastily entered the room, she manifested some mortification, that I should have surprised her in the midst of so much confusion, and throwing her handkerchief over her papers, laughingly asked, what I thought of the Petition? I advised her to send directly to the “well-filled glittering shelf,” as I had no desire to see the curse denounced verified, or her

“Elf locks fly  
For ever 'round her brow.”

"Maritorne, or the Pirate of Mexico," was written in Albany, during her stay at the Institution of Miss Gilbert, at a time when she was ill, in the brief space of three weeks, while getting daily lessons like any other school girl. During that period, she also produced several fugitive pieces. She had been absent from home but six weeks when I was summoned to attend her: she had then been confined to her bed three weeks. On the morning after my arrival, she desired me to collect the scattered sheets of Maritorne, and expressed much sorrow when she found that some were missing. She told me with tears, that she feared she could never supply the loss, and said, "Do, mamma, take care of what remains; it is thus far the best thing I ever wrote."

After her death, in her portfolio, which her nurse told me she used every day sitting in bed, supported by pillows, I found the "Last Farewell to my Harp," and the "Fear of Madness," both written in a feeble, irregular hand, and evidently under a state of strong mental excitement. By their side lay the unfinished head of a Madonna, copied from a painting executed several centuries ago, and with the drawing lay also the unfinished poem suggested by the painting—

"Roll back, thou tide of time, and tell."

In the "Last Farewell to my Harp," the presentiment of her death, if I may so term it, is strongly

portrayed, mingled with the feeling of presumption which she often manifested in having "dared to gaze"

"Upon the lamp which never can expire,  
The undying, wild, poetic fire."

There is something extremely touching in the last stanzas.

"And here, my harp, we part for ever,  
I'll waken thee again—oh! never;  
Silence shall chain thee cold and drear,  
And thou shalt calmly slumber here!"

The Fear of Madness."—The reader will find his sympathies all awakened upon perusing this unfinished fragment from the pen of the lovely sufferer. It leaves too painful a sensation upon the mind to admit a comment.

I have suppressed a very few of the poems heretofore published, and have added many new ones.

I have the honour to be,  
Sir, your very sincere  
and obliged friend,

M. M. D.

SARATOGA SPRINGS,  
August, 1841.

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**This new Edition has been carefully revised, and the errors corrected. Upon the first publication of Anir Khan some few stanzas were omitted, in consequence of the difficulty of decyphering, or some other good cause. Those stanzas are here restored, according to the original design of the author.**

**M. M. D.**

**Saratoga Springs, March, 1843.**

# BIOGRAPHY

OF

## LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON.

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LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON was born at Plattsburgh, in the state of New York, on the 27th of September, 1808. Her father, Dr. Oliver Davidson, is a lover of science, and a man of intellectual tastes. Her mother, Margaret Davidson, (born Miller,) is of a most respectable family, and received the best education her times afforded, at the school of the celebrated Scottish lady, Isabella Graham, an institution in the city of New York, that had no rival in its day, and which derived advantages from the distinguished individual that presided over it, that can scarcely be counterbalanced by the multiplied masters and multi-form studies of the present day. The family of Miss Davidson lived in seclusion. Their pleasures and excitements were intellectual. Her mother has suffered year after year from ill health and debility ; and being a person of imaginative character, and most ardent and susceptible feelings, employed on domestic incidents, and concentrated in maternal tenderness, she naturally loved and cherished her daughter's marvellous gifts, and added to the intensity of the fire with which her genius and her affections, mingling in one holy flame, burned till they consumed their mor-

tal investments. We should not have ventured to say thus much of the mother, who still survives to weep and to rejoice over her dead child more than many parents over their living ones, were it not to prove, that Lucretia Davidson's character was not miraculous, but that this flower of paradise was nurtured and trained by natural means and influences.

The physical delicacy of this fragile creature was apparent in infancy. When eighteen months old, she had a typhus fever, which threatened her life; but nature put forth its mysterious energy, and she became stronger and healthier than before her illness. No records were made of her early childhood, save that she was by turns very gay and very thoughtful, exhibiting thus early these common manifestations of extreme sensibility. Her first literary acquisition indicated her after course. She learned her letters at once. At the age of four she was sent to the Plattsburgh Academy, where she learned to read and to form letters in sand, after the Lancasterian method. As soon as she could read, her books drew her away from the plays of childhood, and she was constantly found absorbed in the little volumes that her father lavished upon her. Her mother, on some occasion, in haste to write a letter, looked in vain for a sheet of paper. A whole quire had strangely disappeared from the table on which the writing implements usually lay; she expressed a natural vexation. Her little girl came forward, confused, and said, "Mamma, I have used it." Her mother, knowing she had never been taught to write, was amazed, and asked what possible use she could have for it. Lucretia burst into tears, and replied that "she did not like to tell." Her mother respected the childish mystery, and made no farther inquiries. The paper continued to vanish, and the child was often observed with pen and ink,

still sedulously shunning observation. At last her mother, on seeing her make a blank book, asked what she was going to do with it? Lucretia blushed, and left the room without replying. This sharpened her mother's curiosity; she watched the child narrowly, and saw that she made quantities of these little books, and that she was disturbed by observation; and if one of the family requested to see them, she would burst into tears, and run away to hide her secret treasure.

The mystery remained unexplained till she was six years old, when her mother, in exploring a closet rarely opened, found behind piles of linen, a parcel of papers, which proved to be Lucretia's manuscript books. At first, the hieroglyphics seemed to baffle investigation. On one side of the leaf was an artfully-sketched picture; on the other, Roman letters, some placed upright, others horizontally, obliquely, or backwards, not formed into words, nor spaced in any mode. Both parents pored over them till they ascertained the letters were poetical explanations, in metre and rhyme, of the picture in the reverse. The little books were carefully put away as literary curiosities. Not long after this, Lucretia came running to her mother, painfully agitated, her face covered with her hands, and tears trickling down between her slender fingers—"Oh, mamma! mamma!" she cried, sobbing, "how could you treat me so? You have not used me well! My little books! you have shown them to papa, —Anne—Eliza, I know you have. Oh, what shall I do?" Her mother pleaded guilty, and tried to soothe the child by promising not to do so again: Lucretia's face brightened, a sunny smile played through her tears as she replied, "Oh, mamma, I am not afraid you will do so again, for I have burned them all;" and so she had! This reserve proceeded from nothing cold or exclusive in her character; never was

there a more loving or sympathetic creature. It would be difficult to say which was most rare, her modesty, or the genius it sanctified.——She did not learn to write till she was between six and seven; her passion for knowledge was then rapidly developing; she read with the closest attention, and was continually running to her parents with questions and remarks that startled them. At a very early age, her mother implanted the seeds of religion, the first that should be sown in the virgin soil of the heart. That the dews of Heaven fell upon them, is evident from the breathing of piety throughout her poetry, and still more from its precious fruit in her life. Her mother remarks, that, “from her earliest years, she evinced a fear of doing anything displeasing in the sight of God; and if, in her gayest sallies, she caught a look of disapprobation from me, she would ask, with the most artless simplicity, ‘Oh, mother, was that wicked?’”

There are very early, in most children's lives, certain conventional limits to their humanity, only certain forms of animal life that are respected and cherished. A robin, a butterfly, or a kitten is a legitimate object of their love and caresses; but woe to the beetle, the caterpillar, or the rat that is thrown upon their tender mercies! Lucretia Davidson made no such artificial discriminations; she seemed to have an instinctive kindness for every living thing. When she was about nine, one of her schoolfellows gave her a young rat that had broken its leg in attempting to escape from a trap; she tore off a part of her pocket handkerchief, bound up the maimed leg, carried the animal home, and nursed it tenderly. The rat, in spite of the care of its little leech, died, and was buried in the garden, and honoured with the meed of a “melodious tear.” This lament has not been preserved; but one she wrote soon after, on the death

of a maimed pet Robin, is given here as the earliest record of her muse that has been preserved :—

#### ON THE DEATH OF MY ROBIN.

“Underneath this turf doth lie  
 A little bird which ne’er could fly,  
 Twelve large angle worms did fill  
 This little bird, whom they did kill.  
 Puss! if you should chance to smell  
 My little bird from his dark cell,  
 Oh! do be merciful my cat,  
 And not serve him, as you did my rat!”

Her application to her studies at school was intense. Her mother judiciously, but in vain, attempted a diversion in favour of that legitimate sedative to female genius, the needle; Lucretia performed her prescribed tasks with fidelity, and with amazing celerity, and was again buried in her book.

When she was about twelve, she accompanied her father to the celebration of Washington’s birth-night. The music and decorations excited her imagination; but it was not with her, as with most children, the mere pleasure of stimulated sensations; she had studied the character and history of the father of her country, and the “fête” stirred up her enthusiasm, and inspired that feeling of actual existence, and presence peculiar to minds of her temperament.

To the imaginative there is an extension of life, far back into the dim past, and forward into the untried future, denied to those of common mould.

The day after the fête, her elder sister found her absorbed in writing. She had sketched an urn, and written two stanzas beneath it: she was persuaded to show them to her mother; she brought them, blushing and trembling; her mother was ill, in bed; but she expressed her delight with such unequivocal anima.

tion, that the child's face changed from doubt to rapture, and she seized the paper, ran away, and immediately added the concluding stanzas; when they were finished, her mother pressed her to her bosom, wept with delight, and promised her all the aid and encouragement she could give her; the sensitive child burst into tears. "And do you wish me to write, mamma? and will papa approve?—and will it be right that I should do so?" This delicate conscientiousness gives an imperishable charm to the stanzas, and to fix it in the memory of our readers, we here quote them from her published poems.

"And does a Hero's dust lie here!  
Columbia! gaze and drop a tear!  
His country's and the orphan's friend,  
See thousands o'er his ashes bend!

"Among the heroes of the age,  
He was the warrior and the sage!  
He left a train of glory bright  
Which never will be hid in night.

"The toils of war and danger past,  
He reaps a rich reward at last;  
His pure soul mounts on cherub's wings,  
And now with saints and angels sings.

"The brightest on the list of fame  
In golden letters shines his name;  
Her trump shall sound it through the world,  
And the striped banner ne'er be furled!

"And every sex, and every age,  
From lisping boy, to learned sage,  
The widow, and her orphan son,  
Revere the name of Washington."

Lucretia did not escape the common trial of precocious genius. A literary friend to whom Mrs. Davidson showed the stanzas, suspected the child had, perhaps unconsciously, repeated something she

had gathered from the mass of her reading, and she betrayed her suspicions to Lucretia—she felt her recititude impeached, and this, and not the wounded pride of the young author, made her weep till she was actually ill; as soon as she recovered her tranquillity, she offered a poetic and playful remonstrance, which set the matter at rest, and put an end to all future question of the authenticity of her productions. Before she was twelve years old, she had read the English poets. “The English poets,” says Southey, in his review of Miss Davidson’s poems, though a vague term, was a wholesome course, for such a mind. She had read, beside, much history, sacred and profane, novels, and other works of imagination.—Dramatic works were particularly attractive to her; her devotion to Shakspeare is expressed in an address to him written about this time, from which we extract the following stanza:—

“Heaven, in compassion to man’s erring heart,  
Gave thee of virtue, then of vice a part,  
Lest we in wonder here, should bow before thee,  
Break God’s commandment, worship and adore thee.”

Ordinary romances, and even those highly wrought fictions, that without any type in nature have such a mischievous charm for most imaginative young persons, she instinctively rejected; her healthy appetite, keen as it was, was under the government of a pure and sound nature. Her mother, always aware of the worth of the gem committed to her keeping, amidst her sufferings from ill health kept a watchful eye on her child, directed her pursuits, and sympathized in all her little school labours and trials; she perceived that Lucretia was growing pale and sickly over her studies, and she judiciously withdrew her, for a time, from school. She was soon rewarded for this wise measure by hearing her child’s bounding step as she

approached her sick room, and seeing the cheek bent over her pillow blooming with returning health. How miserably mistaken are those, who fancy that all the child's lessons must be learned from the school-book and school-room! This apt pupil of nature had only changed her books and her master; now, she sat at the feet of the great teacher, nature, and read, and listened, and thought, as she wandered along the Saranac, or contemplated the varying aspects of Cumberland Bay. She would sit for hours and watch the progress of a thunder-storm, from the first gathering of the clouds, to the farewell smile of the rainbow. We give a specimen of the impression of these studies in the following extract from her unpublished poems:

#### TWILIGHT.

How sweet the hour when daylight blends  
With the pensive shadows on evening's breast!  
And dear to this heart is the pleasure it lends,  
- For 't is like the departure of saints to their rest.

Oh! 't is sweet, Saranac, on thy lov'd banks to stray,  
To watch the last day-beam dance light o'er thy wave,  
To mark the white skiff as it skims o'er the Bay,  
Or heedlessly bounds o'er the warrior's deep grave.\*

Oh! 't is sweet to a heart, unentangled and light,  
When with hope's brilliant prospects the fancy is blest,  
To pause 'mid its day-dreams so witchingly bright,  
And mark the last sunbeams while sinking to rest.

The following, from her unpublished poems, is the result of the same pensive meditations.

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\* Cumberland Bay was the scene of a battle during the last war.

## THE EVENING SPIRIT.

When the pale moon is shining bright,  
 And nought disturbs the gloom of night,  
 'Tis then upon yon level green,  
 From which St. Clair's dark heights are seen,  
 The Evening Spirit glides along,  
 And chaunts her melancholy song;  
 Or leans upon a snowy cloud,  
 And its white skirts her figure shroud.  
 By zephyrs light she's wafted far,  
 And contemplates the northern star,  
 Or gazes from her silvery throne,  
 On that pale queen, the silent moon.  
 Who is the Evening Spirit fair,  
 That hovers o'er thy walls, St. Clair?  
 Who is it, that with footstep light,  
 Breathes the calm silence of the night?  
 Ask the light zephyr who conveys  
 Her fairy figure o'er the waves;  
 Ask yon bright fleecy cloud of night,  
 Ask yon pale planet's silver light,  
 Why does the Evening Spirit fair  
 Sail o'er the walls of dark St. Clair?

In her thirteenth year the clouds seemed heavily gathering over her morning; her mother, who had hitherto been her guide and companion, could no longer extend to her child the sympathy and encouragement which she needed. Lucretia was oppressed with the apprehension of losing this fond parent, who for weeks and months, seemed upon the verge of the grave. There are among her unpublished poems, some touching lines to her mother written I believe about this time, concluding thus:—

“Hang not thy harp upon the willow,  
 That weeps o'er every passing wave;  
 This life is but a restless pillow,  
 There's calm and peace beyond the grave.”

As Mrs. Davidson's health gradually amended, with it returned her desire to give her daughter every means in her power to aid the development of her extraordinary genius. Her extreme sensibility and delicate health, subjected her, at times, to depressions of spirit; but she had nothing of the morbid dejection, the exclusiveness, and hostility to the world, that are the results of self-exaggeration, selfishness, and self-idolatry, and not the natural offspring of genius and true feeling, which, in their healthy state, are pure and living fountains flowing out in abundant streams of love and kindness.\*

Indulgent as Mrs. Davidson was, she was too wise to permit Lucretia to forego entirely the customary employments of her sex. When engaged with these it seems she sometimes played truant with the muse; once she had promised to do a sewing task, and had eagerly run off for her work-basket; she loitered, and when she returned, she found her mother had done the work, and that there was a shade of just displeasure on her countenance. "Oh mamma!" she said, "I did forget, I am grieved, I did not mean to neglect you." "Where have you been, Lucretia?" "I have been writing," she replied, confused; "as I passed the window, I saw a solitary sweet pea, I thought they were all gone; this was alone; I ran to smell it, but before I could reach it a gust of wind broke the stem; I turned away disappointed, and was coming back to you; but as I passed the table there stood the inkstand, and I forgot you." If our readers will turn to her printed poems, and read the "Last Flower of the Garden,"

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\* Genius, like many other sovereigns, has been allowed the exercise of unreasonable prerogatives; but none perhaps much more mischievous, than the right to confer on self-indulgence the gracious name of sensibility.

they will not wonder that her mother kissed her, and bade her never resist a similar impulse.

When in her "happy moments," as she termed them, the impulse to write was irresistible — she always wrote rapidly, and sometimes expressed a wish that she had two pairs of hands, to record as fast as she composed. She wrote her short pieces standing, often three or four in a day, in the midst of the family, blind and deaf to all around her, wrapt in her own visions. She herself describes these visitations of her muse, in an address to her, beginning—

"Enchanted when thy voice I hear,  
I drop each earthly care;  
I feel as wafted from the world  
To Fancy's realms of air."

When composing her long, and complicated poems, like "Amir Khan," she required entire seclusion; if her pieces were seen in the process of production, the spell was dissolved, she could not finish them, and they were cast aside as rubbish. When writing a poem of considerable length, she retired to her own apartment, closed the blinds, and in warm weather placed her Æolian harp in the window. Her mother has described her on one of these occasions, when an artist would have painted her as a young genius communing with her muse. We quote her mother's graphic description: "I entered the room—she was sitting with scarcely light enough to discern the characters she was tracing; her harp was in the window, touched by a breeze just sufficient to rouse the spirit of harmony; her comb had fallen on the floor, and her long dark ringlets hung in rich profusion over her neck and shoulders, her cheek glowed with animation, her lips were half unclosed, her full dark eye was radiant with the light of genius, and beaming with

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 Why does the Evening Spirit fair  
 Sail o'er the walls of dark St. Clair?

In her thirteenth year the clouds seemed heavily gathering over her morning; her mother, who had hitherto been her guide and companion, could no longer extend to her child the sympathy and encouragement which she needed. Lucretia was oppressed with the apprehension of losing this fond parent, who for weeks and months, seemed upon the verge of the grave. There are among her unpublished poems, some touching lines to her mother written I believe about this time, concluding thus:—

“Hang not thy harp upon the willow,  
 That weeps o'er every passing wave;  
 This life is but a restless pillow,  
 There's calm and peace beyond the grave.”

As Mrs. Davidson's health gradually amended, with it returned her desire to give her daughter every means in her power to aid the development of her extraordinary genius. Her extreme sensibility and delicate health, subjected her, at times, to depressions of spirit; but she had nothing of the morbid dejection, the exclusiveness, and hostility to the world, that are the results of self-exaggeration, selfishness, and self-idolatry, and not the natural offspring of genius and true feeling, which, in their healthy state, are pure and living fountains flowing out in abundant streams of love and kindness.\*

Indulgent as Mrs. Davidson was, she was too wise to permit Lucretia to forego entirely the customary employments of her sex. When engaged with these it seems she sometimes played truant with the muse; once she had promised to do a sewing task, and had eagerly run off for her work-basket; she loitered, and when she returned, she found her mother had done the work, and that there was a shade of just displeasure on her countenance. "Oh mamma!" she said, "I did forget, I am grieved, I did not mean to neglect you." "Where have you been, Lucretia?" "I have been writing," she replied, confused; "as I passed the window, I saw a solitary sweet pea, I thought they were all gone; this was alone; I ran to smell it, but before I could reach it a gust of wind broke the stem; I turned away disappointed, and was coming back to you; but as I passed the table there stood the inkstand, and I forgot you." If our readers will turn to her printed poems, and read the "Last Flower of the Garden,"

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\* Genius, like many other sovereigns, has been allowed the exercise of unreasonable prerogatives; but none perhaps much more mischievous, than the right to confer on self-indulgence the gracious name of sensibility.

they will not wonder that her mother kissed her, and bade her never resist a similar impulse.

When in her "happy moments," as she termed them, the impulse to write was irresistible — she always wrote rapidly, and sometimes expressed a wish that she had two pairs of hands, to record as fast as she composed. She wrote her short pieces standing, often three or four in a day, in the midst of the family, blind and deaf to all around her, wrapt in her own visions. She herself describes these visitations of her muse, in an address to her, beginning—

"Enchanted when thy voice I hear,  
I drop each earthly care;  
I feel as wafted from the world  
To Fancy's realms of air."

When composing her long, and complicated poems, like "Amir Khan," she required entire seclusion; if her pieces were seen in the process of production, the spell was dissolved, she could not finish them, and they were cast aside as rubbish. When writing a poem of considerable length, she retired to her own apartment, closed the blinds, and in warm weather placed her Æolian harp in the window. Her mother has described her on one of these occasions, when an artist would have painted her as a young genius communing with her muse. We quote her mother's graphic description: "I entered the room—she was sitting with scarcely light enough to discern the characters she was tracing; her harp was in the window, touched by a breeze just sufficient to rouse the spirit of harmony; her comb had fallen on the floor, and her long dark ringlets hung in rich profusion over her neck and shoulders, her cheek glowed with animation, her lips were half unclosed, her full dark eye was radiant with the light of genius, and beaming with

sensibility, her head rested on her left hand, while she held her pen in her right—she looked like the inhabitant of another sphere; she was so wholly absorbed that she did not observe my entrance. I looked over her shoulder and read the following lines:

“What heavenly music strikes my ravish’d ear,  
So soft, so melancholy, and so clear?  
And do the tuneful nine then touch the lyre,  
To fill each bosom with poetic fire?  
Or does some angel strike the sounding strings  
Who caught from echo the wild note he sings?  
But ah! another strain, how sweet! how wild!  
Now rushing low, ’t is soothing, soft, and mild.”

The noise I made in leaving the room roused her, and she soon after brought me her “Lines to an Æolian Harp.” During the winter of 1822 she wrote a poetical romance, entitled “Rodri.” She burned this, save a few fragments found after her death. These indicate a well-contrived story, and marked by the marvellous ease and grace that characterized her versification. During this winter she wrote also a tragedy, “The Reward of Ambition,” the only production she ever read aloud to her family. The following summer, her health again failing, she was withdrawn again from school, and sent on a visit to some friends in Canada. A letter, too long to be inserted here entire, gives a very interesting account of the impression produced on this little thoughtful and feeling recluse, by new objects and new aspects of society. “We visited,” says the writer, “the British fortifications at Isle-aux-Noix. The broad ditch, the lofty ramparts, the drawbridge, the covered gateway, the wide-mouthed cannon, the arsenal, and all the imposing paraphernalia of a military fortress, seemed connected in her mind with powerful associations of what she had read, but never viewed before. Instead

of shrinking from objects associated with carnage and death, like many who possess not half her sensibility, she appeared for the moment to be attended by the god of war, and drank the spirit of battles and sieges, with the bright vision before her eyes, of conquering heroes, and wreaths of victory." It is curious to see thus early the effect of story and song in overcoming the instincts of nature; to see this tender, gentle creature contemplating the engines of war, not with natural dread as instruments of torture and death, but rather as the forges by which triumphal cars and wreaths of victory were to be wrought. A similar manifestation of the effect of tradition and association on her poetic imagination is described in the following passages from the same letter. "She found much less in the Protestant than in the Catholic churches to awaken those romantic and poetic associations, created by the record of events in the history of antiquity and traditional story, and much less to accord with the fictions of her high-wrought imagination. In viewing the buildings of the city, or the paintings in the churches, the same uniformity of taste was observable. The modern, however beautiful in design or execution, had little power to fix her attention; while the grand, the ancient, the romantic, seized upon her imagination with irresistible power. The sanctity of time seemed, to her mind, to give a sublimity to the simplest objects; and whatever was connected with great events in history, or with the lapse of ages long gone by, riveted and absorbed every faculty of her mind. During our visit to the nunneries she said but little, and seemed abstracted in thought, as if, as she herself so beautifully expresses it, to

"Roll back the tide of time, and raise  
The faded forms of other days."

"She had an opportunity of viewing an elegant collection of paintings. She seemed in ecstasies all the evening, and every feature beamed with joy." The writer, after proceeding to give an account of her surprising success in attempts at pencil-sketches from nature, expresses his delight and amazement at the attainments of this girl of fourteen years in general literature, and at the independence and originality of mind that resisted the subduing, and, if I may be allowed the expression, the subordinating effect of this early intimacy with captivating models. A marvellous resistance, if we take into the account "that timid, retiring modesty," which, as the writer of the letter says, "marked her even to painful excess." Lucretia returned to her mother with renovated health, and her mind bright with new impressions and joyous emotions. Religion is the natural, and only sustaining element of such a character. Where, but at the ever fresh, sweet, and life-giving fountains of the Bible, could such a spirit have drunk, and not again thirsted? During the winter of 1823, she applied herself more closely than ever to her studies. She read the Holy Scriptures with fixed attention. She almost committed to memory the Psalms of David, the Lamentations of Jeremiah, and the book of Job, guided in her selection by her poetic taste. Byron somewhere pronounces the book of Job, the sublimest poetry on record. During the winter Miss Davidson wrote "A Hymn on Creation," "The Exit from Egyptian Bondage," and versified many chapters of the Bible. She read the New Testament, and particularly those parts of it that contained the most affecting passages in the history of our Saviour, with he deepest emotion.

In her intellectual pursuits and attainments only was she premature. She retained unimpaired, the

innocence, simplicity and modesty of a child. We have had descriptions of the extreme loveliness of her face, and gracefulness of her person, from less doubtful authority than a fond mother.

Our country towns are not regulated by the conventional systems of the cities, where a youthful beauty is warily confined to the nursery and the school till the prescribed age for *coming out*, the coup-de-theatre of every young city-woman's life arrives. In the country, as soon as a girl can contribute to the pleasures of society, she is invited into it. During the winter of 1823, Plattsburgh was gay, and Miss Davidson was eagerly sought to embellish the village dances. She had been at a dancing school, and, like most young persons, enjoyed excessively this natural exercise; for that may be called natural which exists among all nations, barbarous and civilized.

Mrs. Davidson has given an account of her daughter's first ball, which all young ladies, at least, will thank us for transcribing almost verbatim, as it places her more within the circle of their sympathies. Her mother had consented to her attending one or two public assemblies, in the hope they might diminish her extreme timidity, painful both to Lucretia and her friends. The day arrived; Mrs. Davidson was consulting with her eldest daughter upon the all-important matter of the dresses for the evening; Lucretia sat by, reading, without raising her eyes from the book, one of the Waverly novels. "Mamma, what shall Luly wear?" asked her eldest sister, calling her by the pretty diminutive by which they usually addressed her at home. "Come Lucretia, what colour will you wear to-night?" "Where?" "Where, why to the assembly, to be sure." "The assembly; is it to-night? so it is!" and she tossed away the book and danced about the room half wild with delight; her sister at length

called her to order, and the momentous question respecting the dress was definitely settled; she then resumed her reading, and giving no thought to the ball, she was again absorbed in her book. This did not result from carelessness of appearance, or indifference to dress; on the contrary she was rather remarkable for that nice taste, which belongs to an eye for proportion and colouring; and any little embellishment or ornament she wore was well chosen, and well placed; but she had the right estimate of the relative value of objects, which belongs to a superior mind. When the evening approached, the star of the ball again shone forth, she threw aside her book, and began the offices of the toilet with girlish interest, and it might be, with some heart-beating at the probable effect of the lovely face her mirror reflected. Her sister was to arrange her hair. Lucretia put on her dressing-gown to await her convenience; but when the time came, she was missing; "we called her in vain," says Mrs. Davidson; "at last, opening the parlour door, I distinctly saw, for it was twilight, some person sitting behind the large close stove; I approached, and found Lucretia writing poetry! moralizing on what the world calls pleasure! I was almost dumb with amazement—she was eager to go, delighted with the prospect of pleasure before her; yet she acted as if the time were too precious to spend in the necessary preparations, and she sat still, and finished the last stanza, while I stood by, mute with astonishment at this strange bearing in a girl of fourteen, preparing to attend her first ball, an event she had anticipated with so many mingled emotions." "She returned from the assembly," continues her mother, "wild with delight. 'Oh mamma,' she said 'I wish you had been there! when I first entered, the glare of light dazzled my eyes, my head whirled, and I felt as if I

were treading on air ; all was so gay, so brilliant ! but I grew tired at last, and was glad to hear sister say it was time to go home.' ”

The next day the ball was dismissed from her mind, and she returned to her studies with her customary ardour. During the winter she read “ Josephus,” Charles the Fifth, Charles Twelfth ; read over Shakspeare, and various other works in prose and poetry ; she particularly liked “ Addison,” and read almost every day a portion of the Spectator. Her ardent love of literature seldom interfered with her social dispositions, *never* with her domestic affections ; she was ever the life and joy of the home circle. Great demands were made on her feelings about this time, by two extraordinary domestic events ; the marriage and removal of her elder sister, her beloved friend and companion ; and the birth of another, the little Margaret, so often the fond subject of her poetry. New, and doubtless sanative emotions were called forth by this last event. The following lines from her published poems were written about this time.

Sweet babe ! I cannot hope that thou 'lt be freed  
From woes, to all since earliest time decreed ;  
But may'st thou be with resignation blessed,  
To bear each evil, howsoe'er distressed.

May Hope her anchor lend amid the storm,  
And o'er the tempest rear her angel form ;  
May sweet Benevolence, whose words are peace,  
To the rude whirlwind softly whisper—cease !

And may Religion, Heaven's own darling child,  
Teach thee at human cares and griefs to smile ;  
Teach thee to look beyond this world of woe,  
To Heaven's high fount whence mercies ever flow.

And when this vale of tears is safely passed,  
 When death's dark curtain shuts the scene at last,  
 May thy freed spirit leave this earthly sod,  
 And fly to seek the bosom of thy God.

The following lines, never before published, and, as we think, marked by more originality and beauty, were written soon after, and, as those above, with her infant sister in her lap. What a subject for a painter would this beautiful impersonation of genius and love have presented !

### THE SMILE OF INNOCENCE.

(Written at the age of fifteen.)

There is a smile of bitter scorn,  
 Which curls the lip, which lights the eye;  
 There is a smile in beauty's morn,  
 Just rising o'er the midnight sky.

There is a smile of youthful joy,  
 When Hope's bright star's the transient guest;  
 There is a smile of placid age,  
 Like sunset on the billow's breast.

There is a smile—the maniac's smile,  
 Which lights the void which reason leaves,  
 And like the sunshine through a cloud,  
 Throws shadows o'er the song she weaves.

There is a smile, of love, of hope,  
 Which shines a meteor through life's gloom;  
 And there's a smile, Religion's smile,  
 Which lights the weary to the tomb.

There is a smile, an angel's smile,  
 That sainted souls behind them leave.  
 There is a smile which shines thro' toil,  
 And warms the bosom though in grief;

And there's a smile on nature's face,  
When evening spreads her shades around;  
A pensive smile when twinkling stars  
Are glimmering thro' the vast profound.

But there's a smile, 't is sweeter still,  
'T is one far dearer to my soul;  
It is a smile which angels might  
Upon their brightest list enrol.

It is the smile of innocence,  
Of sleeping infancy's light dream;  
Like lightning on a summer's eve,  
It sheds a soft and pensive gleam.

It dances round the dimpled cheek,  
And tells of happiness within;  
It smiles what it can never speak,  
A human heart devoid of sin.

The three last most beautiful stanzas must have been inspired by the sleeping infant on her lap, and they seem to have reflected her soul's image; as we have seen the little inland lake catch and give back the marvellous beauty of the sunset clouds. "Soon after her marriage," says Mrs. Davidson, "her sister, Mrs. Townsend, removed to Canada, and many circumstances combined to interrupt her literary pursuits, and call forth, not only the energies of her mind, but to develop the filial devotion and total sacrifice of all selfish feelings, which gave a new and elevated tone to her character, and showed us that there was no gratification either in pursuance of mental improvement, or personal ease, but must bend to her high standard of filial duty." Her mother was very ill, and, to add to the calamity, her monthly nurse was taken sick, and left her—the infant, too, was ill. Lucretia sustained her multiplied cares with firmness and efficiency: the conviction that she was doing her

duty gave her strength almost preternatural. I shall again quote her mother's words, for I fear to enfeeble by any version of my own, the beautiful example of this conscientious little being. "Lucretia astonished us all; she took her station in my sick room, and devoted herself wholly to the mother and the child; and when my recovery became doubtful, instead of resigning herself to grief, her exertions were redoubled, not only for the comfort of the sick, but she was an angel of consolation to her afflicted father; we were amazed at the exertions she made, and the fatigue she endured; for with nerves so weak, a constitution so delicate, and a sensibility so exquisite, we trembled lest she should sink with anxiety and fatigue. Until it ceased to be necessary, she performed not only the duty of a nurse, but acted as superintendent of the household." When her mother became convalescent, Lucretia continued her attentions to domestic affairs: "She did not so much yield to her ruling passion as to look into a book, or take up a pen (says her mother), lest she should again become so absorbed in them as to neglect to perform those little offices which a feeble, affectionate mother had a right to claim at her hands. As was to be expected from the intimate union of soul and body, when her mind was starved, it became dejected and her body weak; and, in spite of her filial efforts, her mother detected tears on her cheeks, was alarmed by her excessive paleness, and expressed her apprehensions that she was ill. "No, mamma," she replied, "not ill, only out of spirits." Her mother then remarked, that of late, she never read or wrote. She burst into tears,—a full explanation followed, and the generous mother succeeded in convincing her child that she had been misguided in the course she had adopted, that the strongest wish of her heart was to advance her in

her literary career, and for this she would make every exertion in her power; at the same time she very judiciously advised her to intersperse her literary pursuits with those domestic occupations so essential to prepare every woman in our land for a housewife, her probable destiny.

This conversation had a most happy effect; the stream flowed again in its natural channel, and Lucretia became cheerful, read and wrote, and practised drawing. She had a decided taste for drawing, and excelled in it. She sung over her work, and in every way manifested the healthy condition that results from a wise obedience to the laws of nature.

We trust there are thousands of young ladies in our land, who at the call of filial duty would cheerfully perform domestic labour; but if there are any who would make a strong love for more elevated and refined pursuits, an excuse for neglecting these coarser duties, we would commend them to the example of this conscientious child. She, if any could might have pleaded her genius, or her delicate health, or her mother's most tender indulgence, for a failure, that in her would have hardly seemed to us a fault.

During this summer, she went to Canada with her mother, where she revelled in an unexplored library and enjoyed most heartily the social pleasures at her sister's. They frequently had a family concert of music in the evening. Mrs. Townsend (her sister) accompanied the instruments with her fine voice. Lucretia was often moved by the music, and particularly by her favourite song, Moore's "Farewell to my Harp;" this she would have sung to her at twilight, when it would excite a shivering through her whole frame. On one occasion, she became

cold and pale, and was near fainting, and afterwards poured her excited feelings forth in the following address:—

### TO MY SISTER.

When evening spreads her shades around,  
And darkness fills the arch of Heaven;  
When not a murmur, nor a sound  
To fancy's sportive ear is given;

When the broad orb of Heaven is bright,  
And looks around with golden eye;  
When nature, softened by her light,  
Seems calmly, solemnly to lie;

Then, when our thoughts are raised above  
This world, and all this world can give;  
Oh sister, sing the song I love,  
And tears of gratitude receive.

The song which thrills my bosom's core,  
And hovering, trembles, half afraid,  
Oh sister, sing the song once more  
Which ne'er for mortal ear was made.

'T were almost sacrilege to sing  
Those notes amid the glare of day  
Notes borne by angels' purest wing,  
And wafted by their breath away.

When sleeping in my grass-grown bed,  
Shouldst thou still linger here above,  
Wilt thou not kneel beside my head,  
And, sister, sing the song I love?

We insert here a striking circumstance that occurred during a visit to her sister the following year. She was at that time employed in writing her longest published poem, "Amir Khan." Immediately after breakfast she went to walk, and not returning to din-

ner, nor even when the evening approached, Mr. Townsend set forth in search of her. He met her, and as her eye encountered his, she smiled and blushed, as if she felt conscious of having been a little ridiculous. She said she had called on a friend, and, having found her absent, had gone to her library, where she had been examining some volumes of an Encyclopedia to aid her, we believe, in the oriental story she was employed upon. She forgot her dinner and her tea, and had remained reading, standing, and with her hat on, till the disappearance of daylight brought her to her senses. In the interval between her visits, she wrote several letters to her friends, which are chiefly interesting from the indications they afford of her social and affectionate spirit. We subjoin a few extracts. She had returned to Plattsburgh amid the bustle of a Fourth of July celebration.

We found," she says, "our brother Yankees had turned out well to celebrate the Fourth. The wharf from the hill to the very edge of the water, even the rafts and sloops, were black with the crowd. If some very good genius, who presided over my destiny at that time, had not spread its protecting pinions around me, like everything else in my possession, I should have lost even my precious self. What a truly lamentable accident it would have been just at that moment! We took a carriage, and were extricating ourselves from the crowd, when Mr. ———, who had pressed himself through, came to shake hands and bid good-bye. He is now on his way to ———. Well! here is health, happiness, and a bushel of love to all *married* people! Is it possible, you ask, that sister Lue could ever have permitted such a toast to pass her lips? We arrived safely at our good old home, and found everything as we left it. The chimney swallows had taken up their residence in the

chimney, and rattled the soot from their sable habitations over the hearth and carpet. It looked like desolation indeed. The grass is high in the yard: the wild-roses, double-roses, and sweet-briars are in full bloom, and, take it all in all, the spot looks much as the garden of Eden did after the expulsion of Adam and Eve. We had just done tea when M. came in and sat an hour or two. What in the name of wonder could he have found to talk about all that time? Something, dear sister, you would not have thought of; something of so little consequence that the time he spent glided swiftly, almost unnoticed. I had him all to myself, tête-à-tête. I had almost forgotten to tell you I had yesterday a present of a most beautiful bouquet: I wore it to church in the afternoon; but it has withered and faded—

‘ Withered, like the world’s treasures,  
Faded, like the world’s pleasures.’ ”

From the sort of mystical, girl-like allusions in the above extracts, to persons whose initials only are given, to bouquets and tête-à-têtes, we infer that she thus early had declared lovers even at this age, for she was not yet sixteen: her mother says she had resolved never to marry. “ Her reasons,” continues her mother, “ for this decision were, that her peculiar habits, her entire devotion to books, and scribbling (as she called it), unfitted her for the care of a family; she could not do justice to husband or children, while her whole soul was absorbed in literary pursuits; she was not willing to resign them for any man, therefore she had formed the resolution to lead a single life;” a resolution that would have lasted probably till she had passed under the dominion of a stronger passion than her love for the muses. With affections like hers, and a most lovely person and attractive manners, her resolution

would scarcely have enabled her to escape the common destiny of her sex.—The following is an extract from a letter written after participating in several gay parties: “Indeed, my dear brother, I have turned round like a top, for the last two or three weeks, and am glad to seat myself once more in my favourite corner. How, think you, should I stand it to be whirled in the giddy round of dissipation? I come home from the blaze of light, from the laugh of mirth, the smile of complaisance, and seeming happiness, and the vision passes from my mind like the brilliant but transitory hues of the rainbow; and I think with regret on the many, very many happy hours I have passed with you and Anne. Oh! I do want to see you, indeed I do,—you think me wild, thoughtless, and perhaps unfeeling; but I assure you I can be sober, I sometimes think, and I can and do feel.—Why have you not written? not one word in almost three weeks! Dear brother and sister, I must write; but dear Anne, I am now doomed to dim your eye and cloud your brow, for I know that what I have to communicate will surprise and distress you. Our dear cousin John is dead! Oh! I need not tell you how much, how deeply he is lamented; you knew him, and like every one else who did, you loved him. Poor Eliza! how my heart aches for her! her father, her mother, her brother, all gone; almost the last, the dearest tie is broken which bound her to life; what a vacancy must there be in her heart! how fatal would it prove to almost every hope in life, were we allowed even a momentary glimpse of futurity! for often half the enjoyments of life consist in the anticipation of pleasures, which may never be ours.” Soon after this Lucretia witnessed the death of a beloved young friend; it was the first death she had seen, and it had its natural effect on a reflecting and sensitive mind.

Her thoughts wandered through eternity by the light of religion, the only light that penetrates beyond the death-bed.—She wrote many religious pieces; but as I hope another volume of her poems will be given to the public, I have merely selected the following :—

Oh, that the eagle's wing were mine,  
I'd soar above the dreary earth;  
I'd spread my wings, and rise to join  
The immortal fountain of my birth.

For what is joy? how soon it fades,  
The childish vision of an hour!  
Though warm and brilliant are its shades,  
'Tis but a frail and fading flower.

And what is hope? it is a light  
Which leads us on deluding ever,  
Till lost amid the shades of night  
We sink, and then it flies for ever!

And what is love! it is a dream,  
A brilliant fable framed by youth;  
A bubble dancing on life's stream,  
And sinking 'neath the eye of truth.

And what are honour, glory, fame,  
But death's dark watchwords to the grave;  
The victim dies, and lo! his name  
Is stamp'd in life's red rolling wave.

And what are all the joys of life,  
But vanity, and toil, and woe;  
What but a bitter cup of grief,  
With dregs of sin and death below.

This world is but the first dark gate  
Unfolded to the wakening soul;  
But death unerring led by fate,  
Shall Heaven's bright portals backward roll.

Then shall this unchained spirit fly  
 On to the God who gave it life;  
 Rejoicing as it soars on high,  
 Released from danger, doubt, and strife.

There will it pour its anthems forth,  
 Bending before its Maker's throne;  
 The great I AM, who gave it birth,  
 The Almighty God, the dread unknown.

During this winter her application to her books was so unremitting, that her parents again became alarmed for her health, and persuaded her occasionally to join in the amusements of Plattsburgh. She came home one night at twelve o'clock, from a ball, and after giving a most lively account of all she had seen and heard to her mother, she quietly seated herself at the table, and wrote her "Reflections after leaving a Ball-room." Her spirit, though it glided with kind sympathies into the common pleasures of youth, never seemed to relax its tie to the spiritual world. During the summer of 1824, Captain Partridge visited Plattsburgh, with his soldier scholars.

Military display had its usual exciting effect on Miss Davidson's imagination, and she addressed "to the Vermont Cadets" the following spirited stanzas, which might have come from the martial Clorinda:—

Pass on! for the bright torch of glory is beaming;  
 Go, wreath round your brows the green laurels of fame,  
 Around you a halo is brilliantly streaming,  
 And history lingers to write down each name.

Yes! ye are the pillars of liberty's throne;  
 When around you the banner of glory shall wave,  
 America proudly shall claim you her own;  
 And freedom and honour shall pause o'er each grave!

▲ watch-fire of glory, a beacon of light,  
 Shall guide you to Honour, shall point you to Fame;

The heart that shrinks back, be it buried in night,  
And withered with dim tears of sorrow and shame !

Though death should await you, 'twere glorious to die  
With the glow of pure honour still warm on the brow ;  
With a light sparkling brightly around the dim eye,  
Like the smile of a spirit still ling'ring below.

Pass on, and when war in his strength shall arise,  
Rush on to the conflict and conquer or die ;  
Let the clash of your arms proudly roll to the skies :  
Be blest, if victorious — and cursed, if you fly !

It was about this time that she finished "Amir Khan," and began a tale of some length, which she entitled the "Recluse of the Saranac." "Amir Khan" has long been before the public, but we think it has suffered from a general and very natural distrust of precocious genius. The versification is graceful, the story beautifully developed, and the orientalism well sustained. We think it would not have done discredit to our best popular poets in the meridian of their fame : as the production of a girl of fifteen, it seems prodigious.—On her mother discovering and reading a part of her romance, Lucretia manifested her usual shrinkings, and with many tears exacted a promise that she would not again look at it till it was finished ; she never again saw it till after her daughter's death. Lucretia had a most whimsical fancy for cutting sheets of paper into narrow strips, sewing them together and writing on both sides ; and once playfully boasting to her mother of having written some yards, she produced a roll, and forbidding her mother's approach, she measured off twenty yards ! She often expressed a wish to spend one fortnight alone, even to the exclusion of her little pet-sister ; and Mrs. Davidson, eager to afford her every gratification in her power, had a room prepared

for her recess; her dinner was sent up to her, she declined coming down to tea, and her mother, on going to her apartment, found her writing,—her plate untouched.

Some secret joy it was natural her mother should feel at this devotion to intellectual pleasure; but her good sense or her maternal anxiety got the better of it, and she persuaded Lucretia to consent to the interruption of a daily walk. It was about this period that she became acquainted with the gentleman who was destined to influence the brief space of life that remained to her. The late Hon. Moss Kent, with whom her mother had been acquainted for many years, previous to her marriage, had often been a guest at the house of Dr. Davidson, but it had so happened that he had never met Lucretia since her early childhood. Struck with some little effusions which were in the possession of his sister, Mrs. P——, he went immediately to see Mrs. Davidson, to ask the privilege of reading some of her last productions. On his way to the house he met Lucretia; he had been interested by the reputation of her genius and modesty; no wonder that the beautiful form in which it was enshrined should have called this interest into sudden and effective action. Miss Davidson was just sixteen—her complexion was the most beautiful brunette, clear and brilliant, of that warm tint that seems to belong to lands of the sun rather than to our chilled regions; indeed her whole organization, mental as well as physical, her deep and quick sensibility, her early development, were characteristics of a warmer clime than ours; her stature was of the middle height, her form slight and symmetrical, her hair profuse, dark, and curling, her mouth and nose regular, and as beautiful as if they had been chiselled by an inspired artist; and through this fitting medium

beamed her angelic spirit. "Mr. Kent, with all the enthusiasm inherent in his nature, after examining her common-place book, resolved, if he could induce her parents to resign Lucretia to his care, to afford her every facility for improvement that could be obtained in the country—and in short, he proposed to adopt her as his own child. Her parents took the subject into consideration, and complied so far with his benevolent wishes, as to permit him to take an active interest in her education, deferring to future consideration, the question of his adopting her. Had she lived, they would, no doubt, have consented to his plan. It was, after some deliberation, decided to send her a few months to the Troy Seminary, and on the same evening she wrote the following letter to her brother and sister:—

"What think you? 'ere another moon shall fill round as my shield," I shall be at Mrs. Willard's seminary; in a fortnight I shall probably have left Plattsburgh, not to return at least until the expiration of six months. Oh! I am so delighted, so happy! I shall scarcely eat, drink, or sleep for a month to come. You and Anne must both write to me often, and you must not laugh when you think of poor Luly in the far-famed city of Troy, dropping handkerchiefs, keys, gloves, &c.; in short, something of everything I have. It is well if you can read what I have written, for papa and mamma are talking, and my head whirls like a top. Oh! how my poor head aches! Such a surprise as I have had!"

On the 24th of November, 1824, she left home, health on her cheek and in her bosom, and flushed with the most ardent expectations of getting rapidly forward in the career her desires were fixed upon. But even at this moment her fond devotion to her mother was beautifully expressed in some stanzas,

which she left where they would meet her eye as soon as the parting tears were wiped away. These stanzas are already published, and I shall only quote two from them, striking for their tenderness and truth.

"To thee my lay is due, the simple song  
Which nature gave me at life's opening day;  
To thee these rude, these untaught strains belong,  
Whose heart, indulgent, will not spurn my lay!

"Oh say, amid this wilderness of life  
What bosom would have throbbed like thine for me?  
Who would have smiled responsive? Who in grief  
'Would e'er have felt, and feeling, grieved like thee?"

The following extracts from her letters, which were always filled with yearnings for home, will show that her affections were the strong-hold of her nature.

"Troy Seminary, December 6th, 1824. Here I am at last; and what a naughty girl I was, when I was at Aunt Schuyler's, that I did not write you everything! But to tell the truth, I was topsyturvy, and so I am now; but in despite of calls from the young ladies, and of a hundred new faces, and new names which are constantly ringing in my ears, I have set myself down, and will not rise until I have written an account of everything to my dear mother. I am contented; yet, notwithstanding, I have once or twice turned a wishful glance towards my dear-loved home. Amidst all the parade of wealth, in the splendid apartments of luxury, I can assure you, my dearest mother, that I had rather be with you *in our own lowly home*, than in the midst of all this ceremony."

"Oh, mamma, I like Mrs. Willard. 'And so this is my girl, Mrs. Schuyler?' said she, and took me affectionately by the hand. Oh, I want to see you so

much! But I must not think of it now. I must learn as fast as I can, and think only of my studies. Dear, dear little Margaret! kiss her and the little boys for me. How is dear father getting on in this rattling world?"

The letters that followed were tinged with melancholy from her "bosom's depth," and her mother has withheld them. In a subsequent one she says, "I have written two long letters; but I wrote when I was ill, and they savour too much of sadness. I feel a little better now, and have again commenced my studies. Mr. K. called here to-day. Oh, he is very good! He stayed some time, and brought a great many books; but I fear I shall have little time to read aught but what appertains to my studies. I am consulting Kames's Elements of Criticism, studying French, attending to Geological lectures, composition, reading, paying some little attention to painting, and learning to dance."

A subsequent letter indicated great unhappiness and debility, and awakened her mother's apprehensions. The next was written more cheerfully. "As I fly to you," she says, "for consolation in all my sorrows, so I turn to you, my dear mother, to participate in all my joys. The clouds that enveloped my mind have dispersed, and I turn to you with a far lighter heart than when I last wrote. The ever kind Mr. K. called yesterday." She then describes the paternal interest he took in her health and happiness, expresses a trembling apprehension lest he should be disappointed in the amount of her improvement, and laments the loss of time from her frequent indisposition. "How, my dear mother," she says, "shall I express my gratitude to my kind, my excellent friend? What is felt as deeply as I feel this obligation, *cannot* be expressed; but I can feel, and

*do feel."* It must be remembered that these were not formal and obligatory letters to her guardian, but the spontaneous overflowing of her heart in her private correspondence with her mother.

We now come to a topic, to which we would ask the particular attention of our readers. Owing to many causes, but chiefly, we believe, to the demand for operatives in every department of society in our country, the work of school education is crowded into a very few years. The studies, instead of being selected, spread through the whole circle of sciences. The school period is the period of the young animal's physical growth and development; the period when the demands of the physical nature are strongest, and the mental weakest. Then our young men are immured in colleges, law schools, divinity schools, &c.; and our young ladies in boarding-schools, where, even in the best regulated, the provisions for exercise in the open air are very insufficient. In the city schools, we are aware, that the difficulties to be overcome to achieve this great object are nearly insuperable, we believe quite so; and, if they are so, should not these establishments be placed in the country? Are not health and physical vigour the basis of mental health and vigour, of usefulness and happiness? What a proportion of the miseries of the more favoured classes of our females result from their *invalidism*! What feebleness of purpose, weakness of execution, dejection, fretfulness, mental and moral imbecility!

The case would not be so bad, if the misery ended with one generation, with the mother cut off in the midst of her days, or dragging on to three-score and ten, her unenjoyed and profitless existence. But that is not so: there are hosts of living witnesses in the sickly, pale drooping children of our nurseries. There

are multitudes who tell us that our climate will not permit a delicate female to exercise in the open air. If the climate is bad, so much the more important is it to acquire strength to resist it. Besides, if out-of-door exercise is not at all times attractive, we know it is not impossible. We *know* delicately bred females, who during some of our hardest winters, have not for more than a day or two lost their exercise abroad. When, in addition to the privation of pleasurable exercise, (for the walk in funeral procession, attended by martinets, and skewered by city decorums, can scarcely be called *pleasurable*,) the school-girl is confined to her tasks from eight to ten hours, in rooms sometimes too cold, sometimes too hot, where her fellow-sufferers are en masse, can we wonder at the result?

How far this evil may have operated in shortening the life of Lucretia Davidson, we cannot say; but we cannot but think, that her devoted and watchful friends erred in sending a creature so delicate in her constitution to any boarding-school, even the best conducted institution. We certainly do not mean to express or imply any censure of the "Troy Seminary. We have no personal knowledge of it; but we believe no similar institution has more the confidence of the community; and, as it has been now many years established and tried, it is fair to believe it deserves it.

An arrangement of these boarding-schools, that bore very hard upon Miss Davidson, was the public examination.\* These examinations are appalling to

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\* I did not intend remarking upon the influence these examinations have on the scholar's progress; but I cannot forbear quoting the following pertinent passage from President Hopkins's Inaugural Address. "There are not wanting schools in this country, in which the real interests and progress of the pupils are sacrificed to their appearance at examination. But the vanity

a sensitive mind. Could they be proved to be of manifest advantage to the scholarship of the young ladies, we should doubt their utility on the whole. But even where they are conducted with perfect fairness, are they a test of scholarship? Do not the bold outface, and the indolent evade them? The studious are stimulated, and the sensitive and shrinking, if stimulated, are appalled and disconcerted by them, so that the condiment affects those only whose appetites are already too keen.

But the experience of Miss Davidson is more persuasive than any reasoning of ours, and we shall give it in her own language, in occasional extracts from her letters to her mother.

"We now begin to dread the examination. Oh, horrible! seven weeks, and I shall be posted up before all Troy, all the students from Schenectady, and perhaps five hundred others. What shall I do?"

"I have just received a note from Mr. K. in which he speaks of your having written to him of my illness. I was indeed ill, and very ill, for several days, and in my deepest dejection wrote to you; but do not, my dearest mother, be alarmed about me. My appetite is not perfectly good, but quite as well as when I was at home. The letter was just such a one as was calculated to soothe my feelings, and set me completely at rest. He expressed a wish that my stay here should be prolonged. What think you, mother? I should be delighted by such an arrangement. This place really seems quite like home to me, though not *my own dear home*. I like Mrs. Willard, I love the girls, and I have the vanity to think I am not actually disagreeable to them."

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of parents must be flattered, and the memory is overburdened, and studies are forced on prematurely, and a system of infant-school instruction is carried forward into maturer life."

We come now to another expression (partly serious and partly bantering, for she seems to have uniformly respected her instructress) of her terrors of "examination."

"We are all engaged, heart and hand, preparing for this awful examination. Oh, how I dread it! But there is no retreat. I must stand firm to my post, or experience all the anger, vengeance, and punishments, which will, in case of delinquency or flight, be exercised with the most unforgiving acrimony. We are in such cases excommunicated, henceforth and for ever, under the awful ban of holy Seminary; and the evil eye of false report is upon us. Oh mamma, I do though, jesting apart, dread this examination; but nothing short of real and absolute sickness can excuse a scholar in the eyes of Mrs. Willard. Even that will not do it to the Trojan world around us; for if a young lady is ill at examination, they say, with a sneer, 'Oh, she is ill of an examination-fever!' Thus you see, mamma, we have no mercy either from friends or foes. We must '*do or die.*' Tell Morris he must write to me. Kiss dear, dear little Margaret for me, and don't let her forget *poor sister Luly*, and tell all who inquire for me that I am well, but in awful dread of a great examination."

The following extract is from a letter to her friends, who had written under the impression, that all letters received by the young ladies were, of course, read by some one of the officers of the institution.

"Lo! just as I was descending from the third story, (for you must know I hold my head high,) your letter was put into my hands. Poor little wanderer! I really felt a sisterly compassion for the poor little folded paper. I kissed it for the sake of those who sent it forth into the wide world, and put it into my bosom. But oh, when I read it! Now, Anné, I will

tell you the truth; it was cold; perhaps it was written on one of your cold Canada days, or perchance it lost a little heat on the way. It did not seem to come from the very heart of hearts; it looked as though it were written 'to a young lady at the Troy Seminary,' not to your dear, dear, *dear sister Luly*. Mr. K. has thus far been a father to me, and I thank him; but I will not mock my feelings by attempting to say how much I thank him."

"My dear mother! oh how I wish I could lay my head upon your bosom! I hope you do not keep my letters, for I certainly have burned all yours,\* and I stood like a little fool and wept over their ashes, and when I saw the last one gone, I felt as though I had parted with my last friend." Then, after expressing an earnest wish that her mother would destroy her letters, she says, "They have no connection. When I write, everything comes crowding upon me at once; my pen moves too slow for my brain and my heart, and I feel vexed at myself, and tumble in everything together, and a choice medley you have of it!"

"I attended Mr. Ball's public (assembly) last night, and had a delightful evening; but now for something of more importance—*Ex-am-i-na-tion!* I had just begun to be engaged, heart and hand, preparing for it, when, by some means, I took a violent cold. I was unable to raise my voice above a 'whisper, and coughed incessantly. On the second day, Mrs. Willard sent for Dr. Robbins; he said I must be bled, and take an emetic; this was sad; but oh, mamma, I could not speak or breathe without pain." There

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\* This was in consequence of a positive command from her mother.

are further details of pains, remedies, and consequent exhaustion; and yet this fragile and precious creature was permitted by her physician and friends, kind and watchful friends too, to proceed in her suicidal preparations for examination! There was nothing uncommon in this injudiciousness. Such violations of the laws of our physical nature are every day committed by persons, in other respects, the wisest and the best; and our poor little martyr may not have suffered in vain, if her experience awakens attention to the subject.

In the letter from which we have quoted above, and which is filled with expressions of love for the dear ones at home, she continues: "Tell Morris I will answer his letter in full next quarter, but now I fear I am doing wrong, for I am yet quite feeble, and when I get stronger, I shall be very avaricious of my time, in order to prepare for the coming week.

"We must study morning, noon, and night. *I shall rise between two and four now every morning, till the dreaded day is past.* I rose the other night at twelve, but was ordered back to bed again. You see, mamma, I shall have a chance to become an early riser here." "Had I not written you that I was coming home, I think I should not have seen you this winter. All my friends think I had better remain here, as the journey will be long and cold; but oh! there is that at the journey's end, which would tempt me through the wilds of Siberia—father, mother, brothers, sisters, *home*. Yes, I shall come."

We insert some stanzas, written about this time, not so much for their poetical merit, as for the playful spirit that beams through them, and which seems like sunbeams smiling on a cataract.

## A WEEK BEFORE EXAMINATION.

One has a headache, one a cold,  
 One has her neck in flannel rolled;  
 Ask the complaint, and you are told  
 'Next week's examination.'

One frets and scolds, and laughs and cries,  
 Another hopes, despairs, and sighs;  
 Ask but the cause, and each replies,  
 'Next week's examination.'

One bans her books, then grasps them tight,  
 And studies morning, noon, and night,  
 As though she took some strange delight  
 'In these examinations.'

The books are marked, defaced, and thumbed,  
 The brains with midnight tasks benumbed,  
 Still all in that account is summed,  
 'Next week's examination.'

In a letter, February 10th, she says, "The dreaded work of examination is now going on, my dear mother. To-morrow evening, which will be the last, and is always the most crowded, is the time fixed upon for my *entrée* upon the field of action. Oh! I hope I shall not disgrace myself. It is the rule here to reserve the best classes till the last; so I suppose I may take it as a compliment that we are delayed."

"February 12th. The examination is over. E—— E—— did herself and her native village honour; but as for your poor Luly, she acquitted herself, I trust, decently! Oh! mamma, I was so frightened! but, although my face glowed and my voice trembled, I did make out to get through, for I knew my lessons. The room was crowded almost to suffocation. All was still—the fall of a pin could have been heard—

and I tremble when I think of it even now." No one can read these melancholy records without emotion.

Her visit home during the vacation was given up, in compliance with the advice of her guardian. "I wept a good long hour or so," she says, with her characteristic gentle acquiescence, "and then made up my mind to be content."

In her next letter she relates an incident very striking in her eventful life.

It occurred in returning to Troy, after her vacation, passed happily with her friends in the vicinity. "Uncle went to the ferry with me," she says, "where we met Mr. Paris. Uncle placed me under his care, and, snugly seated by his side, I expected a very pleasant ride, with a very pleasant gentleman. All was pleasant, except that we expected every instant that all the ice in the Hudson would come drifting against us, and shut in scow, stage, and all, or sink us to the bottom, which, in either case, you know, mother, would not have been quite so agreeable. We had just pushed from the shore, I watching the ice with anxious eyes, when, lo! the two leaders made a tremendous plunge, and tumbled headlong into the river. I felt the carriage following fast after; the other two horses pulled back with all their power, but the leaders were dragging them down, dashing and plunging, and flouncing in the water. 'Mr. Paris, in mercy let us get out!' said I. But, as he did not see the horses, he felt no alarm. The moment I informed him they were overboard, he opened the door, and cried, 'Get out and save yourself, if possible; I am old and stiff, but I will follow in an instant.' 'Out with the lady! let the lady out!' shouted several voices at once; 'the other horses are about to plunge, and then all will be over.' I made a lighter spring than many a lady does in a cotillion, and jumped upon a cake of ice.

Mr. Paris followed, and we stood, (I trembling like a leaf,) expecting every instant that the next plunge of the drowning horses would detach the piece of ice upon which we were standing, and send us adrift; but, thank Heaven, after working for ten or fifteen minutes, by dint of ropes, and cutting them away from the other horses, they dragged the poor creatures out, more dead than alive.

"Mother, don't you think I displayed some courage? I jumped into the stage again, and shut the door, while Mr. Paris remained outside, watching the movement of affairs. We at length reached here, and I am alive, as you see, to tell the story of my woes."

In her next letter she details a conversation with Mrs. Willard, full of kind commendation and good counsel. "Mamma," she concludes, "you would be justified in thinking me a perfect lump of vanity and egotism; but I have always related to you every thought, every action of my life. I have had no concealments from you, and I have stated these matters to you because they fill me with surprise. Who would think the accomplished Mrs. Willard would admire my poor daubing, or my poor anything else! Oh, dear mamma, I am so happy now! so contented! Every unusual movement startles me. I am constantly afraid of something to mar it."

The next extract is from a letter, the emanation of her affectionate spirit, to a favourite brother seven years old.

"Dear L——, I am obliged to you for your two very interesting epistles, and much doubt whether I could spell more ingeniously myself. Really, I have some idea of sending them to the printers, to be struck off in imitation of a Chinese puzzle. Your questions about the stars I have been cogitating some time past, and am of the opinion, that, if there are beings inha-

biting those heavenly regions, they must be content to feed,ameleon-like, upon air; for even were we disposed to spare them a portion of our earth sufficient to plant a garden, I doubt whether the attraction of gravitation would not be too strong for resistance, and the unwilling clod return to its pale brethren of the valley 'to rest in ease inglorious.' So far from burning your precious letters, my dear little brother, I carefully preserve them in a little pocket-book, and when I feel lonely and desolate, and think of my dear home, I turn them over and over again. Do write often, my sweet little correspondent, and believe me," &c. &c.

Her next letter to her mother, written in March, was in a melancholy strain; but as if to avert her parent's consequent anxieties, she concludes:

"I hope you will feel no concern for my health or happiness. Do, my dear mother, try to be cheerful, and have good courage."

"I have been to the Rensselaer school, to attend the philosophical lectures. They are delivered by the celebrated Mr. Eaton, who has several students, young gentlemen. I hope they will not lose their hearts among twenty or thirty pretty girls. For my part, I kept my eyes fixed as fast as might be upon the good old lecturer, as I am of the opinion that he is the best possible safeguard, with his philosophy and his apparatus; for you know philosophy and love are sworn enemies!"

Miss Davidson returned to Plattsburgh during the spring vacation. Her mother, when the first rapture of reunion was over, the first joy at finding her child unchanged in the modesty and naturalness of her deportment, and fervour of her affections, became alarmed at the indications of disease, in the extreme fragility of her person, and the deep and fluctuating

colour of her cheek. Lucretia insisted, and, deceived by that ever-deceiving disease, believed she was well. She was gay and full of hope, and could hardly be persuaded to submit to her father's medical prescriptions; but the well-known crimson spot, that so often flushed her cheek, was regarded by him with the deepest anxiety, and he shortly called counsel. During her stay at home she wrote a great deal. Like the bird, which is to pass away with the summer, she seems to have been ever on the wing, pouring forth the spontaneous melodies of her soul. The following are a few stanzas from a piece

"ON SPRING."

I have seen the fair Spring, I have heard her sweet song,  
As she passed in her lightness and freshness along;  
The blue wave rolled deeper, the moss-crest looked bright,  
As she breathed o'er the regions of darkness and night.

I have seen the rose bloom on the youthful cheek,  
And the dew of delight 'neath the bright lash break;  
The bounding footstep, scarce pressing the earth,  
And the lip which speaks of a soul of mirth.

I have seen the winter with brow of care,  
With his soulless eye and his snow-white hair;  
And whate'er his footsteps had touched was cold,  
As the lifeless stone which the sculptors mould.

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As I knelt by the sepulchre, dreary and lone,  
Lay the beautiful form in its temple of stone;  
I looked for its coming,—the warm wind passed by,—  
I looked for its coming on earth and on high.

The young leaves gleamed brightly around the cold spot,  
I looked for the spirit, yet still it came not.  
Shall the flower of the valley burst forth to the light,  
And man in his beauty lie buried in night?

A voice on the waters, a voice in the sky,  
A voice from beneath, and a voice from on high,  
Proclaims that he shall not,—that Spring, in her light,  
Shall waken the spirit from darkness and night.

These were singular speculations for a beautiful girl of sixteen. Were there not spirits ministering to her from that world to which she was hastening?

The physician, called in to consult with her father, was of opinion that a change of air and scene would probably restore her, and it was decided, in compliance with her own wishes, that she should *return to school*. Miss Gilbert's boarding-school, at Albany, was selected for the next six months. There are few more of her productions of any sort, and they seem to us to have the sweetness of the last roses of summer. The following playful passages are from her last letter at home to her sister in Canada.

"The boat will be here in an hour or two, and I am all ready to start. Oh, I am half sick. I have taken several doses of something quite delectable for a visiting treat. Now," she concludes her letter, "by your affection for me, by your pity for the wanderer, by your remembrance of the absent, by your love for each other, and by all that is sacred to an absent friend, I charge you, write to me, and write often. As ye hope to prosper, as ye hope your boy to prosper, (and grow fat!) as ye hope for my gratitude and affection now and hereafter, I charge you, write. If ye sinfully neglect this last solemn injunction of a parting friend, my injured spirit will visit you in your transgressions. It shall pierce you with goosequills, and hurl down upon your recreant heads the brimming contents of the neglected inkstand. This is my threat, and this is my vengeance. But if, on the contrary, ye shall see fit to honour me with numerous epistles, which shall be duly answered,

know ye, that I will live and love you, and not only you, but your boy! So you see upon your own bearing depends the future fate of the little innocent, 'to be beloved, or not to be beloved!' They have come! Farewell, a long farewell!"—

She proceeded to Albany, and in a letter dated May 12th, 1825, she seems delighted with her reception, accommodations, and prospects, at Miss Gilbert's school. She has yet no anxieties about her health, and enters on her career of study with her customary ardour. With the most delicate health and constant occupation, she found time always to write long letters to her mother, and the little children at home filled with fond expressions. What an example and rebuke to the idle school-girl who finds no time for these minor duties! But her studies, to which she applied herself beyond her strength, from the conscientious fear of not fulfilling the expectations of her friends, were exhausting the sources of life. Her letters teem with expressions of gratitude to her friend Mr. K——, to Miss Gilbert, and to all the friends around her. She complains of debility and want of appetite, but imputes all her ailings to not hearing regularly from home. The mails were of course at fault, for her mother's devotion never intermitted. The following expressions will show that her sensibility, naturally acute, was rendered intense by physical disease and suffering.

"Oh, my dear mother, cannot you send your Luly one line? Not one word in two weeks! I have done nothing but weep all day long. I feel so wretchedly! I am afraid you are ill."

"I am very wretched, indeed I am. My dear mother, am I never to hear from you again? I am *home-sick*. I know I am *foolish*; but I cannot help it. To tell the truth, I am half sick. I am so weak,

so languid, I cannot eat. I am nervous, I know I am; I weep most of the time. I have blotted the paper so, that I cannot write. I cannot study much longer if I do not hear from you."

Letters from home renovated her for a few days, and at Mr. K.'s request, she went to the theatre, and gave herself up, with all the freshness of youthful feeling, to the spells of the drama, and raved about Hamlet and Ophelia like any other school-girl.

But her next letter recurs to her malady, and for the first time, she expresses a fear that her disease is beyond the reach of common remedies. Her mother was alarmed, and would have gone immediately to her, but she was herself confined to her room by illness. Her father's cooler judgment inferred from their receiving no letters from Lucretia's friends, that there was nothing immediately alarming in her symptoms.

The next letter removed every doubt. It was scarcely legible; still she assures her mother she is better, and begs she will not risk the consequences of a long journey. But neither health nor life weighed now with the mother against seeing her child. She set off, and by appointment, joined Mr. K. at Whitehall. They proceeded thence to Albany, where, after the first emotions of meeting were over, Lucretia said, "Oh mamma, I thought I should never have seen you again! But, now I have you here, and can lay my aching head upon your bosom, I shall soon be better."

For a few days the balm seemed effectual; she was better, and the physicians believed she would recover; but her mother was no longer to be persuaded from her conviction of the fatal nature of the disease, and arrangements were immediately made to convey her to Plattsburgh. The journey was ef-

fect, notwithstanding it was during the heats of July, with less physical suffering than was apprehended. She shrunk painfully from the gaze her beauty inevitably attracted, heightened as it was by that disease which seems to delight to deck the victim for its triumph. "Her joy upon finding herself at home," says her mother, "operated for a time like magic." The sweet health-giving influence of domestic love, the home atmosphere, seemed to suspend the progress of her disease, and again her father, brothers and friends were deluded; all but the mother and the sufferer. She looked, with prophetic eye, calmly to the end. There was nothing to disturb her. That kingdom that cometh "without observation" was within her, and she was only about to change its external circumstances, about to put off the harness of life in which she had been so patient and obedient. To the last she manifested her love of books. A trunk filled with them had not been unpacked. She requested her mother to open it at her bed-side, and as each book was given to her, she turned over the leaves, kissed it, and desired to have it placed on a table at the foot of her bed. There they remained to the last, her eye often fondly resting on them.

She expressed a strong desire to see Mr. Kent once more, and a fear that though he had been summoned, he might not arrive in time. He came, however, to receive the last expressions of her gratitude, and to hear his own name the last pronounced by her lips.

The "Fear of Madness" was written by her while confined to her bed, and was the last piece she ever wrote. As it constitutes a part of the history of her disease, it is, though already published, inserted here.

There is a something which I dread,  
 It is a dark and fearful thing;  
 It steals along with withering tread,  
 Or sweeps on wild destruction's wing.

That thought comes o'er me in the hour  
 Of grief, of sickness, or of sadness;  
 'T is not the dread of death; 't is more,—  
 It is the dread of madness.

Oh! may these throbbing pulses pause,  
 Forgetful of their feverish course;  
 May this hot brain, which, burning, glows  
 With all a fiery whirlpool's force,

Be cold, and motionless, and still  
 A tenant of its lowly bed;  
 But let not dark delirium steal—  
 (Unfinished.)

That the records of the last scenes of Lucretia Davidson's life are scanty, is not surprising. The materials for this memoir, it must be remembered, were furnished by her mother. A victim stretched on the rack cannot keep records. She says in general terms, "Lucretia frequently spoke to me of her approaching dissolution, with perfect calmness, and as an event that must soon take place. In a conversation with Mr. Townsend, held at intervals, as her strength would permit, she expressed the same sentiments she expressed to me before she grew so weak. She declared her firm faith in the Christian religion, her dependence on the divine promises, which she said had consoled and sustained her during her illness. She said her hopes of salvation were grounded on the merits of her Saviour, and that death, which had once looked so dreadful to her, was now divested of all its terrors."

Welcome, indeed, should that messenger have been,

that opened the gates of knowledge, and blissful immortality, to such a spirit !

During Miss Davidson's residence in Albany, which was less than three months, she wrote several miscellaneous pieces, and began a long poem, divided into cantos, and entitled "Maritorne, or the Pirate of Mexico." This she deemed better than anything she had previously produced. The amount of her compositions, considering the shortness and multifarious occupations of a life of less than seventeen years, is surprising.\*

We copy the subjoined paragraph from the biographical sketch prefixed to "Amir Khan." "Her poetical writings, which have been collected, amount in all to two hundred and seventy-eight pieces of various lengths. When it is considered, that there are among these at least five regular poems, of several cantos each, some estimate may be formed of her poetical labours. Besides these were twenty-four school exercises, three unfinished romances, a complete tragedy, written at thirteen years of age, and about forty letters, in a few months, to her mother alone." This statement does not comprise the large proportion (at least one-third of the whole) which she destroyed.

The genius of Lucretia Davidson has had the meed of far more authoritative praise than ours. The following tribute is from the "London Quarterly Review;" a source whence praise of American productions is as rare as springs in the desert. The notice is by Mr. Southey, and is written with the earnest feeling that characterizes that author, as generous as he is discriminating. "In these poems,"

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\* She died on the 27th of August, 1825, just a month before her seventeenth birthday.

(Amir Khan, &c.) "there is enough of originality, enough of aspiration, enough of conscious energy, enough of growing power, to warrant any expectations, however sanguine, which the patrons, and the friends, and parents of the deceased could have formed."

But, prodigious as the genius of this young creature was, still marvellous after all the abatements that may be made for precociousness and morbid development, there is something yet more captivating in her moral loveliness. Her modesty was not the infusion of another mind, not the result of cultivation, not the effect of good taste; nor was it a veil cautiously assumed and gracefully worn; but an innate quality, that made her shrink from incense, even though the censer were sanctified by love. Her mind was like the exquisite mirror, that cannot be stained by human breath.

Few may have been gifted with her genius, but all can imitate her virtues. There is a universality in the holy sense of duty, that regulated her life. Few young ladies will be called on to renounce the muses for domestic duties; but many may imitate Lucretia Davidson's meek self-sacrifice, by relinquishing some favourite pursuit, some darling object, for the sake of an humble and unpraised duty; and, if few can attain her excellence, all may imitate her in gentleness, humility, industry, and fidelity to her domestic affections. We may apply to her the beautiful lines, in which she describes one of those

"——forms, that, wove in Fancy's loom,  
Float in light visions round the poet's head."

"She was a being formed to love and bless,  
With lavish nature's richest loveliness;  
Such I have often seen in Fancy's eye,  
Beings too bright for dull mortality."

I've seen them in the visions of the night,  
I've faintly seen them when enough of light  
And dim distinctness gave them to my gaze,  
As forms of other worlds, or brighter days."

This memoir may be fitly concluded by the following "Tribute to the Memory of my Sister," by Margaret Davidson, who was but two years old at the time of Lucretia's death, and whom she often mentions with peculiar fondness. The lines were written at the age of *eleven*. May we be allowed to say, that the mantle of the elder sister has fallen on the younger, and that she seems to be a second impersonation of her spirit?

"Though thy freshness and beauty are laid in the tomb,  
Like the floweret which drops in its verdure and bloom;  
Though the halls of thy childhood now mourn thee in vain,  
And thy strains shall ne'er waken their echoes again,  
Still o'er the fond memory they silently glide,  
Still, still thou art ours, and America's pride.  
Sing on thou pure seraph, with harmony crowned,  
And pour the full tide of thy music along,  
O'er the broad arch of Heaven the sweet note shall resound,  
And a bright choir of angels shall echo the song  
The pure elevation which beamed from thine eye,  
As it turned to its home in yon fair azure sky,  
Told of something unearthly; it shone with the light  
Of pure inspiration and holy delight.  
Round the rose that is withered a fragrance remains;  
O'er beauty in ruins the mind proudly reigns.  
Thy lyre has resounded o'er ocean's broad wave,  
And the tear of deep anguish been shed o'er thy grave;  
But thy spirit has mounted to mansions on high,  
To the throne of its God, where it never can die."



# POETICAL REMAINS.



## AN ADDRESS TO MY MUSE.

(Written in her fourteenth year.)

WHY, gentle Muse, wilt thou disdain  
To lend thy strains to me?  
Why do I supplicate in vain  
And bow my heart to thee?

Oh! teach me how to touch the lyre,  
To tune the trembling chord;  
Teach me to fill each heart with fire,  
And melting strains afford.

Sweep but thy hand across the string,  
The woodlands echo round,  
And mortals wond'ring, as you sing,  
Delighted catch each sound.

Enchanted when thy voice I hear,  
I drop each earthly care;  
I feel as wafted from the world  
To Fancy's realms of air.

Then as I wander, plaintive sing,  
And teach me every strain;  
Teach me to touch the trembling string  
Which now I strike in vain.

1

2

# AMIR KHAN.

(Written in her sixteenth year.)

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## PART I.

BRIGHTLY o'er spire, and dome, and tower,  
The pale moon shone at midnight hour,  
While all beneath her smile of light  
Was resting there in calm delight ;  
Evening with robe of stars appears,  
Bright as repentant Peri's tears,  
And o'er her turban's fleecy fold  
Night's crescent stream'd with rays of gold,  
While every crystal cloud of Heaven  
Bowed as it passed the queen of even.

Beneath—calm Cashmere's lovely vale<sup>1</sup>  
Breathed perfumes to the sighing gale ;  
The amaranth and tuberose,  
Convolvulus in deep repose,  
Bent to each breeze which swept their bed,  
Or scarcely kissed the dew, and fled  
The bulbul, with his lay of love :<sup>2</sup>  
Sang, 'mid the stillness of the grove ;  
The gulnare blushed a deeper hue,<sup>3</sup>  
And trembling shed a shower of dew,  
Which perfumed ere it kiss'd the ground,  
Each zephyr's pinion hovering round.

The lofty plane-tree's haughty brow<sup>4</sup>  
Glitter'd beneath the moon's pale glow ;  
And wide the plantain's arms were spread,<sup>5</sup>  
The guardian of its native bed.

Where was Amreta at this hour ?  
Say ! was she slumb'ring in her bower ?  
Or gazing on this scene of rest,  
Less calm, less peaceful than her breast ?  
Or was she resting in the dream  
Of brighter days, on Fortune's stream ?  
Or was she weeping Friendship broken,  
Or sighing o'er Love's wither'd token ?

No !— she was calmly resting there,  
Her eye ne'er spoke of hope nor fear,  
But 'mid the blaze of splendour round,  
For ever bent upon the ground,  
Their long, dark lashes hid from view,  
The brilliant glances which they threw.  
Her cheek was neither pale nor red ;  
The rose, upon its summer bed,  
Could never boast so faint a hue ;  
So faint, and yet so brilliant too !

Though round her, Cashmere's incense **streamed** ;  
Though Persia's gems around her beamed ;  
Though diamonds of Golconda shed  
Their warmest lustre o'er her head  
Though music lulled each fear to sleep,  
Or like the night-wind o'er the deep ;  
Just waking love and calm delight,  
Kindling Hope's watch-fire clear and bright ;  
For her, though Cashmere's roses twine  
Together round the parent vine ;

And though to her, as Cashmere's star,  
Knelt the once haughty Subahdar ;<sup>6</sup>  
Still, still, Amreta gazed unmoved,  
Nor sighed, nor smiled, nor owned she loved !  
But, like the Parian marble there,  
So bright, so exquisitely fair,  
She seemed by Nature fated to bless,  
Rich in surpassing loveliness.  
But never from those lips of red  
A single syllable had fled,  
Since Amir Khan first blessed the hour<sup>7</sup>  
That placed Amreta in his bower ;  
Within that bower, 'mid twining roses,  
Upon whose leaves the breeze reposes,  
She sits unmoved, while round her flow,  
Strains of sweet music, sad and low ;  
Or now, in softer numbers breathing,  
A song of love and sorrow wreathing,  
Such strains as in wild sweetness ran  
Through the sad breast of Amir Khan !

He loved,—and oh! — he loved so well  
That sorrow scarce dared break the spell ;  
Though oft Suspicion whispered near  
One vague, one sadly boding fear,  
A fear that Heaven in wrath had made  
That face with seraph-charms array'd,  
And then denied in mockery there,  
To breathe upon a face so fair !  
Without that spark of heav'nly flame,  
Which burns unchanging, still the same,  
Without that bright ethereal charm,  
Oh ! what were beauty's angel form ?

The breeze as it sweeps o'er the poisonous flow'r,  
Dripping with night's damp blistering show'r,

Laden with woe, disease, and death,  
Fading youth's bloom with its passing breath,  
Blighting each flower of various hue,  
Ne'er o'er its fated victim threw  
So dark a shade, a cloud so drear,  
As hovered o'er the Subahdar.

Cool and refreshing sighs the breeze  
Through the long walk of tzinnar-trees,\*  
And cool upon the water's breast  
The pale moon rocks herself to rest,—  
Yes! calmer, brighter, cooler far  
Than the fever'd brow of the Subahdar!

Amreta was fair as the morning beam,  
As it glides o'er the wave of the Wuller's stream,\*  
Bat oh! she was cold as the marble floor  
That glitters beneath the nightly shower.  
Where was that eye which none could scan,  
Which once belonged to Amir Khan?  
Where was that voice that mocked the storm?  
Where was that tall, majestic form?  
That eye was turn'd in love and woe  
Upon Amreta's changeless brow,  
That haughty form was bending low,  
That voice was utt'ring vow on vow,  
Beneath the lofty plane-tree's shade,  
Before that cold Circassian maid!

"Oh speak, Amreta! — but one word!  
Let one soft sigh confess I'm heard!  
Those eyes (than those of yon gazelle  
More bright) a tale of love might tell!  
Then speak, Amreta! raise thine eye,  
Blush, smile, or answer with a sigh."

But 'twas in vain — no sigh — no word  
 Told that his humble suit was heard ;  
 Veiled 'neath their silken lashes there,  
 Her dark eyes glanc'd no answered pray'r,  
 Upon her cheek no blush was straying,  
 Around her lip no smile was playing,  
 And calm despair reigned darkly now,  
 O'er Amir Khan's deep-clouded brow.

What pity that so fair a form  
 Should want a heart with feeling warm !  
 What pity that an eye so bright  
 Should beam o'er Reason's clouded night !  
 And like a star on Mahmoud's wave,<sup>10</sup>  
 Should glitter o'er a dreary grave :  
 A dark abyss — a sunless day,  
 An endless night without one ray.

'T was at that day, that silent hour,  
 When the tall poppy sheds its show'r,  
 When all on earth, and all on high  
 Seemed breathing slumber's sweetest sigh ;  
 At that calm hour when Peris love  
 To gaze upon the Heaven above,  
 Whose portals, bright with many a gem,  
 Are closed — for ever closed on *them* ;  
 'T was at this silent, solemn hour,  
 That, gliding from his summer bower,  
 The Subahdar with noiseless step  
 Steals like the night-breeze o'er the deep.

Where glides the haughty Subahdar ?  
 Onward he glides to where afar  
 Proud Hirney-Purvet rears his head<sup>11</sup>  
 High above Cashmere's blooming bed,

And twines his turban's fleecy fold  
With many a brilliant ray of gold,  
Or places on his brow of blue  
The crescent with its silver hue ;

There 'neath a plantain's sacred shade,  
Which deep, and dark, and widely spread,  
Al Shinar's high prophetic form  
Held secret counsel with the storm ;  
His hand had grasped, with fearless might,  
The mantle of descending night ;  
Such matchless skill the prophet knew,  
Such wond'rous feats his hand could do,  
That Persia's realm astonished saw,  
And Cashmere's valley gazed with awe !

Low bowed the lofty Amir Khan,  
Before the high and mighty man,  
And bending o'er the Naptha's stream,  
Which onward rolled its fiery gleam,  
The Subahdar in murmurs told  
Of beauteous form, of bosom cold,  
Of rayless eye, of changeless cheek,  
Of tongue which could or would not speak.

At length the mourner's tale had ceased,  
He crossed his hands upon his breast,  
He spoke no word, he breathed no sigh,  
But keenly fixed his piercing eye  
Upon Al Shinar's gloomy brow,  
In all the deep despair of woe ;  
The Prophet paused ; — his eye he raised,  
And stern and earnestly he gazed,  
As if to pierce the sable veil  
Which would conceal the mournful tale ; —

When, starting with a sudden blow,  
He op'd a portal dark and low,  
Which shrouded from each mortal eye  
Al Shinar's cavern broad and high;  
'T was bright, 't was exquisitely bright,  
For founts of rich and living light  
There poured their burning treasures forth,  
Which sought again their parent earth.

Rich vases, with sweet incense streaming,  
Mirrors a flood of brilliance beaming,  
Fountain, and bath, and curling stream,  
At every turn before them beam;  
And marble pillars, pure and cold,  
And glitt'ring roof, inlaid with gold,  
And gems, and diamonds met his view  
In wild and rich profusion too;  
And had Amreta's smiles been given,  
This place had been the Moslem heaven!

The Prophet paused; — while Amir Khan  
Gazed, awe-struck, on the wond'rous man;  
Al Shinar plucked a pale blue flow'r,  
Which bent beneath the fountain's show'r,  
Then slowly turned towards Amir Khan,  
And placed the treasure in his hand.

“Mark me!” he cried; — “this pensive flower,  
Gathered at midnight's magic hour,  
Will charm each passion of the breast,  
And calm each throbbing nerve to rest;  
'T will leave thy bounding bosom warm,  
Yet set death's seal upon thy form;  
'T will leave thee stiff, and cold, and pale,  
A slumberer 'neath an icy veil,

But still shall Reason's conscious reign  
Unbroken, undisturbed remain,  
And thou shalt hear, and feel, and know  
Each sigh, each touch, each throb of woe!"

Go, thou! and if Amreta be  
Worthy of love, and worthy thee,  
When she beholds thee pale and cold,  
Wrapped in the damp sepulchral fold;—  
When her eye wanders for that glow  
Once burning on thy marble brow;  
Then, if her bosom's icy frame  
Hath ever warmed 'neath passion's flame,  
'T will heave tumultuous as it glows  
Like Baikal's everlasting throes;  
And if, to-morrow eve, you press  
This pale cold flow'ret to your breast,  
Ere morning smiles, its spell will prove  
If that cold heart **BE WORTH** thy love!—

## PART II.

**THERE'S** silence in the princely halls,  
And brightly blaze the lighted walls,  
While clouds of musk and incense rise  
From vases of a thousand dyes,  
And roll their perfumed treasures wide,  
In one luxuriant, fragrant tide;  
And glittering chandeliers of gold,  
Reflecting fire from every fold,  
Hung o'er the shrouded body there,  
Of Cashmere's once proud Subahdar!  
The crystal's and the diamond's rays  
Kindled a wide and brilliant blaze;

The ruby's blush, the coral's hue,  
By Peris dipped in Henni's dew,  
The topaz's rich and golden ray,  
The opal's flame—the agate grey,  
The amethyst of violet hue,  
The sapphire with its heav'nly blue,  
The snow-white jasper sparkling there  
Near the carbuncle's deep'ning glare;  
The warm cornelian's blushing glow  
Reflected back the brilliant flow  
Of light, which in refulgent streams,  
O'er hall, o'er bower, and fountain beams.

O'er beds of roses, bright with dew,  
Unfolding modestly to view,  
Each trembling leaf, each blushing breast,  
In Cashmere's wildest sweetness dressed;  
Through vistas long, through myrtle bowers,  
Where Amir Khan once passed his hours  
In gazing on Amreta's face,  
So full of beauty, full of grace,  
Through veils of silver bright and clear,  
It poured its softened radiance far;  
Or beamed in pure and milky brightness,  
O'er urns of alabaster whiteness;  
Through Persian screens of glittering gold,  
O'er many an altar's sacred fold,  
Where to Eternity will blaze  
The naphtha's never-fading rays,  
The Gheber's fire which dieth never,  
But burns, and beams, and glows for ever!

'T was silent—not a voice was heard—  
No sigh, no murmur, not one word,  
Was echoed through that brilliant hall,  
The spell of silence hung o'er all;

For there had paused the wing of death,  
The midnight spirit's withering breath.

At that still hour no sound arose  
To break the charm of deep repose ;  
The lake was glittering, and the breeze  
Sighed softly through the the tinnar trees,  
And kissed the Wuller's wave of blue,  
Or sipped the gull's light trembling dew ;  
But not a murmur, not a sigh  
Was wafted by the night-breeze by,  
Through that wide hall and princely bower,  
At midnight's calm and solemn hour !

Oh ! where was Love, his night-watch keeping ?  
Or was the truant sweetly sleeping ?  
Where was he at that hour of rest,  
By him created, claimed, and blessed ?  
Where were the tears of Love, and Sorrow,  
The sigh which sympathy can borrow ?  
Where were regret, and chill despair ?  
Where was Amreta ?—where, Oh where ?

Hark ! 't is the night-breeze softly playing,  
Through veils of glittering silver straying—  
No ! 't is a step—so quick, so light,  
That the wild flower which weeps at night,  
Would raise again its drooping head,  
To greet the footstep which had fled.

'Tis not the breeze which floats around,  
Lifting the light veil from the ground :  
No ! 't is a form of heav'nly mien  
Hath dared to draw the curtain's screen.

Dimly, behind the fluttering veil,  
Which trembles in the breathing gale,

A form appears of seraph mould  
As 'neath a light cloud's fleecy fold;  
The veil is drawn with hasty hand,  
Loosed is the rich embroidered band—  
'Tis solemn solitude around,  
There 's not a murmur, not a sound—  
Again a snowy hand is seen,  
Again is raised the silken screen,  
And lo! with light and noiseless tread,  
Amreta glided from its shade!

Her veil was fluttering in the air,  
Her brow, as Parian marble fair,  
Was glittering bright with many a gem  
Set in a brilliant diadem;  
Her long dark hair was floating far,  
Braided with many a diamond star;  
Her eye was raised, and Oh! that eye  
Seemed only formed to gaze on high!  
For Oh, more piercing bright its beam  
Than diamonds 'neath Golconda's stream;  
That angel-eye was only given  
To look upon its native heaven!  
The glow upon her cheek was bright,  
But it came, and it fled like a meteor's light;  
A brilliant tear was still lingering there,  
And Oh, it was shed for the Subahdar!

O'er ev'ry tear the maiden shed,  
The heart of Amir Khan had bled;  
Now Amir Khan, she weeps for thee,  
Oh! what must be thy ecstasy?  
For Amir Khan Amreta weeps,  
Yet Amir Khan unheeding sleeps!  
Like crystal dew-drops purely glowing,  
O'er his pale brow her tears are flowing;

She wipes them with her veil away,  
Less sacred far—less sweet than they!

Where was that eye whose ardent gaze  
Had warmed her bosom with its rays?  
Where was that glance of love and woe?  
Where was that proud heart's throbbing glow?  
All, all was cold and silent there,  
And all was death, and dark despair!  
She hid her face, now cold and pale,  
Within her sweetly scented veil;  
Then seized her lute, and a strain so clear,  
So soft, so mournful arose on the air,  
That Oh! it was sweet as the music of heaven  
O'er a lost one returning, a sinner forgiven!  
Such notes as repentance in sorrow might sing,  
Notes wafted to heaven by Israfil's wing:—

SONG.

Star of the morning!—this bosom was cold,  
When forced from my native shade,  
And I wrapp'd me around in my mantle's fold,  
A mournful Circassian maid!

I vowed that rapture should never move  
This changeless cheek, this rayless eye,  
I vowed to feel neither bliss, nor love,—  
In silence to meet thee, and *then* to die!

Each burning sigh thy bosom hath breathed,  
Has been melting that chain away;  
The galling chain which around me I wreath'd,  
On the morn of that fatal day!

Tis done! and this night I have broken the vow  
Which bound me in silence for ever!  
And thy spirit hath fled from a world of woe,  
To return again, never! Oh never!

My soul is sad! and my heart is weary!  
For thy bosom is cold to me;  
Without thy smile the world is dreary,  
And I will fly with thee!

Together we'll float down eternity's stream,  
Twin stars on the breast of the billow,  
The splendours of Paradise round us shall beam,  
And thy bosom shall be my pillow!

Then open thine arms bright star of the morning!  
My grave in thy bosom shall be,  
The glories of Paradise 'round us are dawning,  
My Heaven is only with *thee*!

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Hushed were the words, and hush'd the song,  
Which sadly, sweetly flow'd along,  
But Amir Khan's warm heart beat high,  
Though closed and rayless was his eye;  
And every note which struck his ear,  
Whisper'd a hovering angel near;  
And each warm tear that wet his cheek,  
Her long-concealed regard bespeak;  
His bosom bounded to be free,  
And fluttered,— wild with ecstasy!  
Oh! would the magic charm had passed!  
Would that the morn would break at last!  
But no—it will not, may not be!  
He is not, nor can yet be free!

But hark ! Amreta's murmurs rise,  
Sweet as the bird of Paradise ;  
She bowed her head, and deeply sighed,  
" Yes, Amir Khan, I am thy Bride !  
And here the crimson hand of death  
Shall wed us with a rosy wreath !  
My blood shall join us as it flows,  
And bind us in a deep repose ! " —

Beneath her veil a light is beaming,  
A dagger in her hand is gleaming,  
And livid was the light it threw,  
A pale, cold, death-like stream of blue,  
Around her form of angel brightness,  
And o'er her brow of marble whiteness !

Awake ! Oh ! Amir Khan, awake ! —  
Canst thou not rouse thee for *her* sake ?  
Beside thee can Amreta stand,  
The fatal dagger in her hand,  
And canst thou still regardless lie,  
And let thy loved Amreta die ?  
Awake ! oh, Amir Khan ! awake,  
And rouse thee for Amreta's sake !

— Like lightning from a midnight cloud,  
The Subahdar, from 'neath his shroud,  
Burst the cold, magic, death-like band,  
And snatched the dagger from her hand !  
The maiden sunk upon his breast,  
And deep, and lengthened was her rest !  
There was no sigh, no murmur there,  
And scarcely breathed the Subahdar,  
While almost fearing to be blest,  
He clasped Amreta to his breast !

Deep buried in his mantle's fold,  
 He felt not that her cheek was cold ;  
 His own heart throbbed with pleasure's thrill,  
 But whispered not that *hers* was still ! —  
 — Yes ! — the wild flow of blissful joy,  
 Which, bursting, threatened to destroy,  
 Gave to her soul a rest from feeling ;  
 A transient torpor gently stealing  
 O'er beating pulse, and throbbing breast,  
 Had calmed her ev'ry nerve to rest ;  
 — But see ! the tide of life returns,  
 Once more her cheek with rapture burns,  
 Once more her dark eye's heav'nly beam  
 Pours forth its full and piercing gleam,  
 Once more her heart is bounding high,  
 Too full to weep — too blest to sigh !

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## NOTES TO AMIR KHAN.

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### I.

Beneath calm Cashmere's lovely vale, &c.

" *Cashmere*, called the happy valley, the garden in perpetual spring, and the Paradise of India."

### II.

The bulbul, with his lay of love, &c.

" *The Bulbul*, or Nightingale."

## III.

The gulnare blush'd a deeper hue, &c.

"Gulnare or Rose."

## IV.

The lofty plane-tree's haughty brow, &c.

"*The Plane-tree*, that species termed *Platanus orientalis*, is commonly cultivated in Cashmere, where it is said to arrive at a greater perfection than in any other country. This tree, which in most parts of Asia is called the *Chinur*, grows to the size of an oak, and has a taper, straight trunk, with a silver-coloured bark, and its leaf, not unlike an expanded hand, is of a pale green. When in full foliage it has a grand and beautiful appearance, and in hot weather affords a refreshing shade."—*Foster*.

## V.

And wide the plantain's arms were spread, &c.

"Plantain-trees are supposed to prevent the plague from visiting places, where they are found in abundance."—*Middleton's Geography*.

## VI.

Knelt the once haughty Subahdar, &c.

"Subahdar, or Governor."

## VII.

Since Amir Khan first blessed the hour, &c.

"To the east of this delightful spot is a fortified palace, erected by *Amir Khan*, a Persian, who was once Governor of Cashmere. He used to pass much of his time in this residence, which was curiously adapted to every species of Asiatic luxury."—*See Encyclopædia*, vol. v., part 2.

## VIII.

Through the long walks of tzinnar-trees, &c.

"Their walks are curiously laid out, and set on both sides with *tzinnar-trees*, a species of poplar unknown in Europe. It

grows to the height of a pine, and bears a fruit resembling the chestnut, and it has broad leaves like those of the vine."—*Middleton's Geography*.

## IX.

As it glides o'er the wave of the Wuller's stream, &c.

"A beautiful river passes through Cashmere, called the *Ouller*, or *Wuller*. There is an outlet, where it runs with greater rapidity and force than elsewhere, between two steep mountains, whence proceeding, after a long course, it joins with the Chelum.

## X.

And like a star on Mahmoud's wave, &c.

"It appears like a lake covered with rocks and mountains. Stones, when thrown in, make a surprising noise, and the river itself is deemed unfathomable."—*Middleton's Geography*.

## XI.

Proud *Hirney Purvit* rears his head, &c.

"There is an oval lake, which joins the Chelum towards the east.—The *Yucht Suliman* and *Hirney Purvit* form the two sides of what may be called a grand portal to the lake. They are hills; one of which is sacred to the great Solyman.

1

## CHICOMICO.

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THIS Poem I have discovered to be founded on the following actual occurrences: During the Seminole war, Duncan M. Rimmon, (the Rathmond of the poem,) a Georgia militiaman, was captured by the Indians. Hillis-adjo, their chief, condemned him to death. He was bound; but while the instruments of torture were preparing, the tender-hearted daughter of Hillis-adjo (the Chicomico of the tale) threw herself between the prisoner and his executioners, and interceded with her father for his release. She was successful. His life was spared. In the progress of the war, however, it was the fate of the generous Hillis-adjo (the prophet Francis) himself to be taken a prisoner of war, and it was thought necessary to put him to death. These are the facts which Miss D. has wrought up, with other characters, (probably fictitious,) to compose the whole of this poem. The *first part* of the poem is so incomplete, that I have thought it best to introduce the reader immediately to the *second part*. The war had broken out. Chicomico had solicited the presence of Ompahaw, a venerable chief, to aid her father Hillis-adjo against the whites, with Rathmond at their head. The battle is described, the Indians are victorious, and Rathmond is taken prisoner. Here the second part commences.

EDITOR.

# CHICOMICO.

(Written in her fourteenth year.)

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## PART II.

WHAT sight of horror, fear and woe,  
Now greets chief Hillis-ha-ad-joe?  
What thought of blood now lights his eye?  
What victim foe is doomed to die?  
For his cheek is flushed, and his air is wild,  
And he cares not to look on his only child.  
His lip quivers with rage, his eye flashes fire.  
And his bosom beats high with a tempest of ire.  
Alas! 't is Rathmond stands a prisoner now,  
Awaiting death from Hillis-ha-ad-joe,  
From Hillis-ha-ad-joe, the stern, the dread,  
To whose vindictive, cruel, savage mind,  
Loss after loss fast following from behind,  
Had only added thirst insatiate for blood;  
And now he swore by all his heart held dear,  
That limb from limb his victims he would tear.

But ah! young Rathmond's case what tongue can tell?  
Upon his hapless fate what heart can dwell?  
To die when manhood dawns in rosy light,  
To be cut off in all the bloom of life,  
To view the cup untasted snatched from sight,  
Is sure a thought with horror doubly rife.

Alas, poor youth! how sad, how faint thy heart!

When memory paints the forms endeared by love;  
From these so soon, so horribly to part;

Oh! it would almost savage bosoms move!  
But unextinguished Hope still lit his breast,  
And aimless still, drew scenes of future rest!  
Caught at each distant light which dimly gleamed,  
Though sinking 'mid th' abyss o'er which it beamed!  
Like the poor mariner, who, tossed around,  
Strains his dim eye to ocean's farthest bound,  
Paints, in each snowy wave, assistance near,  
And as it rolls away, gives up to fear:  
Dreads to look round, for death's on every side,  
The low'ring clouds above the ocean wide:  
He wails alone—"and scarce forbears to weep,"\*  
That his wreck'd bark still lingers on the deep!

E'en to the child of penury and woe,

Who knows no friend that o'er his grave will weep,  
Whose tears in childhood's hour were taught to flow,  
Looks with dismay across death's horrid deep!

Then, when suspended o'er that awful brink,  
Snatch'd from each joy, which opening life may give,  
Who would not from the prospect shuddering shrink,  
And murmur out *one* hope-fraught prayer to live!"

But, see! the captive is now dragged along,  
While round him mingle yell and wild war-song!  
The ring is formed around the high-raised pile,  
Fagot o'er fagots reared with savage toil;  
Th' impatient warriors watch with burning brands,  
To toss the death-signs from their ruthless hands!  
Nearer, and nearer still the wretch is drawn,  
All hope of life, of rescue, now is gone!  
A horrid death is placed before his eyes;  
In fancy *now* he sees the flames arise,

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\* Campbell.

He hears the deaf'ning yell which drowns the cry  
Of the poor victim's last, dire agony!  
His heart was sick, he strove in vain to pray  
To that great God, before whose awful bar  
His lighten'd soul was soon to wing its way  
From this sad world to other realms afar!

He raised his eyes to Heaven's blue arch above,  
That pure retreat of mercy and of love;  
When, lo! two fellow-sufferers caught his eye,  
The prophet Montonoc *is doomed to die!*  
His haughty spirit now must be brought low,  
Long had he been the chieftain's direst foe:  
The Indian's face was wrapped in mystic gloom,  
As on they led him to his horrid doom.  
A hectic flush upon his dark cheek burned,  
His eye nor to the right nor left hand turned:  
His lip nor quivered, nor turned pale with fear,  
Though the death-note already met his ear.  
Tall and majestic was his noble mien,  
Erect, he seemed to brave the foeman's ire,  
His step was bold, his features all serene,  
As he approached the steep funereal pyre!

Close at his side, a figure glided slow,  
Clad in the dark habiliments of woe,  
Whose form was shrouded in a mantle's fold,  
All, save one treacherous ringlet,—bright as gold.

The death-song's louder note shrill peals on high,  
A signal that the victim soon must die!  
While yell and war-note join the chorus still,  
Till the wild dirge rebounds from hill to hill!  
Rathmond now turned to snatch a last sad gaze,  
Ere closed life's curtain o'er his youthful days;  
When he beheld the dark, the piercing eye  
Of Montonoc, the prophet doomed to die,

Bent upon *him* with such a steady gaze,  
 That not more fixed was death's own horrid glaze!  
 Then lifting his long swarthy finger high,  
 To where the sun's bright beams just tinged the sky,  
 And o'er the parting day its glories spread,  
 Which was to close when their sad souls had fled,—  
 "White man," he cried, in low mysterious tone,  
 Caught but by Rathmond's listening ear alone,  
 "Ere the bright eye of *yon red orb* shall sleep,  
 This haughty chief his fallen tribe shall weep!"  
 He said no more, for lo! the death-yells cease.  
 'Tis hushed! no sound is echoed through the place!  
 The opening ring disclosed a female there,  
 In a rich mantle shrouded, save her hair,  
 Which long and dark, luxuriant round her hung,  
 With many a clear, white pearl and dew-drop strung!

She threw back the mantle which shaded her face,  
 She spoke not, but looked the pale spirit of woe!  
 The angel of mercy! the herald of grace!  
 Knelt the sorrowful daughter of Hillis-ad-joe!  
 "My father! my father!" the maiden exclaims,  
 "Oh doom not the white man to die midst the flames!  
 'Tis thy daughter who kneels! 't is Chicomico sues!  
 Can my father, the friend of my childhood, refuse?  
 This heart is the white man's! with him will I die!  
 With him, to the Great Spirit's mansion I'll fly!  
 The flames which to heaven will waft *his* pure soul,  
 Round the form of *thy* daughter encircling shall roll!  
 My life is *his* life—*his* fate shall be *mine*;  
 For *his* image around *thy child's* heart will entwine!"

Man's breast may be cruel, and savage, and stern;  
 From the sufferings of others it heedless may turn;  
 To the pleadings of want, to the wan face of woe,  
 To the sorrow-wrung drops which around it may flow,

But 't will melt like the snow on the Apennine's breast,  
As the sunbeam falls light, on its fancy-crowned crest,  
When the voice of a *child* to its cold ear is given,  
Fill'd with sorrow's sad notes like the music of Heaven.

"Loose the white man," the king in an agony cried,  
"My child, what *you* plead for, can ne'er be denied!  
The pris'ner is *yours*! to enslave or to free!  
I yield him, Chicomico, wholly to *thee*;  
But remember!" he cried, while pride conquered his  
woe,

"Remember, thy father is Hillis-ad-joe!"  
He frowned, and his brow, like ~~the~~ curtains of night,  
Looked darker, when tinged by a moon-beam of light;  
Chicomico saw—she saw, and with dread,  
The storm, which returning, might burst o'er her head;  
And quickly to Rathmond she turned with a sigh,  
While a love-brightened tear veiled her heavenly eye.

"Go, white man, go! without a fear;  
Remember you to *one* are dear;  
Go! and may peace your steps attend;  
Chicomico will be your friend.  
To-morrow eve, with us may close  
Joyful, and free from cares or woes;  
To-morrow eve may also end,  
And find me here without a friend!  
Remember then the Indian maid,  
Whose voice the burning brand hath stayed!  
But should I be, as now I am,  
And thou in prison and in woe,  
Think that this heart is still the same,  
And turn thee to Chicomico!  
Then, go! yes, go! while yet you may,  
Dread death awaits you, if you stay!  
May the Great Spirit guard and guide  
Your footsteps through the forest wide!"

She said, and wrapped the mantle near  
Her fragile form, with hasty hand,  
Just bowed her head, and shed one tear,  
Then sped him to his native land.

The wind is swift, and mountain hart,  
From huntsman's bow, the feathered dart;  
But swifter far the pris'ner's flight,  
When freed from dungeon-chains and night!  
So Rathmond felt, but wished to show  
How much he owed Chicomico;  
But she had fled; she did not hear!  
She did not mark the grateful tear  
Which quivered in the hero's eye;  
Nor did she catch the half-breathed sigh;  
And Heaven alone could hear the prayer,  
Which Rathmond's full heart proffered there.

### PART III.

WHILE swift on his way young Rathmond sped,  
Death's horrors awaited those he fled.  
Already were the prisoners bound,  
One word, and every torch would fly;  
No step was heard, nor feeblest sound,  
Save the death-raven's wing on high!  
The sign was given, each blazing brand  
Like lightning, shot from every hand;  
The crackling, sparkling fagots blazed,—  
Then Montonoc his dark eye raised;  
He whistled shrill—an answering call  
Told that each foeman then should fall!  
Sudden a band of warriors flew  
From earth, as if from earth they grew.

The brake, the fern, and hazel-down,  
Blazed brightly in the sinking sun ;  
Confusion, blood, and carnage then  
Spread their broad pinions o'er the glen ;  
The blazing brands were quenched in blood,  
And Montonoc unshackled stood !  
He paused one moment—dark he frowned,  
By dire revenge and slaughter crowned ;  
Then bent his bow, let loose the dart,  
And pierced the foeman Chieftain's heart.  
Yes, Montonoc, thy arrow sped,  
For Hillis-ha-ad-joe is dead !

And now within their hidden tent,  
The conquered make their sad lament ;  
Before them lay their slaughtered king,  
While slowly round they form the ring ;  
Dread e'en in death, the Chieftain's form  
Seemed made to stride the whirlwind storm :  
Upon his brow a dreadful frown  
Still lingered as the warrior's crown ;  
And yet it seemed as mortal ire  
Still sparkled in that eye of fire,  
And blazing, soon should light the face  
O'er which death's shadow held its place,  
And like the lightning 'neath a cloud,  
Shoot, flaming from its sable shroud.  
But, hark ! low notes of sorrow break  
The solemn calm, and o'er the lake,  
Float on the bosom of the gale ;  
Hark ! 't is the Chieftain's funeral wail !

Fallen, fallen, fallen low  
Lies great Hillis-ha-ad-joe !  
To the land of the dead,  
By the white man sped !

In his hunting garb they shall welcome him there,  
To the land of the bow, and the antlered deer !

Fallen is Hillis-ha-ad-joe !

Chaunt his death-dirge sad and slow ;

In the battle he fell, in the fight he died,

And many a brave warrior sunk by his side.

In his hunting garb they shall welcome him there,  
To the land of the bow, and the antlered deer.

The sun is sinking in the deep,

Our "mighty fallen one" we weep ;

Fallen is Hillis-ha-ad-joe !

The axe has laid our broad oak low !

In his hunting garb they shall welcome him there,  
To the land of the bow, and the antlered deer.

The last sad note had sunk on the breeze,

Which mournfully sighed among the dark trees,

When a form thickly shrouded, swift glided along,

But joined not her voice to the funeral song.

When the notes cease, she knelt, and in accents of woe,

Besought the Great Spirit for Hillis-ad-joe.

Her words were but few, and her manner was wild,

For she was the slaughtered Chief's poor orphan  
child !

She raised her dark eye to the sun sinking red,

She looked, and that glance told that reason had fled !

Why does thy eye roll wild, Chicomico ?

Why dost thou shake like aspen's quivering bough ?

Why o'er that fine brow streams thy raven hair ?

Read ! for the "wreck of reason's written there !"

'T is true ! the storm was high, the surges wild,

And reason fled the Chieftain's orphan child !

Thou poor heart-broken wretch on life's wild sea,

Say ! who is left to love, to comfort thee ?

All, all are gone, and thou art left alone,  
Like the last rose, by autumn rudely blown.

But she has fled, the wild and winged wind  
Is by her left, long loitering far behind !  
But whither has she fled ? to wild-wood glen,  
Far from the cares, the joys, the haunts of men !  
Her bed the rock, her drink the rippling stream,  
And murdered friends her ever constant dream !  
Her wild death-song is wafted on the gale,  
Which echoes round the Chieftain's funeral wail !  
Her little skiff she paddles o'er the lake,  
And bids "the Daughter of the Voice," awake !  
From hill to hill the shrieking echoes run,  
To greet the rising and the setting sun.

#### PART IV.

THE lake is calm, the sun is low,  
The whippoorwill is chaunting slow,  
And scarce a leaf through the forest is seen  
To wave in the breeze its rich mantle of green.  
Fit emblem of a guiltless mind,  
The glassy waters calmly lie ;  
Unruffled by a breath of wind,  
Which o'er its shining breast may sigh !  
The shadow of the forest there  
Upon its bosom soft may rest ;  
The eagle-heights, which tower in air,  
May cast their dark shades o'er its breast.

But hark ! approaching paddles break  
The stillness of that azure lake !  
Swift o'er its surface glides the bark,  
Like lightning's flash, like meteor spark.

It seemed, as on the light skiff flew,  
As it scarce kissed the wave's deep blue,  
Which, dimpling round the vessel's side,  
Sparkled and whirled in eddies wide !

Who guides it through the yielding lake ?  
Who dares its magic calm to break ?  
'T is Montonoc ! his piercing eye  
Is raised to where the western hill  
Rears its broad forehead to the sky,  
Battling the whirlwind's fury still.

'T was Montonoc, and with him there  
Was that strange form, with golden hair !  
Wrapped in the self-same garb, as when  
Surrounded by those savage men,  
The stranger had, with Montonoc,  
Been led before the blazing stake !  
Swift, swift, the light skiff forward flew,  
Till it had crossed the waters blue ;  
Both leaped like lightning to the land,  
And left the skiff upon the strand ;  
Far mid the forest then they fled,  
And mingled with its dark brown shade.

The oak's broad arms in the breeze were creaking,  
The bird of the gloomy brow was shrieking,  
When a note on the night-wind was wafted along,  
A note of the dead chieftain's funeral song.  
A form was seen wandering in frantic woe,  
'T was the maniac daughter of Hillis-ad-joe !  
Her dark hair was borne on the night-wind afar,  
And she sung the wild dirge of the Blood-hound of  
War !

To the land of the just and the blest,  
The Great Spirit points me the way!"

The wild notes sunk upon the gale,  
And echo caught them not again!  
For the breeze which bore the maiden's wail,  
Wafted afar the last sad strain!

'T was said, that shrieking 'mid the storm,  
The maiden oft was seen to glide,  
And oft the hunters mark'd her form,  
As swift she darted through the tide.

And once along the calm lake shore,  
Her light canoe was she seen to guide,  
But the maid and her bark are seen no more  
To float along the rippling tide.

For the billows foamed, and the winds did roar,  
And her lamp, as it glimmered amid the storm,  
A moment blazed bright, and was seen no more,  
For it sunk 'mid the waves with her maniac form!

#### THE FAREWELL.

Adieu, Chicomico, adieu;  
Soft may'st thou sleep amid the wave,  
And 'neath thy canopy of blue  
May sea-maids deck thy coral grave.

'T was but a feeble voice which sung  
Thy hapless tale of youthful woe;  
But ah! that weak, that infant tongue  
Will ne'er another story know.

And tho' the rough and foaming surge,  
And the wild whirlwind whistling o'er,  
Should rudely chaunt thy funeral dirge,  
And send the notes from shore to shore;

Still shall *one* voice be heard, above  
The dreadful "music of the spheres!"  
The voice of one whose song is love,  
Embalm'd by sorrow's saddest tears.

## PART V.

THE fourth day found the dark tribe brooding o'er  
Their chieftain's body, chieftain now no more!  
As fire half-quench'd, some faint spark lives,  
Glimmers, half dies, and then revives,  
Revives to kindle far and wide,  
And spread with devastating stride;  
So glimmered, so revived, so spread  
The mourners' rage around the dead!  
Their quivers o'er their shoulders flung,  
Up rose the aged and the young;  
And swore, as tenants of the wood,  
By all their hearts held dear or good,  
That, ere another sun should rise,  
Their slaughtered foes should glut their eyes.  
They swore revenge and bloodshed too,  
As their slain chieftain's rightful due,  
They swore that blood should freely flow  
For their poor, lost Chicomico!

'T was evening: all was fair and still;  
The orb of night now sparkling on the rill;  
Now glittering o'er the fern, and water-brake,  
Cast its broad eye-beam o'er the lake!  
Far through the forest, where no footpath lay,  
Old Montonoc pursued his onward way;  
The fair-haired stranger hung upon his arm,  
Shook at each noise, and trembled with alarm;  
"Well do I know the woodland way,  
For I have tracked it many a day,

When mountain bear or wilder deer  
Have called me to this forest drear.  
Fear'st thou with Montonoc to stray,  
Why wand'rest thou so far away,  
From friends, from safety, and from home,  
To war, and weariness, and gloom ?  
Thou must not hope, as yet, to bear  
Free from disguise that form so dear ;  
It must not, and it will not be,  
Till, buried in the dark Monee,  
The last of yonder tribe of blood,  
Lies weltering in the sable flood !  
But rest thee on this fresh green seat,  
And I will trace his wandering feet ;  
Warn him to watch the lurking foe,  
Whose bloody breasts for vengeance glow ;  
Then rest thee here ; within yon dell  
I saw his form, and knew him well !"

Thus spoke the prophet of the wood,  
As near the stranger maid he stood.

"Then go," she cried, half-faltering, "go !  
Bid him beware the bloody foe !  
But give me, ere we part," she cried,  
"Yon blood-stained death-blade from your side ;  
Perhaps this arm, though weak, may find  
Strength, in the hour of deep distress ;  
Go ! my preserver, and my friend,  
May heaven thy steps and efforts bless !"

Cautious and swift the Indian went ;  
His head was raised, his bow was bent,  
And as he on, like wild-deer, sped,  
So light, so silent, was his tread,  
That scarce a leaf was heard to move,  
Of flower below, or branch above !

Where Rathmond, with a heart of woe,  
Had gazed on lost Chicomico,  
There, on that spot, the prophet's eye  
Mark'd the young warrior's farewell sigh.  
"Why lingerest thou here, Young Eagle," he cried,  
"The foe 'neath the fern, and the dark hazel hide!  
Blood, blood! be our war-cry, for vengeance is theirs!  
Their arrows are winged by despair and by fears!  
When the last of the tribe of Hillis-ad-joe,  
Hath plunged him beneath the deep waters below,  
Thy heart shall possess all it wishes for here,  
Unchilled by a sigh, unbedewed by a tear!  
But till then, cold and vacant thy bosom shall be,  
And the idol to which thou hast bended thy knee,  
Shall mark thee, and love thee, in peril and woe,  
Yet till then that dear being thou never shalt know!"

"What meanest thou, prophet of the eagle-eye,  
By thy mysterious prophecy?  
Well knowest thou that yon bloody chief  
Doomed her to death, and me to grief!  
That round that form, the wild flames rolled  
And wafted far her angel soul!  
Why didst thou not arrest the brand?  
For, prophet, fate was in thy hand."

"'T is well," the Indian calmly said,  
"'T is well," and bowed to earth his head;  
'But,' he exclaimed, with eye less grave,  
'I left a skiff on yonder wave—  
Say, dark-eyed Eagle, dost thou know  
Aught of the dire, blood-thirsty foe?"

"No, Montonoc! no foe was she,  
Who plunged adown the swift Monee.  
Chicomico is cold and damp!  
The wave her couch—the moon her lamp;

But mark! adown the foaming stream  
The barks beneath the moon's pale beam!  
What bode they? or of weal, or woe?  
Do they betoken friend or foe?  
Perchance to rouse the wildwood deer  
The Indian hunters landed there."

Back they retraced their steps, till from the hill  
A female shriek rang loud, distinct, and shrill!  
Both start, both stop, and Montonoc's dark eye  
Flashed like a meteor of the northern sky.—  
But hark! what cry of savage joy is there,  
Borne through the forest on the midnight air?

It is the foe!—the band of blood-hounds came,  
Who erst had lit the Chieftain's funeral flame!  
Revenge and death around their arrows gleam,  
And murder shudders 'neath the moon's pale beam!  
The fiercest warrior of their tribe, their chief,  
Sage in the council, bloody in the strife,  
High towered dark Wompaw's snowy plume in air,  
Waved on the breeze, and shone a beacon there!  
Old Ompahaw, with brow of fire,  
And bosom burning high with ire  
And sparkling eye, and burning brand,  
Which gleamed athwart both lake and strand,  
Still echoed back the lengthened yell  
Which startled wildwood, rock, and dell!  
And more were there, so dread, so wild,  
Nature might shudder at her child,  
And curse the hand that e'er had made  
So dark a stain, so deep a shade!

On, on they flew, with lengthened stride  
But, ah! the victims, where are they?—  
Naught but the lake lies open wide,  
And the broad bosom of the bay!

But, ah! 't is well ;—that shrill shriek toll'd  
The death-knell of their chief once more !  
Yes, Rathmond, yes, the deed was bold,  
That stretched yon white plume on the shore !

Safe crouch'd 'neath fern-bush, dark and low,  
Rathmond had truly bent his bow,  
And Montonoc, with steady eye,  
From 'mid the oak's arms broad and high,  
Took aim as sure ; his arrows sped,  
And many a bloody foe is dead !  
Wide tumult spreads !—afar they fly,  
Each rustling brake, which meets the eye,  
Seems shrouding still some warrior there,  
With bloody brand and eye of fire.  
Slow dropping from his safe retreat,  
The prophet glides to Rathmond's seat ;  
Then raised loud yells of various tone,  
Such as are given at victory won,  
And Rathmond joined, till long and high,  
Rang the loud chorus to the sky !  
Hark ! o'er the rocks, the shrieks are answered wild  
Can it be Echo, Nature's darling child ?  
No—'t is a whoop of horror and despair,  
Which knows no sympathy, which sheds no tear !

Lo ! on yon cliff, which frowns above the wave,  
Mark the stern warriors hovering o'er their grave !  
'T is done : the sullen bosom of the bay  
Opens and closes o'er its sinking prey !

One hollow splashing, as the waters part,  
Sad welcome of the victim to his bed,  
One mournful, shuddering echo, and the heart  
Turns, chilled, at length, from scenes of death and  
dread !

But ah ! like some sad spectre lingering near,  
A form still hovers o'er the scene of woe ;—  
Does it await its hour of vengeance here,  
Watching the cold forms weltering below ?

The morn was dawning slowly in the east,  
A few faint gleams of light were bursting through,  
When the dread warriors sought the lake's calm  
breast,  
And sullen sunk amid its waters blue !

That rude, wild phantom hovering there,  
Poised on the precipice mid-way in air,  
Like some stern spirit of the dead,  
Rising indignant from its bed,  
Was Ompahaw ! alone, he stood,  
Gazing on Heaven, on hill, and wood !  
His eye was wilder than the eagle's glare ;  
Its glance was triumph, mingled with despair !  
Far floated on the breeze his plumes of red,  
Waving in warlike pride around his head ;  
His bow was aimless, bent within his hand ;  
His scalping-knife was gleaming in its band ;  
And his gay dress, bedecked for battle's storm,  
Was wildly fluttering round his warrior-form !

"Farewell !" he cried, "this aged hand  
Draws the last bow-string of our band !"  
He spoke, and, sudden as the lightning's glance,  
The dart, one moment, o'er the waters danced ;  
Like comet's blaze, like shooting star,  
It whirled across the waters far !  
The dark lake sparkled, as the arrow fell,  
Foaming, death's herald, a last, bright farewell !  
Then from his belt his tomahawk he tore,  
"Man shall ne'er stain thy blade again with gore !"

Then raised on high his arm, and wildly sung  
The death-song of his tribe, till nature rung !

## THE DEATH - SONG.

“The last of the tribe of Hillis-ad-joe  
Falls not by the hand of the bloody foe  
But they fled to the Heaven of peace in the west,  
The Great Spirit called, and they flew to be blessed !

“From the dark rock’s frowning brow  
They flew to the deep below ;  
They feared not, for the Heaven of peace in the west  
Was smiling them welcome, sweet welcome to rest !

“The last of the tribe of Hillis-ad-joe  
Now plunges him ’mid the deep waters below !  
I come, Great Spirit, take me to thy rest !  
Lo ! my freed soul is winged towards the west !”

’T is past ! the rude, wild sons of Nature sleep,  
Calm, undisturbed, amid the waters deep !  
’T is past !—the deed is done, the tribe has gone !  
Not one is left to mourn it, no, not one !

The last of all that tribe of blood  
Lies weltering in the sable flood !  
Oh ! where is yonder fair-haired maid ?  
Say, whither hath the lone one strayed ?  
’Mid the wild tumult of the strife,  
Where fled she from the scalping-knife ?  
Angels around her spread their arm,  
And shrouded her from fear and harm !  
But oh ! what shriek rang shrill and clear,  
And echoed still in Rathmond’s ear ?  
Why should he note that voice, that scream ?  
Was it his fancy, or a dream ?

Or was it—hope illumed his eye,  
And pointed to the prophecy!

“But no!—’t were madness to return  
To those bright scenes of joy,” he cried,  
“Her bones are whitening in the sun,  
Her ashes scattered far and wide!”

But where is Montonoc? alone,  
Rathmond is musing on the strand;  
Say, whither has the prophet gone?  
Why does young Rathmond heedless stand?

Oh! he is picturing to his vacant breast  
Those scenes of joy, those moments doubly blessed,  
Which youthful hope had promised should be his,  
When all was light, and love, and cloudless bliss!  
Oh! he was sighing o’er the dreary waste,  
Left in that bosom, which had loved so well!  
Oh! he was wishing for some place of rest,  
Some gloomy cavern, or some lonely cell!

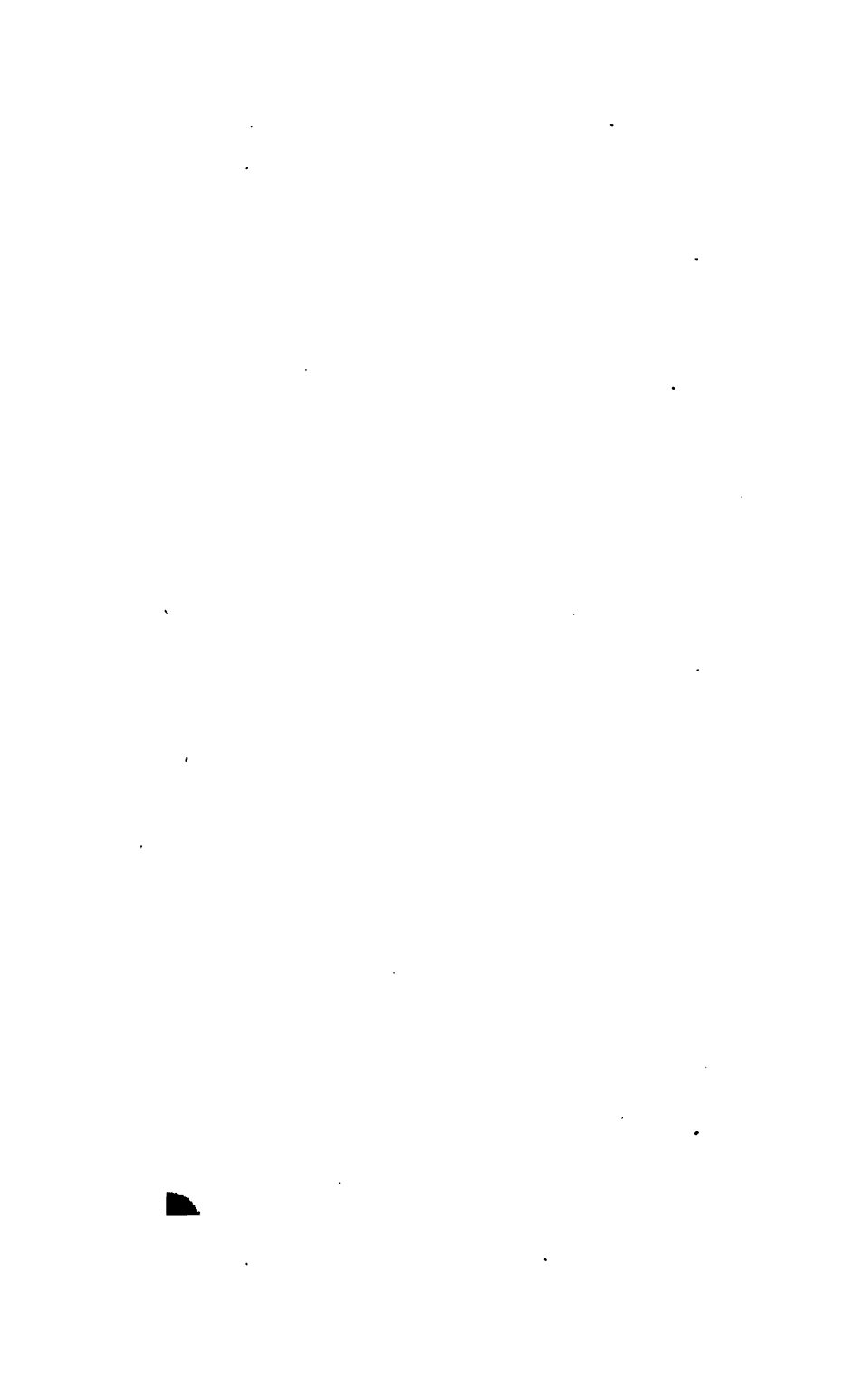
But, ah! the voice of Montonoc is heard,  
Loud as the notes of yonder gloomy bird  
“Eagle!” he cried, “the fatal charm hath passed!  
The blood-red tribe have darkly sunk at last!  
And, warrior, now I yield unto thy power  
The latest trophy of my life’s last hour!  
Deal with him as thou wilt, for he is thine!  
But mark! ’t was I who gave, for he was mine!  
Adieu! I go!”—He closed his fiery eye,  
And his stern spirit flew to heaven on high!

The prisoner sighed, and mutely gazed awhile  
Upon the fallen prophet’s brow of toil,  
Then towards the warrior turned, dropped the dark  
hood,  
And, lo! Cordelia before Rathmond stood!

## MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

10 \*

(121)



## MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

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### CHARITY.

#### A VERSIFICATION OF PART OF THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER OF FIRST CORINTHIANS.

(Written in her twelfth year.)

THOUGH I were gifted with an angel's tongue,  
And voice like that with which the prophets sung,  
Yet if mild charity were not within,  
'T were all an impious mockery and sin.

Though I the gift of prophecy possessed,  
And faith like that which Abraham professed,  
They all were like a tinkling cymbal's sound,  
If meek-eyed charity did not abound.

Though I to feed the poor my goods bestow,  
And to the flames my body I should throw,  
Yet the vain act would never cover sin,  
If heaven-born charity were not within.

---

### TO SCIENCE.

(Written in her thirteenth year.)

Let others in false Pleasure's court be found,  
But may I ne'er be whirled the giddy round;  
Let me ascend with Genius' rapid flight,  
Till the fair hill of Science meets my sight.

(123)

Blest with a pilot who my feet will guide,  
Direct my way, whene'er I step aside ;  
May one bright ray of Science on me shine,  
And be the gift of learning ever mine.

---

### PLEASURE.

(Written in her thirteenth year.)

Away ! unstable, fleeting Pleasure,  
Thou troublesome and gilded treasure ;  
When the false jewel changes hue,  
There's naught, O man, that's left for you !  
What many grasp at with such joy,  
Is but her shade, a foolish toy ;  
She is not found at every court,  
At every ball, and every sport,  
But in that heart she loves to rest,  
That's with a guiltless conscience blest.

---

### THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

(Written in her thirteenth year.)

The Shepherd feeds his fleecy flock with care,  
And mourns to find one little lamb has strayed ;  
He, unfatigued, roams through the midnight air,  
O'er hills, o'er rocks, and through the mossy glade.

But when that lamb is found, what joy is seen  
Depicted on the careful shepherd's face,  
When, sporting o'er the smooth and level green,  
He sees his fav'rite charge is in its place.

Thus the great Shepherd of his flock doth mourn,  
When from his fold a wayward lamb has strayed,  
And thus with mercy he receives him home,  
When the poor soul his Lord has disobeyed.

There is great joy among the saints in heaven,  
When one repentant soul has found its God,  
For Christ, his Shepherd, hath his ransom given,  
And sealed it with his own redeeming blood !

---

## LINES,

### WRITTEN UNDER THE PROMISE OF REWARD.

(Written in her thirteenth year.)

Whene'er the muse pleases to grace my dull page,  
At the sight of *reward*, she flies off in a rage ;  
Prayers, threats, and entreaties I frequently try,  
But she leaves me to scribble, to fret, and to sigh.

She torments me each moment, and bids me go write,  
And when I obey her, she laughs at the sight ;  
The rhyme will not jingle, the verse has no sense,  
And against all her insults I have no defence.

I advise all my friends, who wish me to write,  
To keep their rewards and their praises from sight ;  
So that jealous Miss Muse won't be wounded in pride,  
Nor Pegasus rear, till I've taken my ride.

TO THE  
MEMORY OF HENRY KIRK WHITE.

(Written in her thirteenth year.)

In yon lone valley where the cypress spreads  
Its gloomy, dark, impenetrable shades,  
The mourning *Nine*, o'er White's untimely grave  
Murmur their sighs, like Neptune's troubled wave.

There sits Consumption, sickly, pale, and thin,  
Her joy evincing by a ghastly grin;  
There his deserted garlands with'ring lie,  
Like him they droop, like him untimely die.

---

STILLING THE WAVES.

(Written in her thirteenth year.)

"And he arose and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea  
'Peace, be still!'"

Be still, ye waves, for Christ doth deign to tread  
On the rough bosom of your watery bed!  
Be not too harsh your gracious Lord to greet,  
But, in soft murmurs, kiss his holy feet;  
'Tis He alone can calm your rage at will,  
This is His sacred mandate, "Peace, be still!"

## A SONG.

(IN IMITATION OF THE SCOTCH.)

(Written in her thirteenth year.)

Wha is it that caemeth sae blithe and sae swift,  
 His bonnet is far frae his flaxen hair lift,  
 His dark een rolls gladsome, i' the breeze floats his  
     plaid,  
 And surely he bringeth nae news that is sad.  
 Ah ! say, bonny stranger, whence caemest thou now?  
 The tiny drop trickles frae off thy dark brow.

“ I come,” said the stranger, “ to spier my lued hame,  
 And to see if my Marion still were the same ;  
 I hae been to the battle, where thousands hae bled,  
 And chieftains fu' proud are wi' mean peasants laid ;  
 I hae fought for my country, for freedom, and fame,  
 And now I'm returning wi' speed to my hame.”

“ Gude Spirit of Light ! ” ( 't was a voice caught his  
     ear )

“ And is it me ain Norman's accents I hear ?  
 And has the fierce Southron then left me my child !  
 Or am I wi' sair, sair anxiety wild ? ”  
 He turned to behold — 't is his mother he sees !  
 He flies to embrace her — he falls on his knees.

“ Oh ! where is my father ? ” a tear trickled down,  
 And silently moisten'd the warrior's cheek brown :  
 “ Ah ! sure my heart sinks, sae sair in my breast,  
 Too sure he frae all the world's trouble doth rest ! ”  
 “ But where is my Marion ? ” his pale cheek turned  
     red,  
 And the glistening tear in his eye was soon dried.

"She lives!" and he knew 't was his Marion's sweet  
tone,  
"She lives," exclaims Marion, "for Norman alone!"  
He saw her: the rose had fled far from her cheek,  
But Norman still lives! his Marion is found;  
By the adamant chains of blithe Hymen they're  
bound.

---

### EXIT FROM EGYPTIAN BONDAGE.

(Written in her thirteenth year.)

When Israel's sons, from cruel bondage freed,  
Fled to the land by righteous Heaven decreed;  
Insulting Pharaoh quick pursued their train,  
E'en to the borders of the troubled main.

Affrighted Israel stood alone dismayed,  
The foe behind, the sea before them laid;  
Around, the hosts of bloody Pharaoh fold,  
And wave o'er wave the raging Red Sea rolled.

But God, who saves his chosen ones from harm,  
Stretched to their aid his all-protecting arm,  
And lo! on either side the sea divides,  
And Israel's army in its bosom hides.

Safe to the shore through watery walls they march  
And once more hail kind Heaven's aerial arch;  
Far, far behind, the cruel foe is seen,  
And the dark waters roll their march between.

The God of vengeance stretched his arm again,  
And heaving, back recoiled the foaming main;  
And impious Pharaoh 'neath the raging wave,  
With all his army, finds a watery grave.

Rejoice, O Israel ! God is on your side,  
 He is your champion, and your faithful guide ;  
 By day, a cloud is to your footsteps given,  
 By night, a fiery column towers to heaven.

Then Israel's children marched by day and night,  
 Till Sinai's mountain rose upon their sight :  
 There righteous Heaven the flying army staid,  
 And Israel's sons the high command obeyed.

To Sinai's mount the trembling people came,  
 'T was wrapped in threat'ning clouds, in smoke, and  
 flame ;

A silent awe pervaded all the van ;  
 Not e'en a murmur through the army ran.  
 High Sinai shook ! dread thunders rent the air !  
 And horrid lightnings round its summit glare !  
 'T was God's pavilion, and the black'ning clouds,  
 Dark hov'ring o'er, his dazzling glory shrouds.

To Heaven's dread court the intrepid leader came,  
 T' receive its mandate in the people's name ;  
 Loud trumpets peal—the awful thunders roll,  
 Transfixing terrors in each guilty soul.

But lo ! he comes, arrayed in shining light,  
 And round his forehead plays a halo bright :  
 Heaven's high commands with trembling were re-  
 ceived,  
 Heaven's high commands were heard, and were be-  
 lieved.

---

### THE LAST FLOWER OF THE GARDEN.

(Written in her thirteenth year.)

The last flower of the garden was blooming alone,  
 The last rays of the sun on its blushing leaves shone ;

Still a glittering drop on its bosom reclined,  
And a few half-blown buds 'midst its leaves were entwined.

Say, lonely one, say, why ling'rest thou here?  
And why on thy bosom reclines the bright tear?  
'T is the tear of a zephyr—for summer 't was shed,  
And for all thy companions now withered and dead.

Why ling'rest thou here, when around thee are strown  
The flowers once so lovely, by Autumn blast blown?  
Say, why, sweetest flow'ret, the last of thy race,  
Why ling'rest thou here the lone garden to grace?

As I spoke, a rough blast, sent by Winter's own hand,  
Whistled by me, and bent its sweet head to the sand;  
I hastened to raise it—the dew-drop had fled,  
And the once lovely flower was withered and dead.

---

### ODE TO FANCY.

(Written in her thirteenth year.)

Fancy, sweet and truant sprite,  
Steals on wings, as feathers light,  
Draws a veil o'er Reason's eye,  
And bids the guardian senses fly.

Soft she whispers to the mind,  
Come, and trouble leave behind:  
She banishes the fiend Despair,  
And shuts the eyes of waking Care.

Then, o'er precipices dark,  
Where never reached the wing of lark,  
Fearing no harm, she dauntless flies,  
Where rocks on rocks dread frowning rise.

When Autumn shakes his hoary head,  
And scatters leaves at every tread;  
Fancy stands with list'ning ear,  
Nor starts, when shrieks affrighted Fear.

There's music in the rattling leaf,  
But 'tis not for the ear of Grief;  
There's music in the wind's hoarse moan,  
But 'tis for Fancy's ear alone.

---

## THE BLUSH.

(Written in her thirteenth year.)

Why that blush on Ella's cheek,  
What doth the flitting wand'rer seek?  
Doth passion's black'ning tempest scowl,  
To agitate my Ella's soul?

Return, sweet wand'rer, fear no harm;  
The heart which Ella's breast doth warm,  
Is virtue's calm, serene retreat;  
And ne'er with passion's storm did beat.

Return, and calmly rest, till love  
Shall thy sweet efficacy prove;  
Then come, and thy loved place resume,  
And fill that cheek with youthful bloom.

A blush of nature charms the heart  
More than the brilliant tints of art;  
They please awhile, and please no more—  
We hate the things we loved before.

But no unfading tints were those,  
Which to my Ella's cheek arose;

They please the raptured heart, and fly  
Before they pall the gazing eye.

'T was not the blush of guilt or shame,  
Which o'er my Ella's features came;  
'T was she, who fed the poor distressed,  
'T was she the indigent had blessed;

For her their prayers to heaven were raised,  
On her the grateful people gazed;  
'T was then the blush suffused her cheek,  
Which told what words can never speak.

---

### ON AN ÆOLIAN HARP.

(Written in her fourteenth year.)

What heavenly music strikes my ravished ear,  
So soft, so melancholy, and so clear?  
And do the tuneful Nine then touch the lyre,  
To fill each bosom with poetic fire?

Or does some angel strike the sounding strings,  
Catching from echo the wild note he sings?  
But hark! another strain, how sweet, how wild!  
Now rising high, now sinking low and mild.

And tell me now, ye spirits of the wind,  
Oh, tell me where those artless notes to find!  
So lofty now, so loud, so sweet, so clear,  
That even angels might delighted hear!

But hark! those notes again majestic rise,  
As though some spirit, banished from the skies,  
Had hither fled to charm Æolus wild,  
And teach him other music sweet and mild.

Then hither fly, sweet mourner of the air,  
Then hither fly, and to my harp repair;  
At twilight chaunt the melancholy lay,  
And charm the sorrows of thy soul away.

---

## THE COQUETTE.

(Written in her fourteenth year.)

I hae nae sleep, I hae nae rest,  
My Ellen's lost for aye,  
My heart is sair and much distressed,  
I surely soon must die.

I canna think o' wark at a',  
My eyes still wander far,  
I see her neck like driven snaw,  
I see her flaxen hair.

Sair, sair, I begged; she would na' hear,  
She proudly turned awa',  
Unmoved she saw the trickling tear,  
Which, spite o' me, would fa'.

She acted weel a conqueror's part,  
She triumphed in my woe,  
She gracefu' waved me to depart,  
I tried, but could na' go.

"Ah why," (distractedly I cried,)  
"Why yield me to despair?  
Bid ling'ring Hope resume her sway,  
To ease my heart sae sair."

She scornfu' smiled, and bade me go!  
This roused my dormant pride;  
I craved nae boon—I took nae luke,  
“Adieu!” I proudly cried.

I fled! nor Ellen hae I seen,  
Sin' that too fatal day:  
My “bosom's laird” sits heavy here,  
And Hope's fled far away.

Care, darkly brooding, bodes a storm,  
I'm Sorrow's child indeed;  
She stamps her image on my form,  
I wear the mourning weed!

---

### ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

(Written in her fourteenth year.)

Sweet child, and hast thou gone, for ever fled!  
Low lies thy body in its grassy bed;  
But thy freed soul swift bends its flight through air,  
Thy heavenly Father's gracious love to share.

And now, methinks, I see thee clothed in white,  
Mingling with saints, like thee, celestial bright.—  
Look down, sweet angel, on thy friends below,  
And mark their trickling tears of silent woe.

Look down with pity in thy infant eye,  
And view the friends thou left, for friends on high:  
Methinks I see thee leaning from above,  
To whisper, to those friends, of peace and love.

“Weep not for me, for I am happy still,  
And murmur not at our great Father's will;

Let not this blow your trust in Jesus shake,  
Our Saviour gave, and it is his to take.

"Once you looked forward to life's opening day,  
The scene was bright, and pleasant seemed the way;  
Hope drew the picture, Fancy, ever near,  
Coloured it bright—'t is blotted with a tear.

"Then let that tear be Resignation's child;  
Yielding to Heaven's high will, be calm, be mild;  
Weep for your child no more, she's happy still,  
And murmur not at your great Father's will."

---

## REFLECTIONS,

ON CROSSING LAKE CHAMPLAIN IN THE STEAMBOAT *PROTEUS*.

(Written in her fourteenth year.)

Islet\* on the lake's calm bosom,  
In thy breast rich treasures lie;  
Heroes! there your bones shall moulder,  
But your fame shall never die.

Islet on the lake's calm bosom,  
Sleep serenely in thy bed;  
Brightest gem our waves can boast,  
Guardian angel of the dead!

Calm upon the waves recline,  
Till great Nature's reign is o'er;  
Until old and swift-winged time  
Sinks, and order is no more.

---

\* Crab Island; on which were buried the remains of the sailors who fell in the action of September 11th, 1814.

Then thy guardianship shall cease,  
Then shall rock thy aged bed;  
And when Heaven's last trump shall sound,  
Thou shalt yield thy noble dead!

---

### THE STAR OF LIBERTY.

(Written in her fourteenth year.)

There shone a gem on England's crown,  
Bright as yon star;  
Oppression marked it with a frown,  
He sent his darkest spirit down,  
To quench the light that round it shone,  
Blazing afar.  
But Independence met the foe,  
And laid the swift-winged demon low.

A second messenger was sent,  
Dark as the night;  
On his dire errand swift he went,  
But Valour's bow was truly bent,  
Justice her keenest arrow lent,  
And sped its flight;  
Then fell the impious wretch, and Death  
Approached, to take his withering breath.

Valour then took, with hasty hand,  
The gem of light;  
He flew to seek some other land,  
He flew to 'scape oppression's hand,  
He knew there was some other strand,  
More bright;  
And as he swept the fields of air,  
He found a country, rich and fair.

Upon its breast the star he placed,  
The star of liberty;  
Bright, and more bright the meteor blazed.  
The lesser planets stood amazed,  
Astonished mortals, wondering, gazed,  
Looking on fearfully.  
That star shines brightly to this day,  
On thy calm breast, America!

---

## THE MERMAID.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

Maid of the briny wave and raven lock,  
Whose bed's the sea-weed, and whose throne's the  
rock,  
Tell me, what fate compels thee thus to ride  
O'er the tempestuous ocean's foaming tide?  
Art thou some naiad, who, at Neptune's nod,  
Flies to obey the mandate of that god?  
Art thou the syren, who, when night draws on,  
Chauntest thy farewell to the setting sun?  
Or, leaning on thy wave-encircled rock,  
Twining with lily hand thy raven lock;  
Dost thou, in accents wild, proclaim the storm,  
Which soon shall wrap th' unwary sailor's form?  
Or dost thou round the wild Charybdis play,  
To warn the seaman from his dangerous way?  
Or, shrieking midst the tempest, chaunt the dirge  
Of shipwrecked sailors, buried in the surge?  
Tell me, mysterious being, what you are?  
So wild, so strange, so lonely, yet so fair!

Tell me, O tell me, why you sit alone,  
Singing so sweetly on the wave-washed stone ?

And tell me, that if e'er I find my grave,  
Beneath the ocean's wildly troubled wave,  
That thou with weeds wilt strew my watery bed,  
And hush the roaring billows o'er my head.

---

### ON SOLITUDE.

(Written in her fourteenth year.)

Sweet Solitude ! I love thy silent shade,  
I love to pause when in life's mad career ;  
To view the chequered path before me laid,  
And turn to meditate — to hope, to fear.

'T is sweet to draw the curtain on the world,  
To shut out all its tumult, all its care ;  
Leave the dread vortex, in which all are whirled,  
And to thy shades of twilight calm repair.

Yet, Solitude, the hand divine, which made  
The earth, the ocean, and the realms of air,  
Pointed how far thy kingdom should extend,  
And bade thee pause, for he had fixed thee there

Then, when disgusted with the world and man,  
When sick of pageantry, of pomp, and pride,  
To thee I'll fly, in thee I'll seek relief,  
And hope to find that calm the world denied.

## ON THE BIRTH OF A SISTER.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

Sweet babe, I cannot hope thou wilt be freed  
From woes, to all, since earliest time, decreed;  
But mayest thou be with resignation blessed,  
To bear each evil, howsoe'er distressed.

May Hope her anchor lend amid the storm,  
And o'er the tempest rear her angel form!  
May sweet Benevolence, whose words are peace,  
To the rude whirlwinds softly whisper "cease!"

And may Religion, Heaven's own darling child,  
Teach thee at human cares and griefs to smile;  
Teach thee to look beyond this world of woe,  
To Heaven's high fount, whence mercies ever flow.

And when this vale of tears is safely passed,  
When Death's dark curtain shuts the scene at last,  
May thy freed spirit leave this earthly sod,  
And fly to seek the bosom of thy God.

---

A DREAM.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

Methought, (unwitting how the place I gained,)  
I rested on a fleecy, floating cloud  
Far o'er the earth, the stars, the sun, the heavens,  
And slowly wheeled around the dread expanse!  
Sudden, methought, a trumpet's voice was heard,  
Pealing with long, loud, death-awakening note,

Such note as mortal man but once may hear !  
At that heart-piercing summons, there arose  
A crowd fast pouring from the troubled earth !  
The *earth*, that blackened speck alone seemed moved  
By the dread note, which rushed,  
Like pent-up whirlwinds, round Heaven's azure  
vault ;  
All other worlds, all other twinkling stars  
Stood mute—stood motionless ;  
Their time had not yet come.  
Yet, ever and anon, they seemed to bow  
Before the dread tribunal ;  
And the fiery comet, as it blazed along,  
Stopped in its midway course, as conscious of the  
power  
Which onward ever, ever had impelled :  
No other planet moved, none seemed convulsed,  
Save the dim orb of earth !  
Forth eddying rushed a crowd, confused and dark,  
Like a volcano, muttering and subdued !  
There came no sound distinct, but sighs and groans,  
And murmurings half suppressed, half uttered !  
All eyes were upward turned in wonder and in fear,  
But soon, methought, they onward rolled  
To the dread High One's bar,  
As the tumultuous billows rush murmuring to the  
shore,  
And all distinctions dwindled into naught.  
Upward I cast my eyes ;  
High on an azure throne, begirt with clouds,  
Sate the dread Indescribable !  
He raised his sceptre, waved it o'er the crowd,  
And all was calm and silent as the grave !  
He rose ; the cherubs flapped their snowy wings !  
On came the rushing wind—the throne was moved,  
And flew like gliding swan above the crowd !

Sudden it stopped o'er the devoted world !  
The Judge moved forward 'mid his sable shroud,  
Raised his strong arm with rolling thunders clothed,  
Held forth a vial filled with wrathful fire,  
Then poured the contents on the waiting globe !  
Sudden the chain, which bound it to God's throne,  
Snapped with a dire explosion !  
On wheeled the desolate—the burning orb  
Swift through the heavens !  
Down, down it plunged — then shot across the ex-  
panse,  
Blazing through realms, where light had never  
pierced !  
Down, down it plunged — fast wheeling from above,  
Shooting forth flames, and sparks, and burning brands,  
Trailing from shade to shade !  
Then bounding, blazing — brighter than before,  
It plunged extinguished in the chaotic gulf !

---

### TO MY SISTER.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)\*

When evening spreads her shades around,  
And darkness fills the arch of heaven ;  
When not a murmur, not a sound  
To Fancy's sportive ear is given ;

When the broad orb of heaven is bright,  
And looks around with golden eye ;  
When Nature, softened by her light,  
Seems calmly, solemnly to lie ;

---

\* See Biographical Sketch.

Then, when our thoughts are raised above  
This world, and all this world can give;  
Oh, sister, sing the song I love,  
And tears of gratitude receive.

The song which thrills my bosom's core,  
And hovering trembles, half afraid;  
O sister, sing the song *once* more  
Which ne'er for mortal ear was made.

'T were almost sacrilege to sing  
Those notes amid the glare of day;  
Notes borne by angels' purest wing,  
And wafted by their breath away.

When sleeping in my grass-grown bed,  
Should'st thou *still* linger here above,  
Wilt thou not kneel beside my head,  
And, sister, sing the song I love?

### CUPID'S BOWER.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

Am I in fairy land? or tell me, pray,  
To what love-lighted bower I've found my way?  
Sure luckless wight was never more beguiled  
In woodland maze, or closely-tangled wild.

And is this Cupid's realm? if so, good bye!  
Cupid, and Cupid's votaries, I fly;  
No offering to his altar do I bring,  
No bleeding heart—or hymeneal ring,

What though he proudly marshals his array  
Of conquered hearts, still bleeding in his way ;  
Of sighs, of kisses sweet, of glances sly,  
Playing around some darkly-beauteous eye ?

What though the rose of beauty opening wide,  
Blooms but for him, and fans his lordly pride ?  
What though his garden boasts the fairest flower  
That ever dew-drop kissed, or pearly shower ;

Still, Cupid, I'm no votary to thee ;  
Thy torch of light will never blaze for me ;  
I ask no glance of thine, I ask no sigh ;  
I brave thy fury, and thus boldly fly !

Adieu, then, and for evermore, adieu !  
Ye poor entangled ones, farewell to you !  
And, O ye powers ! a hapless mortal prays  
For guidance through this labyrinthine maze.



## THE FAMILY TIME-PIECE.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

Friend of my heart, thou monitor of youth,  
Well do I love thee, dearest child of truth ;  
Though many a lonely hour thy whisperings low  
Have made sad chorus to the notes of woe.

Or 'mid the happy hour which joyful flew,  
Thou still wert faithful, still unchanged, still true ;  
Or when the task employed my infant mind,  
Oft have I sighed to see thee lag behind ;

And watched thy finger, with a youthful glee,  
When it had pointed silently, "be free!"  
Thou wert my mentor through each passing year;  
'Mid pain or pleasure, thou wert ever near.

And when the wings of time unnoticed flew,  
I paused, reflected, wondered, turned to you;  
Paused in my heedless round, to mark thy hand,  
Pointing to conscience, like a magic wand;

To watch thee stealing on thy silent way,  
Silent, but sure, Time's pinions cannot stay;  
How many hours of pleasure, hours of pain,  
When smiles were bright'ning round affliction's train?

How many hours of poverty and woe,  
Which taught cold drops of agony to flow?  
How many hours of war,\* of blood, of death,  
Which added laurels to the victor's wreath?

How many deep-drawn sighs thy hand hath told,  
And dimmed the smile, and dried the tear which  
rolled?

When the loud cannon spoke the voice of war,  
And death and bloodshed whirled their crimson car?

When the proud banner, waving in the breeze,  
Had welcomed war, and bade adieu to peace,  
Thy faithful finger traced the wing of time,  
Pointed to earth, and then to heaven sublime.

Unmoved amid the carnage of the world,  
When thousands to eternity were hurled,  
Thy head was reared aloft, truth's chosen child,  
Beaming serenely through the troubled wild.

---

\* Alluding, probably, to the late war scenes at Plattsburgh.—  
Editor.

Friend of my youth, ere from its mould'ring clay  
My joyful spirit wings to heaven its way;  
O may'st thou watch beside my aching head,  
And tell how fast time flits with feathered tread.

---

ON THE  
EXECUTION OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

Touch not the heart, for Sorrow's voice  
Will mingle in the chorus wild;'   
When Scotland weeps, canst thou rejoice?  
No: rather mourn her murdered child.

Sing how on Carberry's mount of blood,  
'Mid foes exulting in her doom,  
The captive Mary fearless stood,  
A helpless victim for the tomb.

Justice and Mercy, 'frighted, fled,  
And shrouded was Hope's beacon blaze,  
When, like a lamb to slaughter led,  
Poor Mary met her murderers' gaze.

Calm was her eye as yon dark lake,  
And changed her once angelic form;  
No sigh was heard the pause to break,  
That awful pause before the storm.

O draw the veil, 't were shame to gaze  
Upon the bloody tragedy;  
But lo! a brilliant halo plays  
Around the hill of Carberry.

'T is done—and Mary's soul has flown  
Beyond this scene of blood and death;  
'T is done—the lovely saint has gone  
To claim in heaven a thornless wreath.

But as Elijah, when his car  
Wheeled on towards heaven its path of light,  
Dropped on his friend, he left afar,  
His mantle, like a meteor bright;

So Mary, when her spirit flew  
Far from this world, so sad, so weary,  
A crown of fame immortal threw  
Around the brow of Carberry.

---

THE DESTRUCTION OF

SODOM AND GOMORRAH.

“And he looked towards Sodom and Gomorrah, and lo! the  
smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace.”

(Written in her fourteenth year.)

O dread was the night, when o'er Sodom's wide plain  
The fire of heaven descended;  
For all that then bloomed, shall ne'er bloom there  
again,  
For man hath his Maker offended.

The midnight of terror and woe hath passed by,  
The death-spirit's pinions are furled;  
But the sun, as it beams clear and brilliant on high  
Hides from Sodom's dark, desolate world.

Here lies but that glassy, that death-stricken lake,  
As in mockery of what had been there ;  
The wild bird flies far from the dark nestling brake,  
Which waves its scorched arms in the air.

In that city the wine-cup was brilliantly flowing,  
Joy held her high festival there ;  
Not a fond bosom dreaming, (in luxury glowing,)  
Of the close of that night of despair.

For the bride, her handmaiden the garland was  
wreathing,  
At the altar the bridegroom was waiting,  
But vengeance impatiently round them was breathing,  
And Death at that shrine was their greeting.

But the wine-cup is empty, and broken it lies,  
The lip which it foamed for, is cold ;  
For the red wing of Death o'er Gomorrah now flies,  
And Sodom is wrapped in its fold.

The bride is wedded, but the bridegroom is Death,  
With his cold, damp, and grave-like hand ;  
Her pillow is ashes, the slime-weed her wreath,  
Heaven's flames are her nuptial band.

And near to that cold, that desolate sea,  
Whose fruits are to ashes now turned,  
Not a fresh-blown flower, not a budding tree,  
Now blooms where those cities were burned.

## RUTH'S ANSWER TO NAOMI.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

Entreat me not, I must not hear,  
Mark but this sorrow-beaming tear;  
Thy answer's written deeply now  
On this warm cheek and clouded brow;  
'T is gleaming o'er this eye of sadness  
Which only near *thee* sparkles gladness.

The hearts *most* dear to us are gone,  
And *thou* and *I* are left alone;  
Where'er thou wanderest, I will go,  
I'll follow thee through joy or woe;  
Shouldst thou to other countries fly,  
Where'er thou lodgest, there will I.

Thy people shall my people be,  
And to thy God, I'll bend the knee;  
Whither thou fliest, will I fly,  
And where thou diest, I will die;  
And the same sod which pillows thee  
Shall freshly, sweetly bloom for me.

## DAVID AND JONATHAN.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

On the brow of Gilboa is war's bloody stain,  
The pride and the beauty of Israel is slain;  
O publish it not in proud Askelon's street,  
Nor tell it in Gath, lest in triumph they meet,  
For how are the mighty fallen!

O mount of Gilboa, no dew shalt thou see,  
Save the blood of the Philistine fall upon thee;  
For the strong-pinioned eagle of Israel is dead,  
Thy brow is his pillow, thy bosom his bed !  
O how are the mighty fallen !

Weep, daughters of Israel, weep o'er his grave !  
What breast will now pity, what arm will now save ?  
O my brother ! my brother ! this heart bleeds for thee,  
For thou wert a friend and a brother to me !  
Ah, how are the mighty fallen !

---

### THE SICK-BED.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

O have you watched beside the bed,  
Where rests the weary, aching head ?  
And have you heard the long, deep groan,  
The low-said prayer, in half-breathed tone ?

O have you seen the fevered sleep,  
Which speaks of agony within ?  
The eye which would, but cannot weep,  
And wipe away the stains of sin ?

O have you marked the struggling breath,  
Which would but cannot leave its clay ?  
And have you marked the hand of death  
Unbind, and bid it haste away ?

Then thou hast seen what thou shalt feel ;  
Then thou hast read thy future doom ;  
O pause, one moment, o'er death's seal,  
There's no repentance in the tomb.

## - DEATH.

(Written in her sixteenth year.)

The destroyer cometh ; his footstep is light,  
He marketh the threshold of sorrow at night ;  
He steals like a thief o'er the fond one's repose,  
And chills the warm tide from the heart as it flows.

His throne is the tomb, and a pestilent breath  
Walks forth on the night-wind, the herald of death !  
His couch is the bier, and the dark weeds of woe  
Are the curtains which shroud joy's deadliest foe.

---

## TO MY MOTHER.

(Written in her sixteenth year.)

O thou whose care sustained my infant years,  
And taught my prattling lip each note of love ;  
Whose soothing voice breathed comfort to my fears,  
And round my brow hope's brightest garland wove ;

To thee my lay is due, the simple song,  
Which Nature gave me at life's opening day ;  
To thee these rude, these untaught strains belong,  
Whose heart indulgent will not spurn my lay.

O say, amid this wilderness of life,  
What bosom would have throbb'd like thine for me ?  
Who would have smiled responsive ? — who in grief,  
Would e'er have felt, and, feeling, grieved like thee ?

Who would have guarded, with a falcon eye,  
Each trembling footstep or each sport of fear?  
Who would have marked my bosom bounding high,  
And clasped me to her heart, with love's bright tear?

Who would have hung around my sleepless couch,  
And fanned, with anxious hand, my burning brow?  
Who would have fondly pressed my fevered lip,  
In all the agony of love and woe?

None but a mother—none but one like thee,  
Whose bloom has faded in the midnight watch;  
Whose eye, for me, has lost its witchery,  
Whose form has felt disease's mildew touch.

Yes, thou hast lighted me to health and life,  
By the bright lustre of thy youthful bloom—  
Yes, thou hast wept so oft o'er every grief,  
That woe hath traced thy brow with marks of  
gloom.

O then, to thee, this rude and simple song,  
Which breathes of thankfulness and love for thee,  
To thee, my mother, shall this lay belong,  
Whose life is spent in toil and care for me.



## SABRINA.

A VOLCANIC ISLAND, WHICH APPEARED AND DIS-  
APPEARED AMONG THE AZORES, IN 1811.

(Written in her sixteenth year.)

Isle of the ocean, say, whence comest thou?  
The smoke thy dark throne, and the blaze round thy  
brow;

The voice of the earthquake proclaims thee abroad,  
And the deep, at thy coming, rolls darkly and loud.

From the breast of the ocean, the bed of the wave,  
Thou hast burst into being, hast sprung from the grave;  
A stranger, wild, gloomy, yet terribly bright,  
Thou art clothed with the darkness, yet crowned  
with the light.

Thou comest in flames, thou hast risen in fire ;  
The wave is thy pillow, the tempest thy choir ;  
They will lull thee to sleep on the ocean's broad breast,  
A slumb'ring volcano, an earthquake at rest.

Thou hast looked on the isle — thou hast looked on  
the wave—

Then hie thee again to thy deep, watery grave ;  
Go, quench thee in ocean, thou dark, nameless thing,  
Thou spark from the *fallen one's* wide flaming wing.

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## THE PROPHECY.

TO A LADY.

(Written in her sixteenth year.)

Let me gaze awhile on that marble brow,  
On that full, dark eye, on that cheek's warm glow ;  
Let me gaze for a moment, that, ere I die,  
I may read thee, maiden, a prophecy.  
That brow may beam in glory awhile ;  
That cheek may bloom, and that lip may smile ;  
That full, dark eye may brightly beam  
In life's gay morn, in hope's young dream ;

But clouds shall darken that brow of snow,  
And sorrow blight thy bosom's glow.  
I know by that spirit so haughty and high,  
I know by that brightly-flashing eye,  
That, maiden, there's that within thy breast,  
Which hath marked thee out for a soul unblest :  
The strife of love, with pride shall wring  
Thy youthful bosom's tenderest string;  
And the cup of sorrow, mingled for thee,  
Shall be drained to the dregs in agony.  
Yes, maiden, yes, I read in thine eye,  
A dark, and a doubtful prophecy.  
Thou shalt love, and that love shall be thy curse ;  
Thou wilt need no heavier, thou shalt feel no worse  
I see the cloud and the tempest near ;  
The voice of the troubled tide I hear ;  
The torrent of sorrow, the sea of grief,  
The rushing waves of a wretched life ;  
Thy bosom's bark on the surge I see,  
And, maiden, thy loved one is there with thee.  
Not a star in the heavens, not a light on the wave !  
Maiden, I've gazed on thine early grave.  
When I am cold, and the hand of Death  
Hath crowned my brow with an icy wreath ;  
When the dew hangs damp on this motionless lip ;  
When this eye is closed in its long, last sleep,  
Then, maiden, pause, when thy heart beats high,  
And think on my last sad prophecy.

## PROPHECY II.

TO ANOTHER LADY.

(Written in her sixteenth year.)

I have told a maiden of hours of grief,  
Of a bleeding heart, of a joyless life;  
I have read her a tale of future woe;  
I have marked her a pathway of sorrow below;  
I have read on the page of her blooming cheek,  
A darker doom than my tongue dare speak.  
Now, maiden, for thee, I will turn mine eye  
To a brighter path through futurity.  
The clouds shall pass from thy brow away,  
And bright be the closing of life's long day;  
The storms shall murmur in silence to sleep,  
And angels around thee their watches shall keep;  
Thou shalt live in the sunbeams of love and delight,  
And thy life shall flow on till it fades into night;  
And the twilight of age shall come quietly on;  
Thou wilt feel, yet regret not, that daylight hath flown;  
For the shadows of evening shall melt o'er thy soul,  
And the soft dreams of Heaven around thee shall roll,  
Till sinking in sweet, dreamless slumber to rest,  
In the arms of thy loved one, still blessing and blest,  
Thy soul shall glide on to its harbour in Heaven.  
Every tear wiped away—every error forgiven.

## PROPHECY III.

TO ANOTHER LADY.

(Written in her sixteenth year.)

Wilt thou rashly unveil the dark volume of fate?  
It is open before thee, repentance is late;  
Too late, for behold, o'er the dark page of woe,  
Move the days of thy grief, yet unnumbered below.  
There is one, whose sad destiny mingles with thine;  
He was formed to be happy—he dared to repine;  
And jealousy mixed in his bright cup of bliss,  
And the page of his fate grew still darker than this:  
He gazed on thee, maiden, he met thee, and passed;  
But better for thee had the Siroc's fell blast  
Swept by thee, and wasted and faded thee there,  
So youthful, so happy, so thoughtless, so fair.  
And mark ye his broad brow? 't is noble; 't is high;  
And mark ye the flash of his dark, eagle-eye?  
When the wide wheels of time have encircled the  
world;  
When the banners of night in the sky are unfurled;  
Then, maiden, remember the tale I have told,  
For farther I may not, I dare not unfold.  
The rose on yon dark page is sear and decayed,  
And thus, e'en in youth, shall thy fondest hopes fade;  
'T is an emblem of thee, broken, withered, and pale—  
Nay, start not, and blanch not, though dark be the tale;  
An hour-glass half-spent, and a tear-bedewed token,  
A heart, withered, wasted, and bleeding and broken,  
All these are the emblems of sorrow to be;  
I will veil the page, maiden, in pity to thee.

## BYRON.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

His faults were great, his virtues less,  
His mind a burning lamp of Heaven;  
His talents were bestowed to bless,  
But were as vainly lost as given.

His was a harp of heavenly sound,  
The numbers wild, and bold, and clear;  
But ah! some demon, hovering round,  
Tuned its sweet chords to Sin and Fear.

His was a mind of giant mould,  
Which grasped at all beneath the skies;  
And his, a heart, so icy cold,  
That virtue in its recess dies.

---

FEATS OF DEATH.

(Written in her sixteenth year.)

I have passed o'er the earth in the darkness of night,  
I have walked the wild winds in the morning's broad  
light;  
I have paused o'er the bower where the Infant lay  
sleeping,  
And I've left the fond mother in sorrow and weeping.

My pinion was spread, and the cold dew of night  
Which withers and moulders the flower in its light,

Fell silently o'er the warm cheek in its glow,  
And I left it there blighted, and wasted, and low ;  
I culled the fair bud, as it danced in its mirth,  
And I left it to moulder and fade on the earth.

I paused o'er the valley, the glad sounds of joy  
Rose soft through the mist, and ascended on high ;  
The fairest were there, and I paused in my flight,  
And the deep cry of wailing broke wildly that night.

I stay not to gather the lone one to earth,  
I spare not the young in their gay dance of mirth,  
But I sweep them all on to their home in the grave,  
I stop not to pity — I stay not to save.

I paused in my pathway, for beauty was there ;  
It was beauty too death-like, too cold, and too fair !  
The deep purple fountain seemed melting away,  
And the faint pulse of life scarce remembered to play ;  
She had thought on the tomb, she was waiting for me,  
I gazed, I passed on, and her spirit was free.

The clear stream rolled gladly, and bounded along,  
With ripple, and murmur, and sparkle, and song ;  
The minstrel was tuning his wild harp to love,  
And sweet, and half-sad were the numbers he wove.  
I passed, and the harp of the bard was unstrung ;  
O'er the stream which rolled deeply, 't was recklessly  
hung ;  
The minstrel was not ! and I passed on alone,  
O'er the newly-raised turf, and the rudely-carved  
stone.

## AUCTION EXTRAORDINARY.

(Written in her sixteenth year.)

I dreamed a dream in the midst of my slumbers,  
And as fast as I dreamed it, it came into numbers;  
My thoughts ran along in such beautiful metre,  
I'm sure I ne'er saw any poetry sweeter;  
It seemed that a law had been recently made  
That a tax on old bachelors' pates should be laid:  
And in order to make them all willing to marry,  
The tax was as large as a man could well carry.  
The bachelors grumbled, and said 't was no use;  
'T was horrid injustice, and horrid abuse,  
And declared that to save their own hearts'-blood  
from spilling,  
Of such a vile tax they would not pay a shilling.  
But the rulers determined *them* still to pursue,  
So they set the old bachelors up at vendue.  
A crier was sent through the town to and fro,  
To rattle his bell, and his trumpet to blow,  
And to call out to all he might meet in his way,  
"Ho! forty old bachelors sold here to-day!"  
And presently all the old maids in the town,  
Each in her very best bonnet and gown,  
From thirty to sixty, fair, plain, red, and pale,  
Of every description, all flocked to the sale.  
The auctioneer then in his labour began,  
And called out aloud, as he held up a man,  
"How much for a bachelor? who wants to buy?"  
In a twink,\* every maiden responded, "I,—I;"

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\* "That in a *twink* she won me to her love."—*Shakspeare*.  
[EDITOR.]

In short, at a highly-extravagant price,  
The bachelors all were sold off in a trice ;  
And forty old maidens, some younger, some older,  
Each lugged an old bachelor home on her shoulder.

---

### THE BACHELOR.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

To the world, (whose dread laugh he would tremble  
to hear,  
From whose scorn he would shrink with a cowardly  
fear,)  
The old bachelor proudly and boldly will say,  
Single lives are the longest, single lives are most gay.

To the ladies, with pride, he will always declare,  
That the links in love's chain are strife, trouble, and  
care ;  
That a wife is a torment, and he will have none,  
But at pleasure will roam through the wide world  
alone.

And let him pass on, in his sulky of state ;  
O say, who would envy that mortal his fate ?  
To brave all the ills of life's tempest alone,  
Not a heart to respond the warm notes of his own.

His joys undivided no longer will please ;  
The warm tide of his heart through inaction will  
freeze :  
His sorrows concealed, and unanswered his sighs,  
The old bachelor curses his folly, and dies.

Pass on, then, proud lone one, pass on to thy fate;  
Thy sentence is sealed, thy repentance too late;  
Like an arrow, which leaves not a trace on the wind,  
No mark of thy pathway shall linger behind.

Not a sweet voice shall murmur its sighs o'er thy tomb;  
Not a fair hand shall teach thy lone pillow to bloom;  
Not a kind tear shall water thy dark, lonely bed;  
By the living 't was scorned, 't is refused to the dead.

---

### THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

TO MISS E. C. — COMPOSED ON A BLANK LEAF OF  
HER PALEY, DURING RECITATION.

(Written in her sixteenth year.)


I 'm thy guardian angel, sweet maid, and I rest  
in mine own chosen temple, thy innocent breast;  
At midnight I steal from my sacred retreat,  
When the chords of thy heart in soft unison beat.

When thy bright eye is closed, when thy dark tresses  
flow

In beautiful wreaths o'er thy pillow of snow;  
O then I watch o'er thee, all pure as thou art,  
And listen to music which steals from thy heart.

Thy smile is the sunshine which gladdens my soul,  
My tempest the clouds, which around thee may roll;  
I feast my light form on thy rapture-breathed sighs,  
And drink at the fount of those beautiful eyes.

The thoughts of thy heart are recorded by me;  
There are some which, half-breathed, half-acknow-  
ledged by thee,



Steal sweetly and silently o'er thy pure breast,  
Just ruffling its calmness, then murm'ring to rest.

Like a breeze o'er the lake, when it breathlessly lies,  
With its own mimic mountains, and star-spangled  
skies,

I stretch my light pinions around thee when sleeping,  
To guard thee from spirits of sorrow and weeping.

I breathe o'er thy slumbers sweet dreams of delight,  
Till you wake but to sigh for the visions of night ;  
Then remember, wherever your pathway may lie,  
Be it clouded with sorrow, or brilliant with joy,  
My spirit shall watch thee, wherever thou art,  
My incense shall rise from the throne of thy heart.  
Farewell ! for the shadows of evening are fled,  
And the young rays of morning are wreathed round  
my head.

---

## ON THE CREW OF A VESSEL,

WHO WERE FOUND DEAD AT SEA.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

The breeze blew fair, the waving sea  
Curled sparkling round the vessel's side  
The canvass spread with bosom free  
Its swan-like pinions o'er the tide.

Evening had gemmed with glittering stars,  
Her coronet so darkly grand ;  
The Queen of Night, with fleecy clouds,  
Had formed her turban's snowy band.

On, on the stately vessel flew,  
With streamer waving far and wide;  
When lo! a bark appeared in view,  
And gaily danced upon the tide.

Each way the breeze its wild wing veered.  
That way the stranger vessel turned;  
Now near she drew, now wafted far,  
She fluttered, trembled, and returned.

“It is the pirate’s cursed bark!  
The villains linger to decoy!  
Thus bounding o’er the waters dark,  
They seek to lure, and then destroy.

“Perchance, those strange and wayward signs  
May be the signals of distress,”  
The Captain cried, “for mark ye, now,  
Her sails are flapping wide and loose.”

And now the stranger vessel came  
Near to that gay and gallant bark;  
It seemed a wanderer fair and lone,  
Upon Life’s wave, so deep and dark.

And not a murmur, not a sound,  
Came from that lone and dreary ship;  
The icy chains of silence bound  
Each rayless eye and pallid lip.

For Death’s wing had been waving there,  
The cold dew hung on every brow,  
And sparkled there, like angel tears,  
Shed o’er the silent crew below.

Onward that ship was gaily flying,  
Its bosom the sailor's grave;  
The breeze, 'mid the shrouds, in low notes, sighing  
Their requiem over the brave.

Fly on, fly on, thou lone vessel of death,  
Fly on, with thy desolate crew;  
For mermaids are twining a sea-weed wreath,  
'Mong the red coral groves for you.

---

### WOMAN'S LOVE.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

They told me of her history—her love  
Was a neglected flame, which had consumed  
The vase wherein it kindled. O how fraught  
With bitterness is unrequited love!  
To know that we have cast life's hope away  
On a vain shadow!  
Hers was a gentle passion, quiet, deep,  
As a woman's love should be,  
All tenderness and silence, only known  
By the soft meaning of a downcast eye,  
Which almost fears to look its timid thoughts;  
A sigh, scarce heard; a blush, scarce visible,  
Alone may give it utterance.—Love is  
A beautiful feeling in a woman's heart,  
When felt, as only woman love *can* feel!  
Pure, as the snow-fall, when its latest shower  
Sinks on spring-flowers; deep, as a cave-locked  
fountain;  
And changeless as the cypress's green leaves;  
And like them, sad! She nourished

Fond hopes and sweet anxieties, and fed  
A passion unconfessed, till he she loved  
Was wedded to another.—Then she grew  
Moody and melancholy; one alone  
Had power to soothe her in her wanderings,  
Her gentle sister;—But that sister died,  
And the unhappy girl was left alone,  
A *maniac*.—She would wander far, and shunned  
Her own accustomed dwelling; and her haunt  
Was that dead sister's grave: and that to her  
Was as a home.

---

### TO A LADY,

WHOSE SINGING RESEMBLED THAT OF AN ABSENT  
SISTER.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

Oh! touch the chord yet once again,  
Nor chide me, though I weep the while;  
Believe me, that deep seraph strain  
Bore with it memory's moonlight smile.

It murmured of an absent friend;  
The voice, the air, 't was all her own;  
And hers those wild, sweet notes, which blend  
In one mild, murmuring, touching tone.

And days and months have darkly passed,  
Since last I listened to her lay;  
And Sorrow's cloud its shade hath cast,  
Since then, across my weary way.

Yet still the strain comes sweet and clear,  
Like seraph-whispers, lightly breathing;  
Hush, busy memory, Sorrow's tear  
Will blight the garland thou art wreathing.

'T is sweet, though sad—yes, I will stay,  
I cannot tear myself away.  
I thank thee, lady, for the strain,  
The tempest of my soul is still;  
Then touch the chord yet once again,  
For thou canst calm the storm at will!

---

## TO MY FRIEND AND PATRON,

M—— K——, ESQ.

(Written in her sixteenth year.)

And can my simple harp be strung  
To higher theme, to nobler end,  
Than that of gratitude to thee,  
To thee, my father and my friend?

I may not, cannot, will not say  
All that a grateful heart would breathe;  
But I may frame a simple lay,  
Nor Slander blight the blushing wreath

Yes, I will touch the string to thee,  
Nor fear its wildness will offend;  
For well I know that thou wilt be,  
What thou hast ever been—a friend.

There are, whose cold and idle gaze  
Would freeze the current where it flows;  
But Gratitude shall guard the fount,  
And Faith shall light it as it flows.

Then tell me, may I dare to twine,  
While o'er my simple harp I bend,  
This little offering for thee,  
For thee, my father, and my friend?

---

ON SEEING

A PICTURE OF THE VIRGIN MARY,

PAINTED SEVERAL CENTURIES SINCE.

A FRAGMENT.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

Roll back, thou tide of time, and tell  
Of book, of rosary, and bell;  
Of cloistered nun, with brow of gloom,  
Immured within her living tomb;  
Of monks, of saints, and vesper-song,  
Borne gently by the breeze along;  
Of deep-toned organ's pealing swell;  
Of Ave Marie, and funeral knell;  
Of midnight taper, dim and small,  
Just glimmering through the high-arched hall;  
Of gloomy cell, of penance lone,  
Which can for darkest deeds atone  
Roll back, and lift the veil of night.  
For I would view the anchorite.

Yes, there he sits, so sad, so pale,  
Shuddering at Superstition's tale :  
Crossing his breast with meagre hand,  
While saints and priests, a motley band,  
Arrayed before him, urge their claim  
To heal in the Redeemer's name ;  
To mount the saintly ladder, (made  
By every monk, of every grade,  
From portly abbot, fat and fair,  
To yon lean starveling, shivering there,)   
And mounting thus, to usher in  
The soul, thus ransomed from its sin.  
And tell me, hapless bigot, why,  
For what, for whom did Jesus die,  
If pyramids of saints must rise  
To form a passage to the skies ?  
And think you man can wipe away  
With fast and penance, day by day,  
One single sin, too dark to fade  
Before a bleeding Saviour's shade ?  
O ye of little faith, beware !  
For neither shrift, nor saint, nor prayer,  
Would aught avail ye without Him,  
Beside whom saints themselves grow dim.  
Roll back, thou tide of time, and raise  
The faded forms of other days !  
Yon time-worn picture, darkly grand,  
The work of some forgotten hand,  
Will teach thee half thy mazy way,  
While Fancy's watch-fires dimly play.  
Roll back, thou tide of time, and tell  
Of secret charm, of holy spell,  
Of Superstition's midnight rite,  
Of wild Devotion's seraph flight,  
Of Melancholy's tearful eye,  
Of the sad votaress' frequent sigh,

That trembling from her bosom rose,  
 Divided 'twixt her Saviour's woes  
 And some warm image lingering there,  
 Which, half-repulsed by midnight prayer,  
 Still, like an outcast child, will creep  
 Where sweetly it was wont to sleep,  
 And mingle its unhallowed sigh  
 With cloister-prayer and rosary;  
 Then tell the pale, deluded one  
 Her vows are breathed to God alone;  
 Those vows, which tremulously rise,  
 Love's last, love's sweetest sacrifice.——  
[Unfinished.]

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## AMERICAN POETRY.

### A FRAGMENT.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

Must every shore ring boldly to the voice  
 Of sweet poetic harmony, save this?  
 Rouse thee, America! for shame! for shame!  
 Gather thy infant bands, and rise to join  
 Thy glimmering taper to the holy flame:—  
 Such honour, if no other, may be thine.  
 Shall Gallia's children sing beneath the yoke?  
 Shall Ireland's harpstrings thrill, though all unstrung?  
 And must America, her bondage broke,  
 Oppression's blood-stains from her garment wrung,  
 Must she be silent?—who may then rejoice?  
 If she be tuneless, Harmony, farewell!  
 Oh! shame, America! wild freedom's voice  
 Echoes, "shame on thee," from her wild-wood dell.  
 Shall conquered Greece still sing her glories past?  
 Shall humbled Italy in ruins smile?  
 And canst thou then ——[Unfinished.]

## HEADACHE.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

Headache ! thou bane to Pleasure's fairy spell,  
Thou fiend, thou foe to joy, I know thee well !  
Beneath thy lash I've writhed for many an hour,—  
I hate thee, for I've known, and dread thy power.

Even the heathen gods were made to feel  
The aching torments which thy hand can deal ;  
And Jove, the ideal king of heaven and earth,  
Owned thy dread power, which called stern Wisdom  
forth.

Would'st thou thus ever bless each aching head,  
And bid Minerva make the brain her bed,  
Blessings might then be taught to rise from woe,  
And Wisdom spring from every throbbing brow.

But always the reverse to me, unkind,  
Folly for ever dogs thee close behind ;  
And from this burning brow, her cap and bell,  
For ever jingle Wisdom's funeral knell.

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TO A STAR.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

Thou brightly-glittering star of even,  
Thou gem upon the brow of Heaven  
Oh ! were this fluttering spirit free,  
How quick 't would spread its wings to thee.

How calmly, brightly dost thou shine,  
Like the pure lamp in Virtue's shrine !  
Sure the fair world which thou may'st boast  
Was never ransomed, never lost.

There, beings pure as Heaven's own air,  
Their hopes, their joys together share ;  
While hovering angels touch the string,  
And seraphs spread the sheltering wing.

There cloudless days and brilliant nights,  
Illumed by Heaven's refulgent lights ;  
There seasons, years, unnoticed roll,  
And unregretted by the soul.

Thou little sparkling star of even,  
Thou gem upon an azure Heaven,  
How swiftly will I soar to thee,  
When this imprisoned soul is free !



## SONG OF VICTORY,

### FOR THE DEATH OF GOLIATH.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

Strike with joy the wild harp's string,  
God, O Israel, is your King !  
We have slain our deadliest foe,  
David's arm hath laid him low.

Saul hath oft his thousands slain,  
His trophies have bedecked the plain ;  
But David's tens of thousands lie  
In slaughtered millions, mounted high.

Sound the trumpet — strike the string,  
Loud let the song of victory ring;  
Wreathe with glory David's brow,  
He hath laid Goliath low.

Mark him on yon crimson plain,  
He is conquered — he is slain;  
He who lately rose so high,  
Scoffed at man, and braved the sky.

Strike with joy the wild harp's string,  
God, O Israel, is your king!  
We have slain our deadliest foe,  
David's arm 'hath laid him low.

---

### THE INDIAN CHIEF AND CONCONAY.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

The Indian Chieftain is far away,  
Through the forest his footsteps fly,  
But his heart is behind him with Conconay,  
He thinks of his love in the bloody fray,  
When the storm of war is high.

But little he thinks of the bloody foe,  
Who is bearing that love away;  
And little he thinks of her bosom's woe,  
And little he thinks of the burning brow  
Of his lovely Conconay.

They tore her away from her friends, from her home,  
They tore her away from her Chief.  
Through the wild-wood, when weary, they forced  
her to roam,

Or to dash the light oar in the river's white foam,  
While her bosom o'erflowed with grief.

But there came a foot, 't was swift, 't was light,  
'T was the brother of him she loved ;  
His heart was kind, and his eye was bright ;  
He paused not by day, and he slept not by night;  
While through the wild forest he roved.

'T was Lightfoot, the generous, 't was Lightfoot the  
young,  
And he loved the sweet Conconay ;  
But his bosom to honour and virtue was strung,  
And the chords of his heart should to breaking be  
wrung,  
Ere love should gain o'er him the sway.

Far, far from her stern foes he bore her away,  
And sought his own forest once more ;  
But sad was the heart of the young Conconay,  
Her bosom recoiled when she strove to be gay,  
And was even more drear than before.

'T is evening, and weary, and faint, and weak  
Is the beautiful Conconay ;  
She could wander no farther, she strove to speak,  
But lifeless she sunk upon Lightfoot's neck,  
And seemed breathing her soul away.

The young warrior raised his eyes to Heaven,  
He turned them towards the west ;  
For one moment a ray of light was given,  
Like lightning, which through the cloud hath riven  
But to strike at the fated breast.

For there was his brother returning from far,  
O'er his shoulder his scalps were slung;  
For he had been victor amid the war,  
His plume had gleamed like the polar star,  
And on him had the victory hung.

The Chieftain paused in his swift career,  
For he knew his Conconay;  
He saw the maid his heart held dear,  
On his brother's breast, in the forest drear,  
From her home so far away.

He bent his bow, the arrow flew,  
It was aimed at Lightfoot's breast;  
And it pierced a heart, as warm and true  
As ever a mortal bosom knew,  
Or in mortal garb was dressed.

He turned to his love — from her brilliant eye  
The cloud was passing away;  
She let fall a tear — she breathed a sigh —  
She turned towards Lightfoot — she uttered a cry,  
For weltering in gore he lay.

Her heart was filled with horror and woe,  
When she gazed on the form of her Chief;  
'T was his loved hand that had bent the bow,  
'T was he who had laid her preserver low;  
And she yielded her soul to grief.

And 't was said, that ere time had healed the wound  
In the breast of the mourning maid,  
That a pillar was reared on the fatal ground,  
And ivy the snow-white monument crowned  
With its dark and jealous shade.

## THE MOTHER'S LAMENT

FOR HER INFANT.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

Cold is his brow, and the dew of the evening  
Hangs damp o'er that form I so fondly caressed;  
Dim is that eye, which once sparkled with gladness,  
Hushed are the griefs of my infant to rest.

Calmly he lies on a bosom far colder  
Than that which once pillowed his health-blushing  
cheek;  
Calmly he'll rest there, and silently moulder,  
No grief to disturb him, no sigh to awake.

Dread king of the grave, Oh! return me my child!  
Unfetter his heart from the cold chains of death!  
Monarch of terrors, so gloomy, so silent,  
Loose the adamant clasp of thy cold icy wreath!

Where is my infant? the storms may descend,  
The snows of the winter may cover his head;  
The wing of the wind o'er his low couch may bend,  
And the frosts of the night sparkle bright o'er  
the dead.

Where is my infant? the damp ground is cold,  
Too cold for those features so laughing and light;  
Methinks, these fond arms should encircle his form,  
And shield off the tempest which wanders at night.

This fond bosom loved him, ah ! loved him too dearly,  
And the frail idol fell, while I bent to adore ;  
All its beauty has faded, and broken before me  
Is the god my heart ventured to worship before.

'Tis just, and I bow 'neath the mandate of Heaven,  
Thy will, oh, my Father ! for ever be done !  
Bless God, O my soul, for the chastisement given,  
Henceforth will I worship my Saviour alone !

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## ON THE MOTTO OF A SEAL.

"IF I LOSE THEE, I AM LOST."

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

Wafted o'er a treacherous sea  
Far from home, and far from thee ;  
Between the Heaven and ocean tossed,  
"If I lose thee, I am lost."

When the polar star is beaming  
O'er the dark-browed billows gleaming,  
I think of thee and dangers crossed,  
For, "If I lose thee, I am lost."

When the lighthouse fire is blazing,  
High towards Heaven its red crest raising,  
I think of thee, while onward tossed,  
For, "If I lose thee, I am lost."

## MORNING.

(Written in her sixteenth year.)

I come in the breath of the wakened breeze,  
I kiss the flowers, and I bend the trees ;  
And I shake the dew, which hath fallen by night,  
From its throne, on the lily's pure bosom of white.  
Awake thee, when bright from my couch in the sky,  
I beam o'er the mountains, and come from on high ;  
When my gay purple banners are waving afar ;  
When my herald, gray dawn, hath extinguished each  
star ;  
When I smile on the woodlands, and bend o'er the lake,  
Then awake thee, O maiden, I bid thee awake !  
Thou mayst slumber when all the wide arches of  
Heaven  
Glitter bright with the beautiful fire of even ;  
When the moon walks in glory, and looks from on high,  
O'er the clouds floating far through the clear azure sky,  
Drifting on like the beautiful vessels of Heaven,  
To their far-away harbour, all silently driven,  
Bearing on, in their bosoms, the children of light,  
Who have fled from this dark world of sorrow and  
night ;  
When the lake lies in calmness and darkness, save  
where  
The bright ripple curls, 'neath the smile of a star ;  
When all is in silence and solitude here,  
Then sleep, maiden, sleep ! without sorrow or fear !  
But when I steal silently over the lake,  
Awake thee then, maiden, awake ! oh, awake !

## SHAKSPEARE.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

Shakspeare! "with all thy faults, (and few have more,) I love thee still," and still will con thee o'er.  
Heaven, in compassion to man's erring heart,  
Gave thee of virtue — then, of vice a part,  
Lest we, in wonder here, should bow before thee,  
Break God's commandment, worship, and adore thee:  
But admiration now, and sorrow join;  
His works we reverence, while we pity thine.

---

## TO A FRIEND,

WHOM I HAD NOT SEEN SINCE MY CHILDHOOD.

(Written in her sixteenth year.)

And thou hast marked, in childhood's hour,  
The fearless boundings of my breast,  
When, fresh as Summer's opening flower,  
I freely frolicked, and was blessed.

Oh! say, was not this eye more bright?  
Were not these lips more wont to smile?  
Methinks that then my heart was light,  
And I a fearless, joyous child.

And thou didst mark me gay and wild,  
My careless, reckless laugh of mirth;  
The simple pleasures of a child,  
The holiday of man on earth.

Then thou hast seen me in that hour,  
 When every nerve of life was new,  
 When pleasures fanned youth's infant flower,  
 And Hope her witcheries round it threw.

That hour is fading, it has fled,  
 And I am left in darkness now;  
 A wand'rer towards a lowly bed,  
 The grave, that home of all below.

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### THE FEAR OF MADNESS.

WRITTEN WHILE CONFINED TO HER BED, DURING HER  
 LAST ILLNESS.

There is a something which I dread,  
 It is a dark, a fearful thing;  
 It steals along with withering tread,  
 Or sweeps on wild destruction's wing.

That thought comes o'er me in the hour  
 Of grief, of sickness, or of sadness;  
 'Tis not the dread of death—'t is more,  
 It is the dread of madness.

Oh! may these throbbing pulses pause,  
 Forgetful of their feverish course;  
 May this hot brain, which burning, glows  
 With all a fiery whirlpool's force,

Be cold, and motionless, and still,  
 A tenant of its lowly bed,  
 But let not dark delirium steal—

\* \* \* \* \*

[*Unfinished.*]

(This was the last piece she ever wrote.)

MARITORNE,  
OR THE  
PIRATE OF MEXICO.

(Written in her seventeenth year.)

ON Barritaria's brow the watch-fires glow,  
Their beacons beaming on the gulf below,  
As if to dare some death-devoted hand  
To quench in blood the boldly blazing brand;  
Some Orlean herald arm'd with threat'ning high  
To daunt the Pirate-chieftain's haughty eye,  
To bid him bend to tame and vulgar law,  
And bow to painted things with trembling awe.  
Such herald well may come,—but woe betide  
The self-devoted messenger of pride!  
Such herald well may come, but far and near  
The name of Maritorne is joined with fear;  
His vessels proudly ride the Gulf at will,  
Whilst he is Chief of Barritaria's Isle.  
The iron hand of power is raised in vain,  
Whilst Maritorne is master of the main.  
'Tis his to sacrifice — 'tis his to spare —  
He moves in silence, and is everywhere.  
His victims must with pompous boldness bleed,  
But if he pities, who may tell the deed?  
'Tis done in secret, that no eye may mark  
One thought more gentle, or one act less dark.  
And he, the governor of yon fair land,  
Whose tongue speaks freedom, but whose guilty hand

Grasps the half-loosened manacles again,  
And adds unseen fresh links to slavery's chain,  
Hated full deeply, dreaded and abhorr'd,  
The Pirate-chief, the haughty island lord.  
And cause enough, deep hidden in his breast,  
Had *he*, the moody leader of the west,  
To hate that fearful man, who stood alone  
Feared, dreaded, and detested, tho' unknown ;  
That cause was smother'd or burst forth to light,  
Wreath'd in the incense of a patriot's right,  
To drive the bold intruder from the shore,  
Where war and bloodshed must appear no more ;  
But deep within his heart the crater glow'd  
From whence this gilded stream of lava flow'd ;  
'T was wounded pride, which, writhing inly, bled,  
And called for vengeance on the offender's head ;  
For Maritorne, with bold unbending brow,  
Had scorn'd his power—that were enough ;—but lo !  
There, on the very threshold of his home,  
There had the traitor Pirate dar'd to come,  
And thence had borne his own, his only child,  
Mate all unfit for Maritorne the wild ;  
And when the maiden curs'd him in her breast  
Those curses came not o'er him—he was blest—  
For but to gaze upon her, and to feel  
That she whom he ador'd was near him still,  
Was bliss ! was Heav'n itself ! and he whose eye  
Bent not to aught of dull mortality  
Shrunk with a tremulous delight whene'er  
The voice of Laura rose upon his ear ;  
That voice had pow'r to quell the fiend within,  
Whose touch had turn'd his very soul to sin.  
That fiend was vengeance ;—e'en his virtues bow'd  
Before the altar which to vengeance glow'd.  
His virtues ! yes ; for even fiends may boast  
A shadow of the glory they have lost,—

But oh ! like them, his crimes were dark and deep,  
For vengeance was awake,—can vengeance sleep ?  
Yes ; sleep, as tigers sleep, with half-shut eye,  
Crouching to spring upon the passer-by,  
With parch'd tongue cleaving to his blacken'd cell,  
Stiff'ning with thirst, and jaws which hunger fell  
Hath sharply whetted, quiv'ring to devour  
The reckless wretch abandon'd to his pow'r.  
Yes : thus may vengeance sleep in breast like his,  
Where thoughts of wild revenge are thoughts of bliss.  
Thus may it sleep, like *Ætna's* burning breast,  
To burst in thunders when 't is dreaded least ;  
For his had been the joyless, thankless part,  
Of one who warm'd a viper at his heart,  
And clasp'd the venom'd reptile to his breast  
Till wounded by the ingrate he caress'd.  
Such had been *Maritorne's* accursed fate,  
Ere he became the harden'd child of hate.  
At first his breast was torn with anguish wild,  
He curs'd himself, then bitterly revil'd  
The world, as hollow-hearted, false, unkind ;  
He curs'd himself, and doubly curs'd mankind ;  
And then his heart grew callous, and like steel  
Grasp'd in his hand, had equal power to feel.  
'T was like yon mountain snow-crest, chill tho' bright,  
Cold to the touch, but dazzling to the sight,  
Till when the hour of darkness gathers, then  
The sunbeam fades, the ice grows dim again.  
He had a friend, one on whom fancy's eye  
Had deeply, rashly stamp'd fidelity :  
Traitor had better seem'd—worm—viper—aught—  
The vilest, veriest, wretch e'er named in thought,  
For he was sin's own son, and all that e'er  
Angels above may hate or mortals fear.  
There was a fascination in his eye  
Which those who felt, might seek in vain to fly.

There was blasting glance of mockery there,  
 There was a calm, contemptuous, biting sneer  
 For ever on his lip, which made men fear,  
 And fearing shun him, as a bird will shun  
 A gilded bait, though glittering in the sun;  
 But still the mask of friendship he could wear,  
 The smile, the warm professions all were there;  
 Let him who trusts to these alone—beware!  
 A lurking devil may be crouching there.  
 Shame on mankind that they will stoop to use  
 Wiles which the imps of darkness would refuse.  
 Henceforth let friendship drop her robes of light,  
 And following desolation's blasting flight

\* \* \* \* \*

There paced the Pirate Chief with giant stride,  
 Deep chorus keeping to the Mexic tide;  
 His sable plumes were hov'ring o'er his brow,  
 As if to hide the depth of thought below.  
 He paus'd—'t was but the dashing of the spray—  
 Again!—'t was but the night-watch on his way.  
 He only mutter'd, gnashed his teeth and smil'd,  
 Fit mirth were that, so ghastly and so wild,  
 To grace a Pirate Chieftain's scornful lip,  
 'T was like St. Helmo's night-fire o'er the deep.  
 The beacon blaze is burning on the shore,  
 But burns it not more dimly than before?  
 Perchance the drowsy sentinel is sleeping,  
 His weary vigils negligently keeping.  
 So thought the Chief, but still his wary eye  
 Was fix'd intently between earth and sky,  
 As if its quick keen glance would light the flame,  
 And blast the sleeper with remorse and shame.  
 He starts—suspicion flashes on his brain—  
 He grasps his dagger—by St. Mark—again!

His bugle brightly glittered on his breast;  
 His lip the gilded bauble gently press'd —  
 One breath, one sigh, and rock and hill and sea,  
 Will echo back the warlike minstrelsy.  
 The figure which had slowly pass'd between  
 Himself and yonder blaze, sank where 't was seen,  
 As tho' the earth had gaped with sudden yawn,  
 And drank both fire and form in silence down;  
 The beacon was extinguish'd, rock and tree  
 And beetling cliff, and wildly foaming sea  
 Were hid in darkness, for the deep red light  
 Which faintly sketched them on the brow of night  
 Was dim, as was the moon's pale tremulous glow,  
 For tempest-clouds were rallying round her brow;

\* \* \* \* \*

'The sound of a footstep is on the shore,  
 It dies away in the surge's roar;  
 It is heard again as the angry spray  
 Rolls back and foams its shame away;  
 And shrill and clear was the call of alarm,  
 'T was like the breaking of spell or charm;  
 It scream'd o'er the dark wave, it rose to the hill,  
 And the answering echoes re-echoed it still.  
 A rushing sound as of coming waves,  
 A glittering band as if burst from their graves,  
 Are the answers which wake at the bidding clear  
 Of him, the Lord of the Isle of Fear.  
 But scarce had the summons in silence died,  
 When the foot which had waked the tumult wide,  
 Was pressing the sand where it yielding gave  
 To the lightest tread as 't was washed by the wave;  
 By the side of the Pirate, with outstretch'd hand,  
 The bold intruder look'd round on the band;

But none saw the face of that being save he;  
In wonder he gazed — in his eye you might see  
Surprise, and shame, and a fiend-like gleam,  
Which whisper'd of more than fear might dream;  
And is it for this — for a woman like thee?  
He angrily mutter'd and turn'd to the sea —  
And is it for this I have sounded the call  
Whose notes may never unanswer'd fall;  
Whose lowest tone is the knell of more  
Than can crowd at once upon Hell's broad shore?  
And is it for this, I must idly stand  
To trace the wave with my sword on the strand?  
Speak! — tell me — or now by the blood on its blade,  
I will give to that pale cheek a deadlier shade.  
The beacon! the beacon — she turn'd to the spot,  
And pointed the chief where the light was not;  
The murmur ran thro' the waiting crowd,  
It was loud at first but it grew more loud,  
Till the *Beacon*, the *Beacon* — rang on to the sky,  
But its light was extinguish'd, no blaze met the eye;  
Thus much for the moment — thy honour is clear,  
If it suffers then look for thy recompense here;  
And she threw back her mantle and gave to the light  
Which glared from the torches all flamingly bright  
A form which e'en Maritorne mark'd not unmoved,  
But t' was one which he did not, nor ever had loved  
There are spies who are waiting in ambush for thee;  
I mark'd out the cavern — 't was near to the sea;  
They are few, they are bold, they are guided by one  
Who has sworn ere the dawn of another day's sun  
To lead thee in triumph, unwounded, unharm'd,  
To yonder proud city all chain'd and unarm'd;  
'This swears he, by all that is sacred to do,  
I heard it, and hasten'd thus breathless to you.  
For pardon I sue not, O punish my crime!  
Here, here is my bosom, and now is the time! —

The last moment beheld me imploring for breath,  
 Now 't is not worth asking—I sue but for death  
 The ocean was roaring too loudly to hear  
 The words she was speaking, the Chief bent his ear;  
 His dark plume was resting half fearfully there,  
 Upon the white brow of the beautiful Clare;  
 As a being all guilty and trembling would rest  
 Self-accused, self-condemn'd in the land of the blest.  
 And he, its wild wearer, how heard he the tale?  
 His eye flash'd the darker, his lip grew more pale;  
 But when it was finish'd and Clara knelt down,  
 Where, where was his anger, and where was his  
 frown?

On her forehead he printed a passionate kiss—  
 Oh Clara forgive me—remember not this,  
 But forget not that thou, and thou only, shalt know  
 The cause of my madness, my guilt, and my woe.  
 If I fall, thou wilt read it in letters of blood  
 'Neath the stone, near the rock, where the beacon-  
 light glow'd;  
 If I live—and he hastily bowed himself—then—  
 The Fiend and the pirate were masters again.

\* \* \* \* \*

A light is on the waters, and the dip  
 Of distant oars is heard from steep to steep;  
 The hum of voices float upon the air,  
 Soft, yet distinct, tho' distant, full and clear.  
 Come they to Barritaria's Isle as midnight foes?  
 'Tis well!—the world but roughly with them goes.  
 Come they to Barritaria's Isle to join  
 Their traitor arms, proud Maritorne, with thine?

Oh, better had they never left yon shore,  
To which they may return again no more.  
Fools!—think they he is bleeding in a strife  
Where every drop writes guilt upon his life  
For gold, for fame, for power, for aught on earth  
Which vulgar minds might think were richly worth  
A life of bloodshed and dishonour? No!  
They read not right, who read yon pirate so;  
The plash of troubled waters, and the sound  
Of moving vessels grating o'er the ground,  
The quick low hum of voices, the faint gush  
Of light waves gurgling as with sudden rush  
They feebly kiss'd the bark, then sunk away,  
As half-repenting them such welcome gay,  
Were caught perchance, by some lone fisher's ear,  
Who plied his line, or net at midnight here;  
Perhaps he started from his drowsy mood,  
And toss'd his bait still further down the flood;  
But be that as it may, 't was heard no more,  
And list'ning silence hover'd o'er the shore.  
And yonder fire the battle sign is beaming,  
Far o'er the dusky waters redly streaming,  
The shadow of the Pirate-ship lies there,  
Its banners feebly dancing in the air;  
Its broad sails veering idly to and fro,  
Now glitt'ring 'neath the full moon's silver glow,  
Now black'ning in the shade of night's dull frown,  
'T was like its chief, in silence and alone,  
Gazing upon the shadow which it cast  
O'er ev'ry rippling wave which gently pass'd.  
And such had been his joyless, gloomy lot,  
Forgetting all mankind, by all forgot,  
Save that accursed one whose blasting eye  
Was glaring on him,—'t was in vain to fly  
While vengeance whisper'd curses in his ear,  
And thought, the demon thought receiv'd them there

But it had ever been his lot to throw  
 O'er those who pass'd him, shades of gloom and woe ;  
 His love for Laura had been deeply curs'd,  
 Hatred's black phial o'er his brow had burst ;  
 He felt himself detested, and he knew  
 That she whom he adored abhorr'd him too.  
 But oh the hapless, the ill-fated one,  
 She who could love him for himself alone,  
 Love him, with all his crimes upon his head,  
 Love, when the crowd with detestation fled ;—  
 A deep dark shade, a wild, a with'ring blast  
 Fell o'er her destiny ; the die was cast—  
 She was a wretched one, a sweet flower faded,  
 Whose wand'ring tendrils round the night-shade  
     braided,  
 Clung to its baleful breast—hung drooping there,  
 Self-sacrificed, it drank the poisoned air  
 And with'ring \* \* \* \* \*

[Unfinished.]

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## AMERICA.

(Written in her seventeenth year.)

And this was once the realm of nature, where  
 Wild as the wind, tho' exquisitely fair,  
 She breath'd the mountain breeze, or bow'd to kiss  
 The dimpling waters with unbounded bliss.  
 Here in this Paradise of earth, where first  
 Wild mountain Liberty began to burst,  
 Once Nature's temple rose in simple grace,  
 The hill her throne, the world her dwelling-place.  
 And where are now her lakes so still and lone,  
 Her thousand streams with bending shrubs o'ergrown ?

Where her dark cat'racts tumbling from on high,  
With rainbow arch aspiring to the sky ?  
Her tow'ring pines with fadeless wreaths entwin'd,  
Her waving alders streaming to the wind ?  
Nor these alone,—her own,—her fav'rite child,  
All fire ; all feeling ; man untaught and wild ;  
Where can the lost, lone son of nature stray ?  
For art's high car is rolling on its way ;  
A wand'rer of the world, he flies to drown  
The thoughts of days gone by and pleasures flown,  
In the deep draught, whose dregs are death and woe  
With slavery's iron chain conceal'd below.  
Once thro' the tangled wood, with noiseless tread  
And throbbing heart, the lurking warrior sped,  
Aim'd his sure weapon, won the prize, and turn'd  
While his high heart with wild ambition burn'd,  
With song and war-whoop to his native tree,  
There on its bark to carve the victory.  
His all of learning did that act comprise,  
But still in *nature's* volume doubly wise.

The wayward stream which once with idle bound,  
Whirl'd on resistless in its foaming round,  
Now curb'd by art flows on, a wat'ry chain  
Linking the snow-capp'd mountains to the main.  
Where once the alder in luxuriance grew,  
Or the tall pine its towering branches threw  
Abroad to Heaven, with dark and haughty brow,  
There mark the realms of plenty smiling now ;  
There the full sheaf of Ceres richly glows,  
And Plenty's fountain blesses as it flows ;  
And man, a brute when left to wander wild,  
A reckless creature, nature's lawless child,  
What boundless streams of knowledge rolling now,  
From the full hand of art around him flow !  
Improvement strides the surge, while from afar,  
Learning rolls onward in her silver car ;

Freedom unfurls her banner o'er his head,  
While peace sleeps sweetly on her native bed.

The muse arises from the wildwood glen,  
And chants her sweet and hallow'd song again,  
As in those halcyon days, which bards have sung,  
When hope was blushing, and when life was young  
Thus shall she rise, and thus her sons shall rear  
Her sacred temple *here*, and only *here*,  
While Percival, her lov'd and chosen priest,  
For ever blessing, tho' himself unblest,  
Shall fan the fire that blazes at her shrine,  
And charm the ear with numbers half divine.

---

#### LINES ADDRESSED TO A COUSIN.

She gave me a flow'ret, — and oh! it was sweet!  
'T was a pea, in full bloom, with its dark crimson  
leaf,  
And I said in my heart, this shall be thy retreat!  
'T is one "sacred to Friendship" — a stranger to  
grief.

In my bosom I placed it, — 't is withered and gone!  
All its freshness, its beauty, its fragrance had fled!  
And in sorrow I sigh'd, — am I *thus* left alone?  
Is the gift which I cherish'd quite faded and dead?

It has wither'd! but *she* who presented it blooms,  
Still fresh and unfading, in memory *here*!  
And through life shall *here* flourish, 'mid danger and  
storms,  
As sweet as the flower, though more lasting and  
fair!

## MODESTY.

(Written in her sixteenth year.)

There is a sweet, tho' humble flower,  
Which grows in nature's wildest bed;  
It blossoms in the lonely bower,  
But withers 'neath the gazer's tread.

'T is rear'd alone, far, far away  
From the wild noxious weeds of death,  
Around its brow the sunbeams play,  
The evening dew-drop is its wreath.

'T is Modesty; 't is nature's child;  
The loveliest, sweetest, meekest flower  
That ever blossom'd in the wild,  
Or trembled 'neath the evening shower.

'T is Modesty; so pure, so fair,  
That woman's witch'ries lovelier grow,  
When that sweet flower is blooming there,  
The brightest beauty of her brow.

---

A VIEW OF DEATH.

When bending o'er the brink of life,  
My trembling soul shall stand,  
Waiting to pass death's awful flood,  
Great God! at thy command.

When weeping friends surround my bed,  
To close my sightless eyes,  
When shattered by the weight of years  
This broken body lies;

When every long-lov'd scene of life  
Stands ready to depart,  
When the last sigh which shakes this frame  
Shall rend this bursting heart;

Oh thou great source of joy supreme,  
Whose arm alone can save,  
Dispel the darkness that surrounds  
The entrance to the grave.

Lay thy supporting gentle hand  
Beneath my sinking head,  
And with a ray of love divine,  
Illume my dying bed.

Leaning on thy dear faithful breast,  
I would resign my breath,  
And in thy loved embraces lose  
The bitterness of death.

---

ROB ROY'S REPLY TO FRANCIS OSBAL-  
DISTONE.

The heather I trod while breathing on earth,  
Must bloom o'er my grave in the land of my birth;  
My warm heart would shrink like the fern in the  
frost,  
If the tops of my hills to my dim eye were lost.

## TO A LADY

## RECOVERING FROM SICKNESS.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

There is a charm in the pallid cheek;  
A charm which the tongue can never speak,  
When the hand of sickness has wither'd awhile,  
The rose which had bloom'd in the rays of a smile.

There is a charm in the heavy eye,  
When the tear of sorrow is passing by,  
Like a summer shower o'er yon vault of blue,  
Or the violet trembling 'neath drops of dew.

It spreads around a shade as light  
As daylight blending with the night;  
Or 'tis like the tints of an evening sky,  
And soft as the breathing of sorrow's sigh.

---

THE VISION.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

'T was evening — all was calm and silent, save  
The low hoarse dashing of the distant wave;  
The whip-poor-will had clos'd his pensive lay,  
Which sweetly mourned the sun's declining ray;  
Tired of a world surcharged with pain and woe,  
Weary of heartless forms and all below,

Broken each tie, bereft of every friend,  
 Whose sympathy might consolation lend,  
 And musing on each vain and earthly toy,  
 Walk'd the once gay and still brave Oleroy.  
 Thus lost in thought, unconsciously he stray'd,  
 When a dark forest wild around him laid.  
 In vain he tried the beaten path to gain,  
 He sought it earnestly, but sought in vain;  
 At length o'ercome, he sunk upon the ground,  
 Where the dark ivy twined its branches round;  
 Sudden there rose upon his wond'ring ear,  
 Notes which e'en angels might delighted hear.  
 Now low they murmur, now majestic rise,  
 As though "some spirit banished from the skies"  
 Had there repair'd to tune the mournful lay,  
 "And chase the sorrows of his soul away."  
 They ceas'd — when lo! a brilliant dazzling light  
 Illumed the wood and chas'd the shades of night;  
 He raised his head, there stood near Oleroy,  
 The beauteous figure of a smiling boy;  
 Across his shoulder hung an ivory horn,  
 With jewels glittering like the rays of morn;  
 In his white hand he held the tuneful lyre,  
 And in his eyes there beam'd a heavenly fire;  
 Approaching Oleroy, he smiling cried,  
     You hate the world and all its charms deride,  
     You hate the world and all it doth contain,  
     Condemn each joy, and call each pleasure pain;  
     Then come, he sweetly cried, come follow me,  
     Another world thy sorrowing eyes shall see.

No sooner said than swift the smiling boy  
 Led from the bower the wond'ring Oleroy:  
 Beneath a tree three sylph-like forms recline,  
 Each form was beauteous, and each face benign;

Beside them stood a chariot dazzling bright,  
Yoked with two beauteous swans of purest white;  
They mount the chariot, and ascend on high,  
They bend the lash, on winged winds they fly,  
Above the spacious globe they stretch their flight,  
That globe seem'd now but as a cloud of night.  
Swift towards the moon the white swans bend their  
way,

And a new world its treasures doth display.  
They halt; before them rocks and hills are spread,  
And birds, and beasts, which at their footsteps fled.  
Another moon emits a softer ray,  
And other moon-beams on the waters play:  
They wander on, and reach a darksome cave  
Against whose side loud roars the dashing wave:  
These words upon its rugged front appear,  
"What in your world is lost is treasured here."  
They enter;—round upon the floor are strewn,  
The ivory sceptre, and the glittering crown;  
Unnumbered hopes there flutter'd on the wing,  
There were the lays discarded lovers sing;  
There fame her trumpet blew, long, loud, and clear,  
Worlds tremble as the deaf'ning notes they hear;  
There brooded riches o'er his lifeless heap,  
There were the tears which misery's children weep.  
There were posthumous alms, and misspent time  
Lost in a jingling mass of foolish rhyme.  
There was the conscience of the miser;—there  
The tears of love,—the pity of the fair;  
There, pointing, cried the sylph-like smiling boy,  
There's the *content* which fled you, Oleroy!  
Regain it if you can;—then far away,  
And reach your world before the dawn of day.

ON SEEING AT A CONCERT, THE PUBLIC  
PERFORMANCE OF A FEMALE DWARF.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

Helpless, unprotected, weary,  
Toss'd upon the world's wide sea,  
Borne from those I love most dearly,  
Say — dost thou not feel for me?

Who that hath shrunk 'neath nature's frown  
Would court false fortune's fickle smile?  
Oh, who would wander thus alone,  
Reckless alike of care or toil?

Who would, for fading pleasure, brave  
The sea of troubles, dark and deep?  
For lo! the gems which deck the wave  
Vanish, and "leave the wretch to weep."

'T was not for fortune's smile of light,  
Which beams but to destroy for ever;  
'T was not for pleasure's bubbles bright,  
Which dazzle still, deluding ever:

Of I have I falter'd when alone  
Before the crowd I sung my lay,  
But ah, a father's feeble moan  
Rung in my ears, I dared not stay.

Oh, I have borne pride's scornful look,  
And burning taunts from slander's tongue;  
Yet more of malice I could brook,  
E'en though my heart with grief was wrung.

Adieu ! a long — a last adieu —  
Once more I launch upon life's sea ;  
But still shall memory turn to you,  
For, stranger, you have felt for me.

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### ON SEEING A YOUNG LADY AT HER DEVOTIONS.

(Written in her seventeenth year.)

She knelt, and her dark blue eye was rais'd,  
A sacred fire in its bright beam blaz'd,  
And it spread o'er her cold pale cheek a light  
So pure, so sacred, so clear and so bright,  
That Parian marble, tho' glittering fair  
'Neath the moon's pale beam, or the sun's broad glare,  
Were far less sweet, tho' more dazlingly bright,  
Than that cold cheek array'd in its halo of light.  
Oh ! I love not the dark rosy hue of the sky  
When the bright blush of morn mantles deeply and  
high,  
But my fond soul adores the pure author of light,  
The more when she looks on the broad brow of night;  
On myriads of stars glitt'ring far thro' the sky,  
Like the bright eyes of saints looking down from on  
high  
From their garden of Paradise, blooming in Heaven,  
On the scene sleeping sweet 'neath the calm smile  
of even.

I love not the cheek which speaks slumber unbroken,  
That heart hath ne'er sigh'd o'er hope's fast fading  
token ;

That bosom ne'er throbb'd with half-fearful delight  
When it thought on its home in the regions of light,  
Or trembled and wept as with fancy's dear eye  
It gaz'd on the beautiful gates of the sky,  
And the angels which watch at their portals of light  
All peaceful, all sacred, all pure, and all bright :  
But I love that pale cheek as it bends in devotion,  
Like a star sinking down on the breast of the ocean.

---

## ALONZO AND IMANEL.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

As he spoke, he beheld on the sea-beaten strand  
A form, 't was so airy, so light,  
He could almost have sworn by the faith of his land  
That an angel was wand'ring 'mid rocks and thro'  
sand,  
'Neath the moon-beam so fitfully bright.

He paus'd, as the bittern scream'd loud o'er his head,  
One moment he paus'd on the shore,  
To mark the wild wave as it dash'd from its bed,  
Tossing high the white spray from its foam-spangled  
head,  
With a fitful and deafening roar.

He caught the wild notes of a song, on the wind,  
Ere the tempest-god bore them away,  
And they told of a tortured and desperate mind,  
To despair's dark shadows for ever resign'd,  
Of a heart, once hope-lighted and gay.

The bright moon was hid in the breast of the storm,  
And darkness and terror drew round,  
Yet still he could mark her light fanciful form,  
As she roam'd round the wild rocks, devoid of alarm,  
Tho' the fiend of the whirlwind frown'd.

Oh tell me, he cried, what spirit so light,  
So beautiful e'en in despair,  
Is wand'ring alone 'mid the storm of the night,  
When to guide her no star in the heaven is bright,  
No gleam save the lightning's red glare!

'T is young Imanel, answered his guide with a sigh,  
The rich, the lov'd and the gay,  
Who is doom'd from her friends and her country to fly,  
For she lov'd, and she wedded Alonzo the spy,  
Who has left her and fled far away.

Alonzo the spy!—and he darted away  
With the speed of a shooting star,  
Nor heeded the call of his guide to stay,  
But toward the poor lone one he bounded away,  
She had fled to the sea-beach afar.

One glance of the forked lightning's glare  
Play'd bright round the fair one's face,  
And it beam'd on Alonzo, for he was there,  
And it beam'd on his bride, on his Imanel dear,  
Clasp'd at length in his joyful embrace.

## TO MARGARET'S EYE.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

Oh! I have seen the blush of morn,  
And I have seen the evening sky;  
But ah! they faded when I gaz'd  
On the bright heaven of Margaret's eye.

I've seen the Queen of evening ride  
Majestic, 'mid the clouds on high;  
But e'en Diana in her pride  
Was dim, near Margaret's brilliant eye.

I've seen the azure vault of heaven,  
I've seen the star-bespangled sky;  
But oh! I would the whole have given  
For one sweet glance from Margaret's eye.

I've seen the dew upon the rose,  
It trembled 'neath the zephyr's sigh;  
But oh! the tear which nature shed  
Was dim near that in Margaret's eye.

---

TO A YOUNG LADY,  
WHOSE MOTHER WAS INSANE FROM HER BIRTH.

(Written in her seventeenth year.)

And thou hast never, never known  
A mother's love, a mother's care!  
Hast wept, and sigh'd, and smil'd alone,  
Unblest by e'en a mother's prayer.

Oh, if sad sorrow's blighting hand  
Hath e'er an arrow, it is this;  
To feel that phrenzy's burning brand  
Hath wip'd away a mother's kiss;

To mark the gulf, the starless wave,  
Which rolls between thee and her love,  
To feel that better were a grave,  
A grave beneath—a home above;

Than thus that she should linger on,  
In dreamless, sunless solitude;  
Like some bright ruin'd shrine, where one  
All loveliness and truth hath stood.

And he, her love, her life, her light,  
How burst the storm o'er him!  
Oh, darker than Egyptian night,  
'T was one wild troubled dream!

To gaze upon that eye, whose beam  
Was love, and life, and light,  
To mark its wild and wandering gleam  
Which dazzles but to blight;

To turn in anguish and despair  
—From those wild notes of sadness,  
And feel that there was darkness there,  
The midnight mist of madness;

To start beneath the thrilling swell  
Of notes still sweet, tho' wasted,  
To mark the idol lov'd too well,  
In all its beauty blasted;

Oh! it were better far to kneel,  
In darkly brooding anguish,  
Upon the graves of those we love,  
Than *thus* to see them languish.

## A SONG.

*Tune, Mrs. Robinson's Farewell.*

(Written in her thirteenth year.)

Tell me not of joys departed,  
Or of childhood's happy hour!  
When unconsciously I sported,  
Fresh as morning's dewy flower!

Tell me not of fair hopes blasted,  
Or of unrequited love!  
Tell me not of fortune wasted,  
Or the web which Fate hath wove!

One fond wish I long have cherish'd,  
I have twined it round my heart!  
While all other hopes have perish'd,  
I with *that* could never part.

On life's troubled, stormy ocean  
That bright star still shone serene!  
To *that* star, my heart's devotion  
Rose, at morning, and at e'en!

And the hope that led me onward,  
Like a beacon shining bright,  
*Was* — that when this form had moulder'd  
I might wake to realms of light!

Wake to bliss — that changes never!  
Wake no more to hope or fear!  
Wake to joys that bloom for ever!  
Wither'd by no sigh, no tear!

## A SONG.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

Life is but a troubled ocean,  
Hope a meteor, love a flower  
Which blossoms in the morning beam,  
And withers with the evening hour.

Ambition is a dizzy height,  
And glory, but a lightning gleam;  
Fame is a bubble, dazzling bright,  
Which fairest shines in fortune's beam.

When clouds and darkness veil the skies,  
And sorrow's blast blows loud and chill,  
Friendship shall like a rainbow rise,  
And softly whisper — peace, be still.

---

## TWILIGHT.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

How sweet the hour when daylight blends  
With the pensive shadows on evening's breast;  
And dear to the heart is the pleasure it lends,  
'T is like the departure of saints to their rest.

Oh, 't is sweet, Saranac, on thy loved banks to stray,  
To watch the last day-beam dance light on thy  
wave,

'o mark the white skiff as it skims o'er the bay,  
Or heedlessly bounds o'er the warrior's grave.

Oh, 'tis sweet to a heart unentangled and light,  
When with hope's brilliant prospects the fancy is  
blest,  
To pause 'mid its day-dreams so witchingly bright,  
And mark the last sunbeams, while sinking to rest.

---

### ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN CAROLINE.

(Written in her twelfth year.)

Star of England! Brunswick's pride!  
Thou hast suffer'd, droop'd, and died!  
Adversity, with piercing eye,  
Bade all her arrows round thee fly;  
She marked thee from thy cradle-bed,  
And plaited thorns around thy head! —  
As the moon, whom sable clouds  
Now brightly shows — now darkly shrouds —  
So envy, with a serpent's eye,  
And slander's tongue of blackest dye,  
On thy pure name aspersions cast,  
And triumph'd o'er thy fame at last!  
But each dark tale of guilt and shame  
Shall darker fly to whence it came!  
A stranger in a foreign land,  
Oppress'd beneath a tyrant's hand,  
She drank the bitter cup of woe,  
And read Fate's black'ning volume through!  
The last, the bitterest drop was drank,  
The volume closed — and all was blank!

ON THE  
DEATH OF THE BEAUTIFUL MRS. \* \* \* \* \*

I saw her when life's tide was high,  
When youth was hov'ring o'er her brow,  
When joy was dancing in her eye,  
And her cheek blush'd hope's crimson glow.

I saw her 'mid a fairy throng,  
She seem'd the gayest of the gay ;  
I saw her lightly glide along,  
'Neath beauty's smile, and pleasure's lay.

I saw her in her bridal robe,  
The blush of joy was mounting high ;  
I mark'd her bosom's heaving throb,  
I mark'd her dark and downcast eye.

I saw her when a mother's love,  
Ask'd at her hand a mother's care ;  
She look'd an angel from above,  
Hov'ring round a cherub fair.

I saw her not till cold and pale,  
She slumber'd on death's icy arm ;  
The rose had faded on her cheek,  
Her lip had lost its power to charm.

That eye was dim which brightly shone ;  
That brow was cold, that heart was still  
The witch'ries of that form had flown  
The lifeless clay had ceas'd to feel.

I saw her wedded to the grave ;  
Her bridal robes were weeds of death  
And o'er her pale, cold brow, was hung  
The damp sepulchral icy wreath.

---

### THE WHITE MAID OF THE ROCK:

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

Loud 'gainst the rocks the wild spray is dashing,  
Its snowy white foam o'er the waves rudely splash-  
ing ;  
The woods echo round to the bittern's shrill scream,  
As he dips his black wing in the wave of the stream ;  
Now mournful and sad the low murmuring breeze  
Sighs lonely and dismal through hollow oak trees.  
The owl loudly hoots, while his lonely abode  
Serves to shelter the snake and the poisonous toad ;  
Lo ! the black thunder-cloud is spread over the skies,  
And the swift-winged lightning at intervals flies.  
The streamlet looks dark, and the spray wilder breaks,  
And the alder leaf dank, with its silver drops shakes ;  
This dell and these rocks, this lone alder and stream,  
With the dew-drops which dance in the moon's silver  
beam,  
Are sacred to beings ethereal and light,  
Who hold their dark orgies alone and at night.  
Wild, and more wild, dashed the waves of the stream,  
The White Maid of the rock gave a shrill piercing  
scream ;  
Down headlong she plunged 'neath the dark rolling  
wave,  
And rising, thus chanted a dirge to the brave.

"The raven croaks loud from her nest in the rock,  
The night-owl's shrill hooting resounds from the oak;  
Behold the retreat where brave Avenel is laid,  
Uncoffin'd, except by his own Scottish plaid!  
Long since has my girdle diminished to naught,  
And the great house of Avenel low has been brought;  
The star now burns dimly which once brightly shone,  
And proud Avenel's glory for ever has flown.  
As I sail'd and my white garments caught in the  
brake,  
'Neath the oak, whose huge branches extend o'er the  
lake,  
'Woe to thee! woe to thee! Maid of the Rock,'  
Cried the night-raven who builds in the oak;  
'Woe to thee! guardian spirit of Avenel!  
Where are thy holly-bush, streamlet and dell?  
No longer thou sittest to watch and to weep,  
Near the abbey's lone walls, and its turrets so steep!  
Woe to thee! woe to thee! Maid of the rock,'  
Cried the night-raven who builds in the oak!  
Then farewell, great Av'nel, thy proud race is run!  
The girdle has vanish'd — my task is now done."  
'Then her long flowing tresses around her she drew,  
And her form 'neath the wave of the dark streamlet  
threw.

---

## THE WEE FLOWER OF THE HEATHER.

(Written in her fourteenth year.)

Thou pretty wee flower, humble thing,  
Thou brightest jewel of the heath,  
Which waves at zephyr's lightest wing,  
And trembles at the softest breath;

Thou lovely bud of Scotia's land,  
Thou pretty fragrant *burnie* gem,  
By whisp'ring breezes thou art fann'd,  
And greenest leaves entwine thy stem.

No raging tempest beats thee down,  
Or finds thee in thy safe retreat;  
By no rough wint'ry winds thou'rt blown,  
Safe seated at the dark rock's feet.

---

#### TO MY DEAR MOTHER IN SICKNESS.

Hang not thy harp upon the willow,  
Mourn not a brighter, happier day,  
But touch the chord, and life's wild billow  
Will shrinking foam its shame away.

Then strike the chord and raise the strain  
Which brightens that dark clouded brow;  
Oh! beam *one* sunshine smile again,  
And I'll forgive thy sadness now.

Tho' darkness, gloom, and doubt surround thee,  
Thy bark, tho' frail, shall safely ride;  
The storm and whirlwind may rage round thee,  
But thou wilt all their wrath abide.

Hang not thy harp upon the willow  
Which weeps o'er every passing wave;  
Tho' life is but a restless pillow,  
There's calm and peace beyond the grave

## AN ACROSTIC.

(Written in her eleventh year.)

## THE MOON.

Lo! yonder rides the empress of the night!  
Unveil'd she casts around her silver light;  
Cease not, fair orb, thy slow majestic march,  
Resume again thy seat in yon blue arch.  
E'en *now*, as weary of the tedious way,  
Thy head on ocean's bosom thou dost lay;  
In his blue waves thou hid'st thy shining face,  
And gloomy darkness takes its vacant place.

## THE SUN.

[IN CONTINUATION.]

Darting his rays the sun now glorious rides,  
And from his path fell darkness quick divides;  
Vapour dissolves and shrinks at his approach.  
It dares not on his blazing path encroach;  
Down droops the flow'ret, — and his burning ray  
Scorches the workmen o'er the new-mown hay.  
Oh! lamp of Heav'n, pursue thy glorious course,  
Nor till gray twilight, aught abate thy force.

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## HABAKKUK III, 6.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

When Cushan was mourning in solitude drear,  
When the curtains of Midian trembled with fear,

On the wings of salvation thy chariot did fly  
Thou didst stride the wide whirlwind and come from  
on high.

Earth shook, and before thee the mountains did bow;  
The voice of the deep thunder'd loud from below;  
Thy arrows glanced bright as they shot thro' the air,  
And far gleam'd the light of thy glittering spear;  
The bright orb of day paus'd in wonder on high,  
And the lamp of the night stood still in the sky.

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### ON READING A FRAGMENT CALLED THE FLOWER OF THE FOREST.

(Written in her fourteenth year.)

Sing on, sweetest songster the woodland can boast;  
Sing on, for it charms, tho' it sorrows my breast;  
The strains, tho' so mournful, shall never be lost,  
Till this throbbing bosom has murmur'd to rest.

The sweet Flower of the Forest on memory's page  
Shall bloom undecaying while life lingers near,  
Unhurt by the storms which around it shall rage,  
By sorrow's sigh fann'd, and bedew'd by a tear.

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### Z A N T E.

(Written in her seventeenth year.)

She stood alone, 't was in that hour of thought,  
When days gone by, with fading fancies fraught

Steal o'er the soul, and bear it back awhile,  
Too sad, too heavy, or to weep or smile  
O'er all life's sad variety of woe,  
Which fades the cheek, and stamps upon the brow  
The deep dark traces of its passage there,  
In all the clouded majesty of care.  
That hour was twilight; and the shade of night,  
Which shuts the world and wickedness from sight,  
Was walking o'er the waters, while its train  
Of glittering millions danced along the main,  
And Zante, that fairy island fading fast,  
Seem'd first but faintly shadow'd, till at last  
Tower, minaret, and turret, dimm'd by night,  
Shone darkly grand, beneath Heav'n's silvery light.

And where was she, the lone one, for the sky  
Had blush'd, then faded slowly to her eye —  
Had deepen'd into darkness, till at last  
Night's deep, broad pinion had before her pass'd;  
And still she linger'd there, as noting not  
The lonely breathlessness of that sad spot;  
As heeding not the hour, the dreary sky,  
Or aught that lay beneath her moveless eye.

She was a being form'd to love, and blest  
With lavish Nature's richest loveliness.  
Oh! I have often seen, in fancy's eye,  
Beings too bright for dull mortality.

I've seen them in the visions of the night,  
I've faintly seen them, when enough of light  
And dim distinctness gave them to my gaze,  
As forms of other worlds, or brighter days.

Such was Ianthe, though perhaps less bright,  
Less clearly bright, for mystery and night  
Hung o'er her — she e'en lovelier seem'd,  
More calm, more happy, when dim twilight gleam'd  
Athwart the wave, than when the rude bright sun,  
As though in mock'ry, o'er her sad brow shone.

There was a temple, which had stood, where then  
 Ianthe stood, and old and learned men  
 Mused o'er its ruins, marking here and there  
 Some porch, some altar, or some fountain, where  
 In other days, the towers of faith were raised,  
 Where victims bled, or sacred censers blazed;  
 There stood Ianthe, leaning on a shrine  
 Which rose half mournfully, from 'neath the vine,  
 Which as in seeming mock'ry had o'ergrown  
 And twin'd its tendrils round its breast of stone;  
 Around the ruin'd columns, shaft and step,  
 In undistinguish'd masses mould'ring slept,  
 And little dreaming of the years gone by,  
 Ere tyrant Time had hurl'd them from on high.  
 The moon emerging from the cloud more bright  
 The marble surface glitter'd in its light;  
 Ianthe mark'd it — tears will sometimes steal,  
 From hearts which have perchance long ceas'd to  
 feel —

She wept, and whether that cold trembling gleam  
 Which shone upon the column, where the beam  
 Fell on its brow, brought to her bleeding breast  
 Those gusts of sorrow, grief, despair, distress,  
 Or what it was I know not — but she wept  
 O'er the wide ruin which around her slept;  
 Then as if scorning \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

[*Unfinished.*]

## THE YELLOW FEVER.

(Written in her sixteenth year.)

The sky is pure, the clouds are light,  
The moonbeams glitter cold and bright;  
O'er the wide landscape breathes no sigh;  
The sea reflects the star-gemm'd sky,  
And every beam of Heav'n's broad brow  
Glows brightly on the world below.  
But ah! the wing of death is spread;  
I hear the midnight murd'ers tread; —  
I hear the Plague that walks at night,  
I mark its pestilential blight;  
I feel its hot and with'ring breath,  
It is the messenger of death! —  
And can a scene so pure and fair  
Slumber beneath a baleful air?  
And can the stealing form of death  
Here wither with its blighting breath?  
Yes; and the slumb'rer feels its power  
At midnight's dark and silent hour;  
He feels the wild fire thro' his brain;  
He wakes; his frame is rack'd with pain;  
His eye half closed; his lip is dark;  
The sword of death hath done his work;  
That sallow cheek, that fever'd lip,  
That eye which burns but cannot sleep,  
That black parch'd tongue, that raging brain,  
All mark the monarch's baleful reign!

Oh! for one pure, one balmy breath,  
To cool the sufferer's brow in death;

Oh ! for one wand'ring breeze of Heav'n ;  
 Oh that one moment's rest were giv'n !  
 'T is past ; — and hush'd the victim's prayer ;  
 The spirit *was* — but *is* not there !

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## KINDAR BURIAL SERVICE,

### VERSIFIED.

We commend our brother to thee, oh earth !  
 To thee he returns, from thee was his birth !  
 Of thee was he form'd, he was nourish'd by thee ;  
 Take the body, oh earth ! the spirit is free.

Oh air ! he once breath'd thee, thro' thee he surviv'd,  
 And in thee, and with thee, his pure spirit liv'd ;  
 That spirit hath fled, and we yield him to thee ;  
 His ashes be spread, like his soul, far and free.

Oh fire ! we commit his dear reliques to thee,  
 Thou emblem of purity, spotless and free ;  
 May his soul, like thy flames, bright and burning arise,  
 To its mansion of bliss, in the star-spangled skies.

Oh water ! receive him ; without thy kind aid  
 He had parch'd 'neath the sunbeams or mourn'd in  
 the shade ;  
 Then take of his body the share which is thine,  
 For the spirit hath fled from its mouldering shrine.

## THE GRAVE.

There is a spot so still and dreary,  
It is a pillow to the weary;  
It is so solemn and so lone,  
That grief forgets to heave a groan.

There life's storms can enter never;  
There 'tis dark and lonely ever;  
The mourner there shall seek repose,  
And there the wanderer's journey close.

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## RUINS OF PALMYRA.

(Written in her sixteenth year.)

Palmyra, where art thou, all dreary and lone?  
The breath of thy fame, like the night-wind, hath  
    flown;

O'er thy temples, thy minarets, towers and halls  
The dark veil of oblivion silently falls.

The sands of the desert sweep by thee in pride,  
They curl round thy brow, like the foam of the tide,  
And soon, like the mountain stream's wild-rolling  
    wave,

Will rush o'er, and wrap thee at once in thy grave.

Oh, where are the footsteps which once gaily flew  
O'er pavements, where now weep the foxglove and  
    yew?

Oh where are the voices which once gaily sung,  
While the lofty-brow'd domes with melody rung?

They are silent;—and naught breaks the chaos  
of death;  
Not a being now treads o'er the ivy's dull wreath,  
Save the raging hyena, whose terrible cry  
Echoes loud thro' the halls and the palaces high.

Thou art fallen, Palmyra! and never to rise,  
Thou "queen of the east, thou bright child of the  
skies!"  
Thou art lonely; the desert around thee is wide,  
Then haste to its arms, nor remember thy pride.

Thou'rt forgotten, Palmyra! return thee to earth;  
And great be thy fall, as was stately thy birth;  
With grandeur then bow 'neath the pinion of time,  
And sink, not in splendour, but sadly sublime.

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## THE WIDE WORLD IS DREAR.

(Written in her sixteenth year.)

Oh say not the wide world is lonely and dreary!  
Oh say not that life is a wilderness waste!  
There's ever some comfort in store for the weary,  
And there's ever some hope for the sorrowful breast.

There are often sweet dreams which will steal o'er  
the soul,  
Beguiling the mourner to smile through a tear,  
That when waking the dew-drops of mem'ry may  
fall,  
And blot out for ever, the wide world is drear.

There is hope for the lost, for the lone one's relief,  
Which will beam o'er his pathway of danger and  
fear ;  
There is pleasure's wild throb, and the calm "joy of  
grief,"  
Oh then say not the wide world is lonely and drear !

There are fears that are anxious, yet sweet to the  
breast,  
Some feelings, which language ne'er told to the ear,  
Which return on the heart, and there lingering rest,  
Soft whispering, this world is not lonely and drear.

'T is true, that the dreams of the evening will fade,  
When reason's broad sunbeam shines calmly and  
clear ;  
Still fancy, sweet fancy, will smile o'er the shade,  
And say that the world is not lonely and drear.

Oh then mourn not that life is a wilderness waste !  
That each hope is illusive, each prospect is drear,  
But remember that man, undeserving, is blest,  
And rewarded with smiles for the fall of a tear.

---

## FAREWELL TO MISS E. B

(Written in her sixteenth year.)

Farewell, and whenever calm solitude's hour,  
Shall silently spread its broad wings o'er your bower,  
Oh ! then gaze on yon planet, yon watch-fire divine,  
And believe that my soul is there mingling with  
thine.

When the dark brow of evening is beaming with  
stars,  
And yon crest of light clouds is the turban she wears,  
When she walks forth in grandeur, the queen of the  
night,  
Oh ! then think that my spirit looks on with delight.

O'er the ocean of life our frail vessels are bounding,  
And danger and death our dark pathway surrounding;  
Destruction's bright meteors are dancing before,  
And behind us the winds of adversity roar.

Oh ! then come, let us light friendship's lamp on the  
wave,  
If we're lost, it will shed its pure light o'er the grave,  
Or 't will guide to the haven of Heaven at last,  
And beam on when the voice of the trumpet hath  
past.

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### THE ARMY OF ISRAEL AT THE FOOT OF MOUNT SINAI.

Their spears glittered bright in the beams of the sun ;  
Their banners waved far, and their high helmets  
shone ;  
And their dark plumes were toss'd on the breast of  
the breeze,  
But the war-trumpet slumbered the slumber of peace.

He came in his glory, he came in his might,  
His chariot the cloud, and his sceptre the light ;  
The sound of his coming was heard from afar,  
Like the roar of a nation when rushing to war.

'T was the great God of Israel, riding on high,  
Whose footstool is earth, and whose throne is the sky;  
He stood in his glory, unseen and alone,  
And with letters of fire traced the tablets of stone.

The eagle may soar to the sun in his might,  
And the eye of the warrior flash fierce in the fight;  
But say, who may look upon God the Most High?  
Oh, Israel! turn back from his glory, or die.

The sun in its splendour, the fire in its might,  
Which devours and withers, and wastes from the  
sight,  
Is dim to the glory which beams from his eye—  
Then, Israel, turn back—Oh! return, or ye die.

---

### THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

Gethsemane! there's holy blood  
Upon thy green and waving brow;  
Gethsemane! a God hath stood,  
And o'er thy branches bended low!

There, drops of agony have hung  
Mingled with blood upon his brow;  
For sin his bosom there was wrung,  
And there it bled for human woe.

There, in the darkest hour of night,  
Alone he watched, alone he prayed;  
Didst thou not tremble at the sight?  
A God reviled!—a God betrayed!

Gethsemane! so dark a scene  
Ne'er blotted the wide book of time!  
Oblivion's veil can never screen  
So dark a deed, so black a crime!

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### THE TEMPEST GOD.

Hark! 't is the wheels of his wide rolling car,  
They traverse the heavens and come from afar;  
Sublime and majestic the dark cloud he rides,  
The wing of the whirlwind he fearlessly strides,  
The glance of his eye is the lightning's broad flame,  
And the caverns re-echo his terrible name.

In the folds of his pinions, the wild whirlwinds sleep,  
At his bidding they rush o'er the foam of the deep,  
He speaks, and in whispers they murmur to rest,  
And calmly they sink on the folds of his breast;  
His seat is the mountain top's loftiest height;  
He reigns there in darkness, the king of the night.

---

### TO A DEPARTING FRIEND.

Farewell, and may some angel guide,  
Some viewless spirit hover o'er thee;  
Who, let or weal or woe betide,  
Will still unchanging move before thee.

A hallow'd light shall burn at night,  
 When sorrow's wave rolls drearily,  
 And o'er thy way a cloud by day  
 Shall cast its shadow cheerily.

Thy bark of pleasure o'er life's smooth sea  
 Shall gallantly glide along ;  
 Pray'rs and blessings thy breezes shall be,  
 And hope be thy parting song.

Go then ; I have given the spirits charge  
 To watch o'er thee now and for ever ;  
 To smooth life's waters, and guide thy barge  
 Where tempest shall toss it never.

---

#### TO MAMMA.

Thy love inspires the Story Teller's tongue.  
 To tales of hearts with disappointment wrung,  
 Thy love inspires ;—fresh flows the copious stream,  
 And what's not *true*, let fruitful fancy dream.

THE STORY TELLER.

#### THE PARTING OF DECOURCY AND WILHELMINE.

(Written in her fourteenth year.)

1. Lo ! enthron'd on golden clouds,  
 Sinks the monarch of the day ;  
 Now yon hill his glory shrouds,  
 And his brilliance fades away.

2. But as it fled, one ling'ring beam  
Play'd o'er yon spire, which points on high;  
It cast one bright, one transient gleam,  
Then hast'ned from the deep'ning sky
3. Lo! the red tipp'd clouds remain  
But to tell of glories past;  
Mark them gath'ring o'er the plain,  
Mark them fade away at last.
4. The lake is calm, the breeze is still,  
Nor dares to whisper o'er a leaf;  
And nothing save the murm'ring rill,  
Can give the vacant ear relief.
5. Around yon hawthorn in the vale,  
White garments float like evening mist  
'Tis Wilhelmine, and cold and pale  
A simple marble stone she kiss'd.
6. She knelt her by a lowly tomb,  
And wreath'd its urn anew with flowers;  
She taught the white rose there to bloom,  
And water'd it with sorrow's showers.
7. Like raven's wing, her glossy hair  
In ringlets floated on the gale,  
Or hung upon a brow as fair  
As snow-curl crested in the vale.
8. And her dark eye which rolls so wild,  
Once brightly sparkled with hope's light,  
For Wilhelmine was pleasure's child,  
When fortune's smiles shone sweetly bright.

\* \* \* \* \*

9. Decourcy lov'd—the morn was clear,  
And fancy promis'd bliss;  
For now the happy hour was near,  
Which made the maiden his.
10. And Wilhelmine sat smiling sweet  
Beneath the spreading tree,  
Her nimble foot was quick to meet,  
Her glancing eye to see.
11. Decourcy came upon his steed,  
His brow and cheek were pale;  
Speak—speak, Decourcy, cried the maid,  
'Tis sure a dreadful tale.
12. My love, my Wilhelmine, cried he,  
Be calm and fear thee not;  
In battle I will think on thee,  
And oh, forget me not.
13. Adieu! he clasp'd her to his breast,  
And kiss'd the trickling tear  
Which 'neath her half-clos'd eyelids prest  
And ling'ring glist'ned there.
14. He gazed upon that death-like face,  
So beautiful before;  
He gazed upon that shrine of grace,  
And dared to gaze no more.
15. He trembled, press'd his burning brow,  
And clos'd his aching eyes;  
His limbs refuse their office now,  
The maid before him lies.

16. But mark ! the trumpet's warlike sound  
    Echoes from hill to vale;  
He caught the maiden from the ground,  
    And kiss'd her forehead pale.
17. Why should Decourcy linger there,  
    When the bugle bids him speed ?  
One long last look of calm despair,  
    And he springs upon his steed ;
18. He strikes the sting of his bloody spur  
    In his foaming courser's side,  
And he gallops on where the wave of war  
    Rolls on with its bursting tide.
19. Whose was the sword that flashed so bright,  
    Like the flaming brand of heaven ?  
And whose the plume, that from morn till night  
    Was a star to the hopeless given ?
20. 'T was thine, Decourcy ! that terrible sword  
    Hath finished its work of death,  
And the hand which raised it on high is lowered  
    To the damp green earth beneath.
21. The sun went down, and its parting ray  
    Smiled sorrow across the earth,  
The light breeze moaned—then died away,  
    And the stars rose up in mirth.
22. And the timid moon looked down with a smile  
    On the blood-stained battle ground,  
And the groans of the wounded rose up the while  
    With a sad heart-rending sound,

23. While the spectre-form of some grief-worn man,  
Steals slowly and silently by,  
Each corpse to note—each face to scan,  
For his friend on that field doth lie.
24. But whose is the figure dimly seen  
By the trembling moon-beam's light?  
'T is the form of the weeping Welhelmine,  
And she kneels by the slaughtered knight.
25. Weep not for the dead, for he died 'mid the din,  
And the rapturous shouts of strife,  
And the bright sword hath ushered his soul within  
The portals of future life.
26. Weep not for the dead! who would not die  
As that gallant soldier died?  
With a field of glory whereon to lie,  
And his foeman dead beside.
27. A year passed by, and a simple tomb  
Rose up 'neath a willow tree,  
'T was decked with flowers in vernal bloom  
As fresh as flowers could be;
28. And oft as the twilight's dusky gleam  
O'er the scene was gently stealing,  
The form of the sorrowful maid was seen  
By the grave of her lover kneeling.
29. But wild is the glance of her dove-like eye,  
And her cheek, oh how pale and fair!  
And the mingled smile, and the deep drawn sigh,  
Show that reason's no longer there.

30. Another year passed, and another grave  
    'Neath the willow tree is seen ;  
By the side of her lover, Decourcy the brave,  
    Lay the corpse of Wilhelmine.
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## LOVE, JOY, AND PLEASURE.

## AN ALLEGORY.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

The night was calm, the sky serene,  
The sea a mirror display'd,  
On its bosom the twinkling stars were seen,  
The moon-crested waves were dancing between,  
And smiling through evening's shade.

On that placid sea Pleasure's bark was riding,  
Love and Joy were its guides through the deep,  
And their hearts beat high, while on fortune con-  
fiding,  
They smil'd at the forms that were gloomily striding,  
O'er the brow of the wave-wash'd steep.

Those forms were Malice, and Scorn, and Hate,  
And they flitted around so dark,  
That they seem'd like the gloomy sisters of Fate,  
Intent on some dreary, some deadly debate,  
To ruin the beautiful bark.

But the eye of Joy was raised on high,  
She gaz'd at the moon's pale lamp,  
The tear of Pleasure shone bright in her eye,  
And she saw not the clouds which were passing by,  
Death's messengers dark and damp.

And Pleasure was gazing with childish glee  
At the beacon's trembling gleam,  
Or watching the shade of her wings in the sea,  
With their colours as varied and fickle as she,  
As fleeting as Folly's dream.

And Love was tipping his feathery darts,  
And feeding his flaming torch,  
He was tinging his wings with the blood of hearts,  
He was chaunting low numbers, and smiling by  
starts  
At the flowers 'round Hymen's porch.

Meanwhile the clouds were gath'ring drear,  
They hung 'round the weeping moon,  
And still the mariners dream'd not of fear,  
Still in Joy's bright eye beam'd the brilliant tear,  
Which sorrow would claim too soon.

The voice of the tempest-god rolled around,  
The bark towards heaven was toss'd ;  
Then, then the fond dreamers awoke at the sound,  
And Pleasure, the helmsman, in agony found  
That the light-house fire was lost.

Loud and more loud the billows roar,  
The ocean no more is gay,  
Love dreams of his pinions and arrows no more,  
Joy mourns the hour that she left the shore,  
And Pleasure's bright wings fade away.

Then Malice sent forth a shadowy bark,  
Which, bounding o'er the wave,  
Came like a meteor's brilliant spark,  
A star of light 'mid the tempest dark,  
A beacon of hope from the grave.

Joy onward rush'd to the airy skiff  
Which near them gaily drew,  
But ah! she sank to the arms of Grief,  
For the bark, which promised them sure relief  
Away like lightning flew.

Then the smile of Scorn and Malice gleam'd  
Across the billow's foam,  
And long and loud fell Hatred scream'd  
With fiend-like joy, as the lightning stream'd  
Around their forms of gloom.

On, on, they drifted before the gale;  
Again the signal rose;  
Joy and Pleasure the beacon hail,  
Love's ashy cheek becomes less pale  
As clearer and brighter it glows.

'T was Hope who fired the beacon high,  
And she came with her anchor of rest,  
And Faith, who raised towards heaven her eye,  
Spoke peace to the storm of the troubled sky,  
And calm to the weary breast.

And Charity came with her robe of light,  
And she led the wanderers home,  
She warmed them and wept o'er the woes of the  
night.  
And she welcomed them in with a smile so bright,  
That Pleasure forgot to roam.

And she led them to Religion's shrine,  
Where Hope was humbly kneeling,  
And *there* the tears of Joy did shine  
With a light more dazzling, more divine,  
They were mingled with tears of feeling.

There Love's wild wings shone calmly bright,  
As over the altar he waved them ;  
There Pleasure folded her pinions light,  
And fondly gazed with a sacred delight  
On the scroll which Charity gave them.

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### MY LAST FAREWELL TO MY HARP

And must we part ? yes, part for ever ;  
I'll waken thee again—no, never ;  
Silence shall chain thee cold and drear,  
And thou shalt calmly slumber here.  
Unhallowed was the eye that gazed  
Upon the lamp which brightly blazed,  
The lamp which never can expire,  
The undying, wild, poetic fire.  
And Oh ! unhallowed was the tongue  
Which boldly and uncouthly sung ;  
I bless'd the hour when o'er my soul,  
Thy magic numbers gently stole,  
And o'er it threw those heavenly strains,  
Which since have bound my heart in chains ;  
Those wild, those witching numbers still  
Will o'er my widow'd bosom steal.

I blest that hour, but Oh ! my heart,  
Thou and thy Lyre must part ; yes, part ;  
And this shall be my last farewell,  
This my sad bosom's latest knell.  
And here, my harp, we part for ever ;  
I'll waken thee again, Oh ! never ;  
Silence shall chain thee cold and drear,  
And thou shalt calmly slumber here.



**SPECIMENS**  
**OF**  
**PROSE COMPOSITION.**



## COLUMBUS.

(Written in her sixteenth year.)

WHAT must have been the feelings of Christopher Columbus, when, for the first time, he knelt and clasped his hands, in gratitude, upon the shores of his newly-discovered world? Year after year has rolled away; war, famine, and fire have alternately swept the face of that country; the hand of tyranny hath oppressed it; the footstep of the slave hath wearily trodden it; the blood of the slaughtered hath dyed it; the tears of the wretched have bedewed it; still, even at this remote period, every feeling bosom will delight to dwell upon this brilliant era in the life of the persevering adventurer. At that moment, his name was stamped upon the records of history for ever; at that moment, doubt, fear, and anxiety fled, for his foot had pressed upon the threshold of the promised land.

The bosom of Columbus hath long since ceased to beat—its hopes, its fears, its projects, sleep, with him, the long and dreamless slumber of the grave; but while there remains one generous pulsation in the human breast, his name and his memory will be held sacred.

When the cold dews of uncertainty stood upon his brow; when he beheld nothing but the wide heavens above, the boundless waters beneath and around him; himself and his companions in that little bark, the only beings upon the endless world of sky and ocean

when he looked back and thought upon his native land; when he looked forward, and in vain traversed the liquid desert, for some spot upon which to fix the aching eye of anxiety; oh! say, amidst all these dangers, these uncertainties, whence came that high, unbending hope, which still soared onward to the world before him? whence that undying patience, that more than mortal courage, which forbade his cheek to blanch amid the storm, or his heart to recoil in the dark and silent hour of midnight? It was from God—it was of God—His Spirit overshadowed the adventurer! By day, an unseen cloud directed him—by night, a brilliant, but invisible column moved before him, gleaming athwart the boundless waste of waters. The winds watched over him, and the waves upheld him, for God was with him—the whirlwind passed over his little bark, and left it still riding onward, in safety, towards its unknown harbour—for the eye of Him who pierces the deep was fixed upon it.

Columbus had hoped, feared, and had been disappointed; he had suffered long and patiently—he had strained every faculty, every nerve; he had pledged his very happiness upon the discovery of an unknown land; and what must have been the feelings of his soul, when, at length bending over that very land, his grateful bosom offered its tribute of praise and thanksgiving to the Being who had guarded and guided him through death and danger? He beheld the bitter smile of scorn and derision fade before the reality of that vision, which had been ridiculed and mocked at; he thought upon the thousand obstacles which he had surmounted; he thought upon those who had regarded him as a self-devoted enthusiast, a visionary madman, and his full heart throbbed in gratitude to Him whose Spirit had inspired him, whose voice had sent him forth, and whose arm had protected him.

## ALPHONSO IN SEARCH OF LEARNING.

## AN ALLEGORY.

(Written in her eleventh year)

EARLY one morning Alphonso set out in search of Learning. He travelled over barren heaths and over rocks, and was often obliged to ford rivers, which seemed almost impassable; at last, completely exhausted, and at a loss what road to take, he sat down desponding by the side of a rapid river. Soon a passenger approached with whom Alphonso entered into conversation, and at length asked him where he was going. I am, replied the stranger, seeking Fame, and already by her trumpet has my name been sounded in her courts. She has promised to *immortalize* my name; follow me, and you shall richly reap the reward of your labour. I also, answered Alphonso, have a road to pursue, which leads to Fame, but it is through Learning that I must reach her courts, and then shall I enjoy the fruits of my toil, in proportion to the hardships with which I have acquired it. Can you tell me where she can be found?

You see, replied the stranger, yonder hills which rise one upon the other, as far as the eye extends; far, far beyond *them*, whose every precipice you have to climb, Learning resides. Her temple is pleasant, but few there are who gain it; many, indeed, have gone beyond these foremost hills, but stumbling, they have been dashed to pieces on the rocks, but still they have had the reputation of having reached her temple, and their names are recorded in the roll of Fame. Thus

saying, the stranger proceeded on his journey, and left Alphonso in doubt whether to pursue the dangerous road of which the stranger had warned him, or to follow him to more easily acquired fame.

At last Wisdom came to his assistance, and he resolved not to give up his search after Learning. He proceeded therefore, and had reached the foot of the hill, when he was met by another person, who inquired whither he was going? I am in pursuit of Learning, replied Alphonso. What! do you intend climbing yonder rugged and tiresome hill? I do, answered Alphonso.

Indolence is my companion, said the stranger: I found her in yonder valley. I toiled not for her, and without toil, I enjoy ease; on the other hand, Learning cannot be obtained without labour; go with me, and you shall enjoy life. Alphonso, partly fatigued with his long walk, and partly discouraged by the rugged appearance of the hill, consented. After walking on sometime in a beautiful valley, Alphonso began to discover that his new companion was flat and insipid, that he had exhausted all his little fund of knowledge in the beginning of their journey, and that he now scarcely said anything. Thus continuing dissatisfied, not with the path, but with the companion he had, they entered a beautiful meadow, in which there was an arbour, called the arbour of Indolence, and there they lay down to rest; but before Alphonso slept, a warning voice sounded in his ear, "awake, for destruction is at hand." He heeded it not, and with his senses slept his conscience.

When they arose to pursue their journey, a tempest gathered; thick clouds were in the heavens, all was black. Night's sable mantle was thrown over the horizon, and only now and then a flash of lightning, attended with a dreadful thunderbolt, showed them

both the dead waters of oblivion ; near them was the path which slides the unhappy deluded mortal down to its deep and noisome bed.

Alphonso's conductor, who had before appeared certain of being on safe ground, trembled and turned pale when he found himself in the fatal path. Alphonso was on the brink ! He receded ; his flesh grew cold, his eyeballs glared, and his hair stood on end. Presently he heard a low plashing of the dead waters of oblivion ; they closed with a sullen roar over the unhappy sufferer, and all was silent. This is the end of the careless votary of Indolence, thought Alphonso, as he turned from the dead waters of the lake. Let this be a lesson to me !

He stood in deep perplexity some time, not daring to turn back, and he knew it would be certain death to proceed ; but suddenly the clouds dispersed, the air was calm, and all was silent ; he blessed the returning light, and with new vigour, passed on his way in search of Learning. He was overjoyed, when he found himself out of the fatal vale of Indolence.

Again he viewed those hills which so discouraged him when they met his eye before, but now they appeared to him with a far different aspect, as he traced over them the path to Learning's happy temple.

He began his journey anew, and as he proceeded, the ascent was easier. When he reached the top of the hill, a few faint rays of the bright sun of Learning warmed his heart, and though faint, it was sufficient to kindle the slumbering fire of hope in his bosom. After he had reached the valley below, he saw a person crossing on the opposite side, with a light step, and an open ingenuous countenance.

Alphonso stopped him, and inquired, why he did not ascend the hill before him ? Because, said the stranger, " I seek Truth, and she dwells in the simple

vale of Innocence ; at her court there is no pomp, but there is peace ; she discloses her name to all ; some revile her, others say she is of no use to the world, that they are always as victorious without her assistance as with it. Her followers scarce ever suffer from the imputations of the vile, when they hold fast upon her garments. I can possess Truth and Innocence without Learning." Here the travellers parted—Alphonso to ascend the hill, the stranger to the vale of Innocence.

Without a companion in his solitary journey ; with no one to assist him on his way ; no one to raise him if he stumbled, Alphonso pursued his toilsome course. At length, casting his eyes to the top of the hill, he perceived standing on its summit a figure stretching out one hand to assist him, the other rested on an anchor, and a bright beam played around her brow. Alphonso hastened to ascend the hill, and when he approached, he clasped the outstretched hand of Hope, for that was the name of the fair form, and imprinted it with kisses. Hope smiled affectionately upon him, and with these encouraging words addressed him : "Alphonso ! I come to conduct you to the temple of Learning ; you have overcome alone the greatest obstacles, you shall now have a conductor."

As they came to frightful precipices, where unfortunate mortals had been dashed headlong, for daring to approach too near its edge, Hope would catch his hand and conduct him to safer ground. At last, through many difficulties, hazards, and reproaches, Alphonso came in sight of the temple of Learning. The sun was just sinking, and it illumed the edges of the fleecy floating clouds with a golden hue. Its last beam played upon the glittering spire of the temple ; Alphonso could scarce believe his eyes, They reached

the threshold. After so many toils, so many dangers, he had now acquired the object of his hopes.

They stood a moment, when the door was opened by a grave-looking old man, who heartily welcomed them to the temple. As they entered, all was light: it burst upon his sight like some enchanted scene, where none but ætherial beings dwell. Irresistibly he cast his eyes up to the nave of the spacious hall, and beheld Learning seated upon a throne of gold. A bright sun emitted its cheering rays above his head. In one hand she held a globe, in the other a pen. Books were piled up in great order here, and in another place they were strewn in wild profusion. Ten of her favourite disciples were ranged on either hand, the swift-winged Genius with his beloved companion Fancy were seated at her right hand, and often did Genius cast an approving smile at the mistress of his heart and actions; she who had tamed the wild spirit of his temper, and taught it to follow in gentler, softer, and sweeter murmurs.

Hope now conducted Alphonso to the throne of Learning. She smiled as he humbly kneeled at her footstool, and taking a laurel from the hand of the delighted and willing Genius, she crowned the brow of the elated Alphonso. Fancy for a moment deserted the side of Genius and hovered over his laurel-crowned brow; then clapping her wings in delight, she again resumed her former station. Learning stretched forth her hand to him; arise, said she, you are destined by fate to fill this long vacant seat. Alphonso kissed the outstretched hand, and gratefully took his seat at the side of *Learning*.

## SENSIBILITY.

IN this delicate emotion of the human mind there is a mixture of danger and delight ; it may be indulged moderately, with pleasure to its possessor, but uncontrolled, it brings in its train a succession of ideal miseries, and sensations of acute pain or exquisite delight.

It often causes the heart to shrink with sensitive horror from difficulties in the path of life slightly noticed, or scarcely perceptible to the mind well governed by reason, or fortified by principle. Lively sensibility may be considered as the key-stone of the heart; it often unguardedly unlocks the treasures confided to its care, and pouring forth the full tide of feeling, the warmest impulses of the soul are wasted upon trifles or squandered on objects insignificant to the eye of reason, and frequently exposes the feeling heart to contempt and ridicule.

Deep and delicate sensibility, that feeling of the soul which shrinks from observation and pours itself forth in secret calm retirement, must certainly by its dignity and sacred character cause feelings of reverence for its possessor. Jesus wept over the grave of his departed friend, his sensibility was aroused, and he shed tears of sorrow over the dark wreck of a once noble fabric in the mouldering remnants of mortality before him. His prophetic soul gazed upon wide scenes of future desolation. He felt for the miseries of mankind; he pitied their folly and wept over the final destruction of the human frame, undermined by sin and borne down by death.

## THE HOLY WRITINGS.

THROUGH the whole of this sacred volume may be traced the finger of a God ! It is overshadowed by his arm, and his spirit walks forth in the sublimity of his commandments. What are the mad revilings of the scoffer ? They are like burning coals which fall back upon the head of him who hurled them, leaving the object of his rage uninjured. What are the most philosophic works of mankind when placed in comparison with it ? They sink into nothing. What are the brilliant shafts of human wit when directed against it ? They are as the gilded wing of the butterfly, fluttering feebly against the nervous, the resistless pinion of an eagle. What are all the immense magazines of learning beside it, but a boundless heap of chaff ? Yes ; the vast edifices of human knowledge reared by the restless hand of ingenuity, and bedecked with all the gaudy trappings of eloquence, crumble into dust and fall prostrate in its presence, as did the heathen idol before the ark of the living God !

Do we ask eloquence ? Where can it be found more pure than from the mouth of him whose voice of mercy is a murmur, and whose anger speaks in wrathful thunders ? Do we ask sublimity ? The eagle in its flight toward heaven is less sublime than the hallowed words of its Maker. Do we ask simplicity ? What is more touchingly so, than the language of the sacred volume ? Do we ask sweetness or tenderness ? The breath of summer is less sweet than the Almighty's offered mercies. The fabled bird which sheds her blood for the nourishment of

her innocent offspring, is cruel in comparison with him, who bled, who died, for those who cursed and tortured him. Do we ask grandeur, wildness or strength? Look there! there upon the law of him whose very self is grandeur, whose glance is lightning, and whose arm is strength.

The hand of the impious and the envious may hurl the dust of derision upon this sacred volume: still, it will shine on, brighter and brighter, while time shall be!

## CHARITY.

**THE** sacred volume exhorts us to Charity. How carefully then should we cherish this kindly feeling, this spark from the fountain of life, that it may beam forth undimmed, and with its pure and friendly light, cast a ray over our many imperfections, in that day when all will stand in need of mercy and forbearance!

It is not the bare distribution of alms to the needy and suffering beggar, it is not the pompous offerings of opulence to the shrinking child of poverty, which constitutes true charity;—no; it is to be understood in a far wider sense; it is forbearing to join with the multitude, when trampling upon a fallen fellow-creature. It is the voice of charity which pleads for the wretched and the penitent, which raises the prostrate, and whispers forgiveness for the past, and hope for the future. It is her hand which pours the balm of consolation into the lacerated bosom of the returning wanderer; who dares not look back upon the past, and whose heart shrinks as it meets the cold and averted glances of those, who in the hour of its pride had bowed before it.

We are all liable to err. Let us make the situation of the suffering penitent our own. Where are the friends we had fondly fancied ours? fled, as from the breath of pestilence, and we are desolate; left with the arrow of adversity rankling in our bosoms, like the stricken deer by the selfish herd, to perish in solitude and wretchedness.

There is no heart so hardened and depraved, that

it will not, when the soft voice of charity whispers peace and forgiveness, yield like wax beneath the hand which stamps it. Then is the moment to impress upon it the sacred precepts of virtue, and to place the bright rewards of penitence before it. "Let us then do as we would that others should do unto us;" have mercy upon the fallen, and stretch forth the hand of charity to the suffering and the penitent.

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### REMARKS ON THE IMMORALITY OF THE STAGE.

WHY is it that the ear of modesty must be shocked by the indelicacy and immorality which obstinately clings to the stage, that vehicle of good or evil, that splendid engine whose movements may shed a halo of brilliancy around it, or leave behind the blackened traces of its desolating progress?

Can the eye of innocence gaze even upon the mimic characters of vice, or the ear of delicacy become familiarized to the rude and boisterous, or the more dangerously subtle insinuations of depravity, without quitting the fascinating scene less fastidious in its feelings, less sensible to the bold intrusions of barefaced wickedness? No: — though the change be slow and almost imperceptible, still it will not be the less certain, the fatal poison will creep to the very vitals of virtue, and stamp deep stains upon the spotless tablet of innocence.

Must then all that is bright and pure be shut out from those scenes of fascination, and delight? Must that very purity which should be cherished and guarded as a sacred deposit, be converted into a chain

wherewith to shackle the amusements of its possessor ? Would not the frequent indulgence of this amusement, be holding forth a strong temptation to those who are but partially fortified in the principles of rectitude to overleap the crumbling ill-formed barrier, and plunge at once into the boundless ocean of vice and immorality ?

Oh why will not authors, those helmsmen in the mighty vessel of improvement, dash the countless stains from the charts which they are holding to our eyes, and transform their blackened pages to pure, spotless records of truth and virtue ? Then we should no longer mark the blush of offended modesty mantling the cheek of sensibility, or the frown of disapprobation clouding the pure brow of refinement and morality. The stage would then become the guardian and the friend, instead of the fell destroyer of all that is pure and virtuous in the human breast.



## CONTEMPLATION OF THE HEAVENS.

To count the glittering millions of the sky, to marshal them in bright array before us, to mark the brilliant traces of a Creator's presence, the foot-prints of the Deity, is a hallowed and sublime employment of the soul ; for being insensibly led onward from gazing upon the portals of heaven, the wonderful threshold of God's wide pavilion, it dares to lift itself in pure and unearthly communion, with the Holy Spirit that inhabits there, and to bow in adoration and praise before the great I AM.

To a feeling mind, the heavens unroll a vast volume, filled with subjects of wonder, love, and praise.

Wonder, at the inconceivable majesty and goodness of the great Creator of so vast, so splendid a system; love, for his condescension in deigning to bend his attention to so insignificant a creature as man, even in the meridian of his earthly glory; and praise, for his unchangeable benevolence, infinite wisdom, and perfection. What hand but that of a God could have formed the wide solar system above us? what voice but that of Him who created them, could bid the starry millions move on for thousands of ages in one unbroken and unceasing march? The lights of heaven are bright and beautiful, still they are but feeble beams from the everlasting fountain of splendour, or wandering sparks of Heaven's dazzling glory. Well indeed might Zoroaster, in the enthusiasm of his heart, worship the fires of Heaven as parts of that ineffable and never-dying spirit which animates and lives in all, through all eternity.

In the dark ages of superstition and bigotry, was it strange that he should turn in disgust from the sacrifices of blood, from horrid images the disgraceful productions of weak bewildered minds, to a fount of pure, unchanging, living light, to the brilliant fires above him, holding their unbroken paths through Heaven, pointing to God's throne, and whispering to the heart of something still more bright, more beautiful and holy?

## THE ORIGIN OF CHIVALRY.

When society first began to form itself, rank and authority became necessary to subdue the wild and impetuous passions which raged unbridled in the savage bosom of man; oppression and vassalage first appeared in the form of feudal government, each family looked up to its head, as each kingdom does now, to his sovereign,—his will was absolute, and his power unbounded in his castle and dominions.

In this way the rights of man were partially secured, the vassal was bound to serve and succour his lord in the hour of danger, as it was that lord's duty to support and protect his serf;—but in those rude and barbarous ages, where was weak and helpless woman to find a shelter from the wild and lawless multitude? and what tribunal was there to which she could appeal if injured? when man was contending with man for superiority, or right, where could she fly for redress? could the feeble voice of woman be heard amid the uproar? no!—but it arose, though in murmurs, to the ear of her Maker, and that very evil which menaced her destruction, proved her blessing.

In the dark ages of the world, woman held not that rank in society which a more enlightened age has allotted her; she was deemed merely the slave of man's tyrannical will, the tool of his pleasure—too weak to defend herself, and too insignificant to claim the protection of the lords of the creation.—As the sun of Religion arose upon the world, the dark clouds of contention arose with its light,—arms were the arguments which were unanimously chosen to decide every controversy; the sword was the test of

merit,—and the hand which wielded it with the greatest dexterity was chosen to direct the community.

The youthful soldier, ardent and enthusiastic, was ever in search of some object on which to display his valour: the fair sex at length caught and fixed his attention,—tournaments and feats of arms were instituted to display his devotion to the cause of beauty and virtue in distress, and love and religion were blended—love became wildly romantic, religion was enthusiastically venerated—the name of woman was held as sacred as that of religion, and both, as dear to the heart of every knight-errant as that of the idol, Honour! they were blended with each other—the passions held the reins, and religion, though contemplated with enthusiasm, was too often made to bow before the shrine of love and romance.

THE END.

**BIOGRAPHY**  
**AND**  
**POETICAL REMAINS**

**OF THE LATE**

**MARGARET MILLER DAVIDSON.**

**BY WASHINGTON IRVING.**

---

Thou wert unfit to dwell with clay,  
For sin too pure, for earth too bright!  
And Death, who call'd thee hence away,  
Plac'd on his brow a gem of light!

**MARGARET TO HER SISTER.**

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**A New Edition, revised.**

**PHILADELPHIA:**  
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**1846.**

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**ENTERED**, according to the Act of Congress, in the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-one, by **WASHINGTON IRVING**, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

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**J. FAGAN, STEREOTYPER.**

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# BIOGRAPHY

## OF

### MISS MARGARET DAVIDSON.

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THE reading world has long set a cherishing value on the name of Lucretia Davidson, a lovely American girl, who, after giving early promise of rare poetic excellence, was snatched from existence in the seventeenth year of her age. An interesting biography of her by President Morse of the American Society of Arts, was published shortly after her death; another has since appeared from the classic pen of Miss Sedgwick, and her name has derived additional celebrity in Great Britain from an able article by Robert Southey, inserted some years since in the London Quarterly Review.

An intimate acquaintance in early life with some of the relatives of Miss Davidson had caused me, while in Europe, to read with great interest every thing concerning her; when, therefore, in 1833, about a year after my return to the United States, I was told, while in New York, that Mrs. Davidson, the mother of the deceased, was in the city and desirous of consulting me about a new edition of her daughter's works, I lost no time in waiting upon her. Her appearance corresponded with the interesting idea given of her in her daughter's biography; she was feeble and emaciated, and supported by pillows in an easy chair, but there were the lingerings of grace and beauty in her form and features, and her eye still gleamed with intelligence and sensibility.

While conversing with her on the subject of her daughter's works, I observed a young girl, apparently not more than eleven years of age, moving quietly about her; occasionally arranging a pillow, and at the same time listening earnestly to our conversation. There was an intellectual beauty about

this child that struck me; and that was heightened by a blushing diffidence when Mrs. Davidson presented her to me as her daughter Margaret. Shortly afterwards, on her leaving the room, her mother, seeing that she had attracted my attention, spoke of her as having evinced the same early poetical talent that had distinguished her sister, and as evidence, showed me several copies of verses remarkable for such a child. On further inquiry I found that she had very nearly the same moral and physical constitution, and was prone to the same feverish excitement of the mind, and kindling of the imagination that had acted so powerfully on the fragile frame of her sister Lucretia. I cautioned the mother, therefore, against fostering her poetic vein, and advised such studies and pursuits as would tend to strengthen her judgment, calm and regulate the sensibilities, and enlarge that common sense which is the only safe foundation for all intellectual superstructure.

I found Mrs. Davidson fully aware of the importance of such a course of treatment, and disposed to pursue it, but saw at the same time that she would have difficulty to carry it into effect; having to contend with the additional excitement produced in the mind of this sensitive little being by the example of her sister, and the intense enthusiasm she evinced concerning her.

Three years elapsed before I again saw the subject of this memoir. She was then residing with her mother at a rural retreat in the neighbourhood of New York. The interval that had elapsed had rapidly developed the powers of her mind, and heightened the loveliness of her person, but my apprehensions had been verified. The soul was wearing out the body. Preparations were making to take her on a tour for the benefit of her health, and her mother appeared to flatter herself that it might prove efficacious; but when I noticed the fragile delicacy of her form, the hectic bloom of her cheek, and the almost unearthly lustre of her eye, I felt convinced that she was not long for this world; in truth, she already appeared more spiritual than mortal. We parted, and I never saw her more. Within three years afterwards, a number of manuscripts were placed in my hands, as all that was left of her. They were accompanied by copious memoranda concerning her, furnished by her mother at my request. From these I have digested and arranged the following particulars, adopting in many places the original

manuscript, without alteration. In fact, the narrative will be found almost as illustrative of the character of the mother as of the child; they were singularly identified in taste, feelings, and pursuits; tenderly entwined together by maternal and filial affection; they reflected an inexpressibly touching grace and interest upon each other by this holy relationship, and, to my mind, it would be marring one of the most beautiful and affecting groups in the history of modern literature, to sunder them.

Margaret Miller Davidson, the youngest daughter of Dr. Oliver and Mrs. Margaret Davidson, was born at the family residence on Lake Champlain, in the village of Plattsburgh, on the 26th of March, 1823. She evinced fragility of constitution from her very birth. Her sister Lucretia, whose brief poetical career has been so celebrated in literary history, was her early and fond attendant, and some of her most popular lays were composed with the infant sporting in her arms. She used to gaze upon her little sister with intense delight, and, remarking the uncommon brightness and beauty of her eyes, would exclaim, "She must, she will be a poet!" The exclamation was natural enough in an enthusiastic girl who regarded every thing through the medium of her ruling passion; but it was treasured up by her mother, and considered almost prophetic. Lucretia did not live to see her prediction verified. Her brief sojourn upon earth was over before Margaret was quite two years and a half old; yet to use her mother's fond expressions, "On ascending to the skies, it seemed as if her poetic mantle fell like a robe of light on her infant sister."

Margaret, from the first dawnings of intellect, gave evidence of being no common child: her ideas and expressions were not like those of other children, and often startled by their precocity. Her sister's death had made a strong impression on her, and, though so extremely young, she already understood and appreciated Lucretia's character. An evidence of this, and of the singular precocity of thought and expression just noticed, occurred but a few months afterwards. As Mrs. Davidson was seated, at twilight, conversing with a female friend, Margaret entered the room with a light elastic step, for which she was remarked.

"That child never walks," said the lady; then turning to her, "Margaret, where are you flying now?" said she.

"To heaven!" replied she, pointing up with her finger, "to meet my sister Lucretia, when I get my new wings."

"Your new wings! When will you get them?"

"Oh soon, very soon; and then I shall fly!"

"She loved," says her mother, "to sit hour after hour on a cushion at my feet, her little arms resting upon my lap, and her full dark eyes fixed upon mine, listening to anecdotes of her sister's life and details of the events which preceded her death, often exclaiming, while her face beamed with mingled emotions, 'Oh mamma, I will try to fill her place! Oh teach me to be like her!'"

Much of Mrs. Davidson's time was now devoted to her daily instruction; noticing, however, her lively sensibility, the rapid developement of her mind, and her eagerness for knowledge, her lessons were entirely oral, for she feared for the present to teach her to read, lest by too early and severe application, she should injure her delicate frame. She had nearly attained her fourth year before she was taught to spell. Ill health then obliged Mrs. Davidson, for the space of a year, to entrust her tuition to a lady in Canada, a valued friend, who had other young girls under her care. When she returned home she could read fluently, and had commenced lessons in writing. It was now decided that she should not be placed in any public seminary, but that her education should be conducted by her mother. The task was rendered delightful by the docility of the pupil; by her affectionate feelings, and quick kindling sensibilities. This maternal instruction, while it kept her apart from the world, and fostered a singular purity and innocence of thought, contributed greatly to enhance her imaginative powers, for the mother partook largely of the poetical temperament of the child; it was, in fact, one poetical spirit ministering to another.

Among the earliest indications of the poetical character in this child were her perceptions of the beauty of natural scenery. Her home was in a picturesque neighbourhood, calculated to awaken and foster such perceptions. The following description of it is taken from one of her own writings: "There stood on the banks of the Saranac a small neat cottage, which peeped forth from the surrounding foliage, the image of rural quiet and contentment. An old-fashioned piazza extended along the front, shaded with vines and honeysuckles; the turf on the bank of the river was of the richest and brightest emerald; and the wild rose and sweet briar,

which twined over the neat enclosure, seemed to bloom with more delicate freshness and perfume within the bounds of this earthly paradise. The scenery around was wildly yet beautifully romantic; the clear blue river glancing and sparkling at its feet, seemed only as a preparation for another and more magnificent view, when the stream, gliding on to the west, was buried in the broad white bosom of Champlain, which stretched back wave after wave in the distance, until lost in faint blue mists that veiled the sides of its guardian mountains, seeming more lovely from their indistinctness."

Such were the natural scenes which presented themselves to her dawning perceptions, and she is said to have evinced from her earliest childhood, a remarkable sensibility to their charms. A beautiful tree, or shrub, or flower, would fill her with delight; she would note with surprising discrimination the various effects of the weather upon the surrounding landscape; the mountains wrapped in clouds; the torrents roaring down their sides in times of tempest; the "bright warm sunshine," the "cooling showers," the "pale cold moon," for such was already her poetical phraseology. A bright starlight night, also, would seem to awaken a mysterious rapture in her infant bosom, and one of her early expressions in speaking of the stars was, that they "shone like the eyes of angels."

One of the most beautiful parts of the maternal instruction was in guiding these kindling perceptions from nature up to nature's God.

"I cannot say," observes her mother, "at what age her religious impressions were imbibed. They seemed to be interwoven with her existence. From the very first exercise of reason she evinced strong devotional feelings, and although she loved play, she would at any time prefer seating herself beside me, and, with every faculty absorbed in the subject, listen while I attempted to recount the wonders of Providence, and point out the wisdom and benevolence of God, as manifested in the works of creation. Her young heart would swell with rapture, and the tear would tremble in her eye, when I explained to her, that he who clothed the trees with verdure, and gave the rose its bloom, had also created her with capacities to enjoy their beauties: that the same power which clothed the mountains with sublimity, made her happiness his daily care. Thus a sentiment of gratitude and affection towards the Creator entered into all her emotions of delight at the wonders and beauties of creation."

There is nothing more truly poetical than religion when properly inculcated, and it will be found that this early piety, thus amiably instilled, had the happiest effect upon her throughout life; elevating and ennobling her genius; lifting her above every thing gross and sordid; attuning her thoughts to pure and lofty themes; heightening rather than impairing her enjoyments, and at all times giving an ethereal lightness to her spirit. To use her mother's words, "she was like a bird on the wing, her fairy form scarcely seemed to touch the earth as she passed." She was at times in a kind of ecstasy from the excitement of her imagination and the exuberance of her pleasurable sensations. In such moods every object of natural beauty inspired a degree of rapture, always mingled with a feeling of gratitude to the Being "who had made so many beautiful things for her." In such moods too her little heart would overflow with love to all around; indeed, adds her mother, to love and be beloved was necessary to her existence. Private prayer became a habit with her at a very early age; it was almost a spontaneous expression of her feelings, the breathings of an affectionate and delighted heart.

"By the time she was six years old," says Mrs. Davidson, "her language assumed an elevated tone, and her mind seemed filled with poetic imagery, blended with veins of religious thought. At this period I was chiefly confined to my room by debility. She was my companion and friend, and, as the greater part of my time was devoted to her instruction, she advanced rapidly in her studies. She read not only well, but elegantly. Her love of reading amounted almost to a passion, and her intelligence surpassed belief. Strangers viewed with astonishment a child little more than six years old reading with enthusiastic delight Thomson's Seasons, the Pleasures of Hope, Cowper's Task, the writings of Milton, Byron, and Scott, and marking, with taste and discrimination, the passages which struck her. The sacred writings were her daily studies; with her little Bible on her lap, she usually seated herself near me, and there read a chapter from the holy volume. This was a duty which she was taught not to perform lightly, and we have frequently spent two hours in reading and remarking upon the contents of a chapter."

A tendency to "lisp in numbers," was observed in her about this time. She frequently made little impromptus in rhyme, without seeming to be conscious that there was any thing peculiar in the habit. On one occasion, while standing

by a window at which her mother was seated, and looking out upon a lovely landscape, she exclaimed—

“ See those lofty, those grand trees ;  
 Their high tops waving in the breeze ;  
 They cast their shadows on the ground,  
 And spread their fragrance all around.”

Her mother, who had several times been struck by little rhyming ejaculations of the kind, now handed her writing implements, and requested her to write down what she had just uttered. She appeared surprised at the request, but complied ; writing it down as if it had been prose, without arranging it in a stanza, or commencing the lines with capitals ; not seeming aware that she had rhymed. The notice attracted to this impromptu, however, had its effect, whether for good or for evil. From that time she wrote some scraps of poetry, or rather rhyme, every day, which would be treasured up with delight by her mother, who watched with trembling, yet almost fascinated anxiety, these premature blossomings of poetic fancy.

On another occasion, towards sunset, as Mrs. Davidson was seated by the window of her bed-room, little Margaret ran in, greatly excited, exclaiming that there was an awful thundergust rising, and that the clouds were black as midnight.

“ I gently drew her to my bosom,” says Mrs. Davidson, “ and after I had soothed her agitation, she seated herself at my feet, laid her head in my lap, and gazed at the rising storm. As the thunder rolled, she clung closer to my knees, and when the tempest burst in all its fury, I felt her tremble. I passed my arms round her, but soon found it was not fear that agitated her. Her eyes kindled as she watched the war-ring elements, until, extending her hand, she exclaimed,

“ The lightning plays along the sky,  
 The thunder rolls and bursts from high !  
 Jehovah's voice amid the storm  
 I heard—methinks I see his form,  
 As riding on the clouds of even,  
 He spreads his glory o'er the heaven.

This likewise her mother made her write down at the instant ; thus giving additional impulse to this growing inclination.

I shall select one more instance of this early facility at numbers, especially as it involves a case of conscience, creditable to her early powers of self-examination. She had been

reproved by her mother for some trifling act of disobedience, but aggravated her fault by attempting to justify it; she was, therefore, banished to her bed-room until she should become sensible of her error. Two hours elapsed, without her evincing any disposition to yield: on the contrary, she persisted in vindicating her conduct, and accused her mother of injustice.

Mrs. Davidson mildly reasoned with her; entreated her to examine the spirit by which she was actuated; placed before her the example of our Saviour in submitting to the will of his parents; and, exhorting her to pray to God to assist her, and to give her meekness and humility, left her again to her reflections.

"An hour or two afterwards," says Mrs. Davidson, "she desired I would admit her. I sent word that, when she was in a proper frame of mind I would be glad to see her. The little creature came in, bathed in tears, threw her arms round my neck, and sobbing violently, put into my hands the following verses:

"Forgiven by my Saviour dear,  
For all the wrongs I've done,  
What other wish could I have here?  
Alas there yet is one.  
  
I know my God has pardon'd me,  
I know he loves me still;  
I wish forgiven I may be,  
By her I've used so ill.  
  
Good resolutions I have made,  
And thought I loved my Lord;  
But ah! I trusted in myself,  
And broke my foolish word.  
  
But give me strength, oh Lord, to trust  
For help alone in thee;  
Thou know'st my inmost feelings best,  
Oh teach me to obey."

We have spoken of the buoyancy of Margaret's feelings, and the vivid pleasure she received from external objects; she entered, however, but little into the amusements of the few children with whom she associated, nor did she take much delight in their society; she was conscious of a difference between them and herself, but scarce knew in what it consisted. Their sports seemed to divert for a while, but soon wearied her, and she would fly to a book, or seek the conversation of persons of maturer age and mind. Her highest pleasures were intellectual. She seemed to live in a world of her own creation, surrounded by the images of her own

fancy. Her own childish amusements had originality and freshness, and called into action the mental powers, so as to render them interesting to persons of all ages. If at play with her little dog or kitten, she would carry on imaginary dialogues between them; always ingenious, and sometimes even brilliant. If her doll happened to be the plaything of the moment, it was invested with a character exhibiting knowledge of history, and all the powers of memory which a child can be supposed to exercise. Whether it was Mary Queen of Scots, or her rival, Elizabeth, or the simple cottage maiden, each character was maintained with propriety. In telling stories, (an amusement all children are fond of,) hers were always original, and of a kind calculated to elevate the minds of the children present, giving them exalted views of truth, honour, and integrity; and the sacrifice of all selfish feelings to the happiness of others was illustrated in the heroine of her story.

This talent for extemporaneous story-telling increased with exercise, until she would carry on a narrative for hours together; and in nothing was the precocity of her inventive powers more apparent than in the discrimination and individuality of her fictitious characters; the consistency with which they were sustained; the graphic force of her descriptions; the elevation of her sentiments, and the poetic beauty of her imagery.

This early gift caused her to be sought by some of the neighbours; who would lead her unconsciously into an exertion of her powers. Nothing was done by her from vanity or a disposition to "show off," but she would become excited by their attention and the pleasure they seemed to derive from her narration. When thus excited, a whole evening would be occupied by one of her stories; and when the servant came to take her home, she would observe, in the phraseology of the magazines, "the story to be continued in our next."

Between the age of six and seven she entered upon a course of English grammar, geography, history, and rhetoric, still under the direction and superintendence of her mother; but such was her ardour and application, that it was necessary to keep her in check, lest a too intense pursuit of knowledge should impair her delicate constitution. She was not required to commit her lessons to memory, but to give the substance of them in her own language, and to explain their purport; thus she learnt nothing by rote, but every thing understand-

ingly, and soon acquired a knowledge of the rudiments of English education. The morning lessons completed, the rest of the day was devoted to recreation; occasionally sporting and gathering wild flowers on the banks of the Saranac; though the extreme delicacy of her constitution prevented her taking as much exercise as her mother could have wished.

In 1830 an English gentleman, who had been strongly interested and affected by the perusal of the biography and writings of Lucretia Davidson, visited Plattsburgh, in the course of a journey from Quebec to New York, to see the place where she was born and had been buried. While there, he sought an interview with Mrs. Davidson, and his appearance and deportment were such as at once to inspire respect and confidence. He had much to ask about the object of his literary pilgrimage, but his inquiries were managed with the most considerate delicacy. While he was thus conversing with Mrs. Davidson, the little Margaret, then about seven years of age, came tripping into the room, with a book in one hand and a pencil in the other. He was charmed with her bright intellectual countenance, but still more with finding that the volume in her hand was a copy of Thomson's Seasons, in which she had been marking with a pencil the passages which most pleased her. He drew her to him; his frank, winning manner soon banished her timidity; he engaged her in conversation, and found, to his astonishment, a counterpart of Lucretia Davidson before him. His visit was necessarily brief; but his manners, appearance, and conversation, and, above all, the extraordinary interest with which he had regarded her, sank deep in the affectionate heart of the child, and inspired a friendship that remained one of her strongest attachments through the residue of her transient existence.

The delicate state of her health this summer rendered it advisable to take her to the Saratoga Springs, the waters of which appeared to have a beneficial effect. After remaining here some time, she accompanied her parents to New York. It was her first visit to the city, and of course, fruitful of wonder and excitement; a new world seemed to open before her; new scenes, new friends, new occupations, new sources of instruction and enjoyment; her young heart was overflowing, and her head giddy with delight. To complete her happiness, she again met with her English friend, whom she greeted with as much eagerness and joy as if he had been a

companion of her own age. He manifested the same interest in her that he had shown at Plattsburgh, and took great pleasure in accompanying her to many of the exhibitions and places of intellectual gratification of the metropolis, and marking their effects upon her fresh, unhackneyed feelings and intelligent mind. In company with him, she, for the first and only time in her life, visited the theatre. It was a scene of magic to her, or rather, as she said, like a "brilliant dream." She often recurred to it with vivid recollection, and the effect of it upon her imagination was subsequently apparent in the dramatic nature of some of her writings.

One of her greatest subjects of regret on leaving New York, was the parting with her intellectual English friend; but she was consoled by his promising to pay Plattsburgh another visit, and to pass a few days there previous to his departure for England. Soon after returning to Plattsburgh, however, Mrs. Davidson received a letter from him saying that he was unexpectedly summoned home, and would have to defer his promised visit until his return to the United States.

It was a severe disappointment to Margaret, who had conceived for him an enthusiastic friendship remarkable in such a child. His letter was accompanied by presents of books and various tasteful remembrances, but the sight of them only augmented her affliction. She wrapped them all carefully in paper, and treasured them up in a particular drawer, where they were daily visited, and many a tear shed over them.

The excursions to Saratoga and New York had improved her health, and given a fresh impulse to her mind. She resumed her studies with great eagerness; her spirits rose with mental exercise; she soon was in one of her veins of intellectual excitement. She read, she wrote, she danced, she sang, and was for the time the happiest of the happy. In the freshness of early morning, and towards sunset, when the heat of the day was over, she would stroll on the banks of the Saranac, following its course to where it pours itself into the beautiful Bay of Cumberland in Lake Champlain. There the rich variety of scenery which bursts upon the eye; the islands, scattered, like so many gems, on the broad bosom of the lake; the Green Mountains of Vermont beyond, clothed in the atmospherical charms of our magnificent climate; all these would inspire a degree of poetic rapture in her mind. mingled with a sacred melancholy; for these were scenes

which had often awakened the enthusiasm of her deceased sister Lucretia.

Her mother, in her memoranda, gives a picture of her in one of those excited moods.

"After an evening's stroll along the river bank, we seated ourselves by a window to observe the effect of the full moon rising over the waters. A holy calm seemed to pervade all nature. With her head resting on my bosom, and her eyes fixed on the firmament, she pointed to a particularly bright star, and said :

"Behold that bright and sparkling star  
Which setteth as a queen afar :  
Over the blue and spangled heaven  
It sheds its glory in the even !

"Our Jesus made that sparkling star  
Which shines and twinkles from afar.  
Oh ! 't was that bright and glorious gem  
Which shone o'er ancient Bethlehem !"

"The summer passed swiftly away," continues her mother, "yet her intellectual advances seemed to outstrip the wings of time. As the autumn approached, however, I could plainly perceive that her health was again declining. The chilly winds from the lake were too keen for her weak lungs. My own health, too, was failing ; it was determined, therefore, that we should pass the winter with my eldest daughter, Mrs. T——, who resided in Canada, in the same latitude it is true, but in an inland situation. This arrangement was very gratifying to Margaret ; and, had my health improved by the change, as her own did, she would have been perfectly happy. During this period she attended to a regular course of study, under my direction ; for, though confined wholly to my bed, and suffering extremely from pain and debility, Heaven in mercy preserved my mental faculties from the wreck that disease had made of my physical powers." The same plan as heretofore was pursued. Nothing was learnt by rote, and the lessons were varied to prevent fatigue and distaste, though study was always with her a pleasing duty rather than an arduous task. After she had studied her lessons by herself, she would discuss them in conversation with her mother. Her reading was, under the same guidance. "I selected her books," says Mrs. Davidson, "with much care, and to my surprise found that, notwithstanding her poetical temperament, she had a high relish for history, and that she would read

with as much apparent interest an abstruse treatise that called forth the reflecting powers, as she did poetry or works of the imagination. In polite literature Addison was her favourite author, but Shakspeare she dwelt upon with enthusiasm. She was restricted, however, to certain marked portions of this inimitable writer; and having been told that it was not proper for her to read the whole, such was her innate delicacy and her sense of duty, that she never overstepped the prescribed boundaries."

In the intervals of study she amused herself with drawing, for which she had a natural talent, and soon began to sketch with considerable skill. As her health had improved since her removal to Canada, she frequently partook of the favourite winter recreation of a drive in a traineau or sleigh, in company with her sister and her brother-in-law, and completely enveloped in furs and buffalo-robcs; and nothing put her in a finer flow of spirits, than thus skimming along, in bright January weather, on the sparkling snow, to the merry music of the jingling sleigh-bells. The winter passed away without any improvement in the health of Mrs. Davidson; indeed she continued a helpless invalid, confined to her bed, for eighteen months; during all which time little Margaret was her almost constant companion and attendant.

"Her tender solicitude," writes Mrs. Davidson, "endeared her to me beyond any other earthly thing; although under the roof of a beloved and affectionate daughter, and having constantly with me an experienced and judicious nurse, yet the soft and gentle voice of my little darling, was more than medicine to my worn-out frame. If her delicate hand smoothed my pillow, it was soft to my aching temples, and her sweet smile would cheer me in the lowest depths of despondency. She would draw for me—read to me—and often, when writing at her little table, would surprise me by some tribute of love, which never failed to operate as a cordial to my heart. At a time when my life was despaired of, she wrote the following lines while sitting at my bed—

" ' I'll to thy arms in rapture fly,  
And wipe the tear that dims thine eye ;  
Thy pleasure will be my delight,  
Till thy pure spirit takes its flight.

" ' When left alone—when thou art gone,  
Yet still I will not feel alone ;  
Thy spirit still will hover near,  
And guard thy orphan daughter dear ! ' "

In this trying moment, when Mrs. Davidson herself had given up all hope of recovery, one of the most touching sights was to see this affectionate and sensitive child tasking herself to achieve a likeness of her mother, that it might remain with her as a memento. "How often would she sit by my bed," says Mrs. Davidson, "striving to sketch features that had been vainly attempted by more than one finished artist; and when she found that she had failed, and that the likeness could not be recognised, she would put her arms around my neck and weep, and say, 'Oh dear mamma, I shall lose you, and not even a sketch of your features will be left me! and if I live to be a woman, perhaps I shall even forget how you looked!' This idea gave her great distress, sweet lamb! I then little thought this bosom would have been her dying pillow!"

After being reduced to the very verge of the grave, Mrs. Davidson began slowly to recover, but a long time elapsed before she was restored to her usual degree of health. Margaret in the meantime increased in strength and stature; she still looked fragile and delicate, but she was always cheerful and buoyant. To relieve the monotony of her life, which had been passed too much in a sick chamber, and to preserve her spirits fresh and elastic, little excursions were devised for her about the country, to Missique Bay, St. Johns, Alburgh, Champlain, &c. The following lines, addressed to her mother on one of these occasional separations, will serve as a specimen of her compositions in this the eighth year of her age, and of the affectionate current of her feelings.

"Farewell, dear mother! for a while  
I must resign thy plaintive smile;  
May angels watch thy couch of woe,  
And joys unceasing round thee flow.

"May the Almighty Father spread  
His sheltering wings above thy head;  
It is not long that we must part,  
Then cheer thy downcast, drooping heart.

"Remember, oh remember me,  
Unceasing is my love for thee;  
When death shall sever earthly ties,  
When thy loved form all senseless lies.

"Oh that my soul with thine could flee,  
And roam through wide eternity;  
Could tread with thee the courts of heaven,  
And count the brilliant stars of even!

“Farewell, dear mother! for a while  
I must resign thy plaintive smile;  
May angels watch thy couch of woe,  
And joys unceasing round thee flow.”

In the month of January, 1833, while still in Canada, she was brought very low by an attack of scarlet fever, under which she lingered many weeks, but had so far recovered by the middle of April as to take the air in a carriage. Her mother, too, having regained sufficient strength to travel, it was thought advisable, for both their healths, to try the effect of a journey to New York. They accordingly departed about the beginning of May, accompanied by a family party. Of this journey, and a sojourn of several months in New York, she kept a journal, which evinces considerable habits of observation, but still more that kindling of the imagination which, in the poetic mind, gives to commonplace realities the witchery of romance. She was deeply interested by visits to the “School for the Blind,” and the “Deaf and Dumb Asylum;” and makes a minute of a visit of a very different nature—to Black Hawk and his fellow-chiefs, prisoners of war, who, by command of government, were taken about through various of our cities, that they might carry back to their brethren in the wilderness, a cautionary idea of the overwhelming power of the white man.

“On the 25th June I saw and shook hands with the famous Black Hawk, the Indian chief, the enemy of our nation, who has massacred our patriots, murdered our women and helpless children! Why is he treated with so much attention by those whom he has injured? It cannot surely arise from benevolence. It must be *policy*. Be it what it may, I cannot understand it. His son, the Prophet, and others who accompanied him, interested *me* more than the chief himself. His son is no doubt a fine specimen of Indian beauty. He has a high brow, piercing black eyes, long black hair, which hangs down his back, and, upon the whole, is well suited to captivate an Indian maiden. The Prophet we found surveying himself in a looking-glass, undoubtedly wishing to show himself off to the best advantage in the fair assembly before him. The rest were dozing on a sofa, but they were awakened sufficiently to shake hands with us, and others who had the courage to approach so near them. I remember I dreamed of them the following night.”

During this visit to New York, she was the life and delight

of the relatives with whom she resided, and they still retain a lively recollection of the intellectual nature of her sports among her youthful companions, and of the surprising aptness and fertile invention displayed by her in contriving new sources of amusement. She had a number of playmates, nearly of her own age, and one of her projects was to get up a dramatic entertainment for the gratification of themselves and their friends. The proposal was readily agreed to, provided she would write the play. This she readily undertook, and indeed devised and directed the whole arrangements, though she had never been but once to a theatre, and that on her previous visit to New York. Her little companions were now all busily employed, under her direction, preparing dresses and equipments; robes with trains were fitted out for the female characters, and quantities of paper and tinsel were consumed in making caps, helmets, spears, and sandals.

After four or five days had been spent in these preparations, Margaret was called upon to produce the play. "Oh!" she replied, "I have not written it yet."—"But how is this! Do you make the dresses first, and then write the play to suit them?"—"Oh!" replied she gaily, "the writing of the play is the easiest part of the preparation; it will be ready before the dresses." And, in fact, in two days she produced her drama, "The Tragedy of Alethia." It was not very voluminous, to be sure, but it contained within it sufficient of high character and astounding and bloody incident to furnish out a drama of five times its size. A king and queen of England resolutely bent upon marrying their daughter, the Princess Alethia, to the Duke of Ormond. The princess most perversely and dolorously in love with a mysterious cavalier, who figures at her father's court under the name of Sir Percy Lennox, but who, in private truth, is the Spanish king, Rodrigo, thus obliged to maintain an incognito on account of certain hostilities between Spain and England. The odious nuptials of the princess with the Duke of Ormond proceed: she is led, a submissive victim, to the altar; is on the point of pledging her irrevocable word; when the priest throws off his sacred robe, discovers himself to be Rodrigo, and plunges a dagger into the bosom of the king. Alethia instantly plucks the dagger from her father's bosom, throws herself into Rodrigo's arms, and kills herself. Rodrigo flies to a cavern, renounces England, Spain, and his royal throne, and devotes himself to eternal remorse. The queen ends the play by a

passionate apostrophe to the spirit of her daughter, and sinks dead on the floor.

The little drama lies before us, a curious specimen of the prompt talent of this most ingenious child, and by no means more incongruous in its incidents than many current dramas by veteran and experienced playwrights.

The parts were now distributed and soon learnt; Margaret drew out a play-bill, in theatrical style, containing a list of the dramatis personæ, and issued regular tickets of admission. The piece went off with universal applause: Margaret figuring, in a long train, as the princess, and killing herself in a style that would not have disgraced an experienced stage heroine.

In these, and similar amusements, her time passed happily in New York, for it was the study of the intelligent and amiable relatives with whom she sojourned, to render her residence among them as agreeable and profitable as possible. Her visit, however, was protracted much beyond what was originally intended. As the summer advanced, the heat and restraint of the city became oppressive; her heart yearned after her native home on the Saranac; and the following lines, written at the time, express the state of her feelings—

#### H O M E.

I would fly from the city, would fly from its care,  
To my own native plants and my flow'rets so fair;  
To the cool grassy shade, and the rivulet bright,  
Which reflects the pale moon on its bosom of light.  
Again would I view the old mansion so dear,  
Where I sported, a babe, without sorrow or fear;  
I would leave this great city, so brilliant and gay,  
For a peep at my home on this fine summer day.  
I have friends whom I love and would leave with regret,  
But the love of my home, oh, 't is tenderer yet!  
There a sister reposes unconscious in death—  
'T was there she first drew and there yielded her breath—  
A father I love is away from me now—  
Oh could I but print a sweet kiss on his brow,  
Or smooth the grey locks, to my fond heart so dear,  
How quickly would vanish each trace of a tear!  
Attentive I listen to pleasure's gay call,  
But my own darling home, it is dearer than all.

At length, late in the month of October, the travellers turned their faces homewards; but it was not the "darling home" for which Margaret had been longing: her native cottage on the beautiful banks of the Saranac. The wintry winds from Lake Champlain had been pronounced too severe

for her constitution, and the family residence had been reluctantly changed to the village of Ballston. Margaret felt this change most deeply. We have already shown the tender as well as poetical associations that linked her heart to the beautiful home of her childhood; a presentiment seemed to come over her mind that she would never see it more; a presentiment unfortunately prophetic. She was now accustomed to give prompt utterance to her emotions in rhyme, and the following lines, written at the time, remain a touching record of her feelings—

#### MY NATIVE LAKE.

Thy verdant banks, thy lucid stream,  
Lit by the sun's resplendent beam,  
Reflect each bending tree so light  
Upon thy bounding bosom bright,  
Could I but see thee once again,  
My own, my beautiful Champlain!

The little isles that deck thy breast,  
And calmly on thy bosom rest,  
How often, in my childish glee,  
I've sported round them, bright and free!  
Could I but see thee once again,  
My own, my beautiful Champlain!

How oft I've watch'd the fresh'ning shower  
Bending the summer tree and flower,  
And felt my little heart beat high  
As the bright rainbow graced the sky.  
Could I but see thee once again,  
My own, my beautiful Champlain!

And shall I never see thee more,  
My native lake, my much-loved shore?  
And must I bid a long adieu,  
My dear, my infant home, to you?  
Shall I not see thee once again,  
My own, my beautiful Champlain?

Still, though disappointed at not returning to the Saranac, she soon made herself contented at Ballston. She was at home, in the bosom of her own family, and reunited to her two youngest brothers, from whom she had long been separated. A thousand little plans were devised by her, and some few of them put in execution, for their mutual pleasure and improvement. One of the most characteristic of these was a "weekly paper," issued by her in manuscript, and entitled "The Juvenile Aspirant." All their domestic occupations and amusements were of an intellectual kind. Their mornings were spent in study; the evenings enlivened by con-

versation, or by the work of some favourite author, read aloud for the benefit of the family circle.

As the powers of this excitable and imaginative little being developed themselves, Mrs. Davidson felt more and more conscious of the responsibility of undertaking to cultivate and direct them; yet to whom could she confide her that would so well understand her character and constitution? To place her in a boarding-school would subject her to increased excitement, caused by emulation, and her mind was already too excitable for her fragile frame. Her peculiar temperament required peculiar culture; it must neither be stimulated nor checked; and while her imagination was left to its free soarings, care must be taken to strengthen her judgment, improve her mind, establish her principles, and inculcate habits of self examination and self-control. All this, it was thought, might best be accomplished under a mother's eye; it was resolved, therefore, that her education should, as before, be conducted entirely at home. "Thus she continued," to use her mother's words, "to live in the bosom of affection, where every thought and feeling was reciprocated. I strove to draw out the powers of her mind by conversation and familiar remarks upon subjects of daily study and reflection, and taught her the necessity of bringing all her thoughts, desires and feelings under the dominion of reason; to understand the importance of self-control, when she found her inclinations were at war with its dictates. To fulfil all her duties from a conviction of right, because they were duties; and to find her happiness in the consciousness of her own integrity, and the approbation of God. How delightful was the task of instructing a mind like hers! She seized with avidity upon every new idea, for the instruction proceeded from lips of love. Often would she exclaim, 'Oh mamma! how glad I am that you are not too ill to teach me! Surely I am the happiest girl in the world!' She had read much for a child of little more than ten years of age. She was well versed in both ancient and modern history, (that is to say, in the courses generally prescribed for the use of schools,) Blair, Kaimes, and Paley had formed part of her studies. She was familiar with most of the British poets. Her command of the English language was remarkable, both in conversation and writing. She had learned the rudiments of French, and was anxious to become perfect in the language; but I had so neglected my duty in this respect after I left school, that I was not qualified to instruct her. A

friend, however, who understood French, called occasionally and gave her lessons for his own amusement; she soon translated well, and such was her talent for the acquisition of languages, and such her desire to read every thing in the original, that every obstacle vanished before her perseverance. She made some advances in Latin, also, in company with her brother, who was attended by a private teacher; and they were engaged upon the early books of Virgil, when her health again gave way, and she was confined to her room by severe illness. These frequent attacks upon a frame so delicate awakened all our fears. Her illness spread a gloom throughout our habitation, for fears were entertained that it would end in a pulmonary consumption." After a confinement of two months, however, she regained her usual, though at all times fragile, state of health. In the following spring, when she had just entered upon the eleventh year of her age, intelligence arrived of the death of her sister, Mrs. T., who had been resident in Canada. The blow had been apprehended from previous accounts of her extreme illness, but it was a severe shock. She had looked up to this sister as to a second mother, and as to one who, from the precarious health of her natural parent, might be called upon to fulfil that tender office. She was one also calculated to inspire affection; lovely in person, refined and intelligent in mind, still young in years; and with all this, her only remaining sister! In the following lines, poured out in the fulness of her grief, she touchingly alludes to the previous loss of her sister Lucretia, so often the subject of her poetic regrets, and of the consolation she had always felt in still having a sister to love and cherish her.

#### ON THE DEATH OF MY SISTER ANNA ELIZA.

While weeping o'er our sister's tomb,  
And heaving many a heartfelt sigh,  
And while in youth's bewitching bloom,  
I thought not that thou too couldst die.

When gazing on that little mound,  
Spread o'er with turf, and flowers, and mould,  
I thought not that thy lovely form  
Could be as motionless and cold.

When her light, airy form was lost  
To fond affection's weeping eye,  
I thought not we should mourn for thee,  
I thought not that thou too couldst die.

Yes, sparkling gem ! when thou wert here,  
 From death's encircling mantle free,  
 Our mourning parents wiped each tear,  
 And cried, " Why weep ? we still have thee."

Each tender thought on thee they turn'd,  
 Each hope of joy to thee was given,  
 And, dwelling on each matchless charm,  
 They half forgot the saint in heaven.

But thou art gone, for ever gone !  
 Sweet wanderer in a world of woe !  
 Now, unrestrained our grief must pour ;  
 Uncheck'd our mourning tears must flow.

How oft I've pressed my glowing lip  
 In rapture to thy snowy brow,  
 And gazed upon that angel eye,  
 Closed in death's chilling slumber now !

While tottering on the verge of life,  
 Thine every nerve with pain unstrung,  
 That beaming eye was raised to heaven,  
 That heart to God for safety clung.

And when the awful moment came,  
 Replete with trembling hope and fear,  
 Though anguish shook thy slender frame,  
 Thy thoughts were in a brighter sphere.

The wreath of light which round thee play'd,  
 Bore thy pure spirit to the skies ;  
 With thee we lost our brightest gem,  
 But heaven has gained a glorious prize.

Oh may the bud of promise left,  
 Follow the brilliant path she trod,  
 And of her fostering care bereft,  
 Still seek and find his mother's God.

But he, the partner of her life,  
 Who shared her joy and soothed her woe,  
 How can I heal his broken heart ?  
 How bid his sorrow cease to flow ?

It's only time these wounds can heal ;  
 Time, from whose piercing pangs alone  
 The poignancy of grief can steal,  
 And hush the heart's convulsive moan.

To parry the effect of this most afflicting blow, Margaret was sent on a visit to New York, where she passed a couple of months in the society of affectionate and intelligent friends, and returned home in June, recruited in health and spirits. The sight of her mother, however, though habituated to sorrow and suffering, yet bowed down by her recent bereavement, called forth her tenderest sympathies ; and we consider it as illustrating the progress of the intellect and the history

of the heart of this most interesting child, to insert another effusion called forth by this domestic calamity :

TO MY MOTHER OPPRESSED WITH SORROW.

Weep, oh my mother ! I will bid thee weep !  
 For grief like thine requires the aid of tears ;  
 But oh, I would not see thy bosom thus  
 Bow'd down to earth, with anguish so severe !  
 I would not see thine ardent feelings crush'd,  
 Deaden'd to all save sorrow's thrilling tone,  
 Like the pale flower, which hangs its drooping head  
 Beneath the chilling blasts of stern Æolus !  
 Oh I have seen that brow with pleasure flush'd,  
 The lightning smile around it brightly playing,  
 And the dark eyelids trembling with delight—  
 But now how changed !—thy downcast eye is bent,  
 With heavy, thoughtful glances, on the ground,  
 And oh how quickly starts the tear-drop there !  
 It is not age which dims its wonted fire,  
 Or plants his lilies on thy pallid cheek,  
 But sorrow, keenest, darkest, biting sorrow !  
 When love would seek to lead thy heart from grief,  
 And fondly pleads one cheering look to view,  
 A sad, a faint sad smile one instant gleams  
 Athwart the brow where sorrow sits enshrined,  
 Brooding o'er ruins of what once was fair ;  
 But like departing sunset, as it throws  
 One farewell shadow o'er the sleeping earth,  
 (So soon in sombre twilight to be wrapt.)  
 Thus, thus it fades ! and sorrow more profound  
 Dwells on each feature where a smile, so cold,  
 It scarcely might be called the mockery  
 Of cheerful peace, but just before had been.  
 Long years of suffering, brightened not by joy,  
 Death and disease, fell harbinger of woe,  
 Must leave their impress on the human face,  
 And dim the fire of youth, the glow of pride ;  
 But oh my mother ! mourn not thus for *her*,  
 The rose, just blown, transplanted to its home,  
 Nor weep that her angelic soul has found  
 A resting-place with God.  
 Oh let the eye of heaven-born faith disperse  
 The dark'ning mists of earthly grief, and pierce  
 The clouds which shadow dull mortality !  
 Gaze on the heaven of glory crown'd with light,  
 Where rests thine own sweet child with radiant brow,  
 In the same voice which charm'd her father's halls,  
 Chanting sweet anthems to her Maker's praise ;  
 And watching with delight the gentle buds  
 Which she had lived to mourn ; watching thine own,  
 My mother ! the soft unfolding blossoms,  
 Which, ere the breath of earthly sin could taint,  
 Departed to their Saviour ; there to wait  
 For thy fond spirit in the home of bliss !  
 The angel babes have found a second mother ;  
 But when thy soul shall pass from earth away,

The little cherubs then shall cling to thee,  
And their sweet guardian welcome thee with joy,  
Protector of their helpless infancy,  
Who taught them how to reach that happy home.  
Oh think of this; and let one heartfelt smile  
Illume the face so long estranged from joy;  
But may it rest not on thy brow alone,  
But shed a cheering influence o'er thy heart,  
Too sweet to be forgotten! Though thy loved  
And beautiful are fled from earth away,  
Still there are those who love thee—who would live  
With thee alone—who weeps or smiles with thee.  
Think of thy noble sons, and think of her  
Who prays thee to be happy in the hope  
Of meeting those in heaven who loved thee here,  
And training those on earth that they may live  
A band of saints with thee in Paradise.

The regular studies of Margaret were now resumed, and her mother found, in attending to her instruction, a relief from the poignancy of her afflictions. Margaret always enjoyed the country, and in fine weather indulged in long rambles in the woods, accompanied by some friend, or attended by a faithful servant woman. When in the house, the versatility of her talents, her constitutional vivacity, and an aptness at coining occupation and amusement out of the most trifling incident, perpetually relieved the monotony of domestic life; while the faint gleam of health that occasionally flitted across her cheek, beguiled the anxious foreboding that had been indulged concerning her. "A strong hope was rising in my heart," says her mother, "that our frail, delicate blossom would continue to flourish, and that it was possible I might live to behold the perfection of its beauty! Alas! how uncertain is every earthly prospect! Even then the canker was concealed within the bright bud, which was eventually to destroy its loveliness! About the last of December she was again seized with a liver complaint, which, by sympathy, affected her lungs, and again awakened all our fears. She was confined to her bed, and it was not until March that she was able to sit up and walk about her room. The confinement then became irksome, but her kind and skilful physician had declared that she must not be permitted to venture out until mild weather in April." During this fit of illness her mind had remained in an unusual state of inactivity; but with the opening of spring, and the faint return of health, it broke forth with a brilliancy and a restless excitability that astonished and alarmed. "In conversation," says her mother, "her sallies of wit were dazzling. She composed and wrote in-

cessantly, or rather would have done so, had I not interposed my authority to prevent this unceasing tax upon both her mental and physical strength. Fugitive pieces were produced every day, such as, 'The Shunamite,' 'Belshazzar's Feast,' 'The Nature of Mind,' 'Boabdil el Chico,' &c. She seemed to exist only in the regions of poetry." We cannot help thinking that these moments of intense poetical exaltation sometimes approached to delirium, for we are told by her mother that "the image of her departed sister Lucretia mingled in all her aspirations; the holy elevation of Lucretia's character had taken deep hold of her imagination, and in her moments of enthusiasm she felt that she held close and intimate communion with her beatified spirit."

This intense mental excitement continued after she was permitted to leave her room, and her application to her books and papers was so eager and almost impassioned, that it was found expedient again to send her on an excursion. A visit to some relatives, and a sojourn among the beautiful scenery on the Mohawk river, had a salutary effect; but on returning home she was again attacked with alarming indisposition, which confined her to her bed.

"The struggle between nature and disease," says her mother, "was for a time doubtful; she was, however, at length restored to us. With returning health, her mental labours were resumed. I reasoned and entreated, but at last became convinced that my only way was to let matters take their course. If restrained in her favourite pursuits she was unhappy. To acquire useful knowledge was a motive sufficient to induce her to surmount all obstacles. I could only select for her a course of calm and quiet reading, which, while it furnished real food for the mind, would compose rather than excite the imagination. She read much, and wrote a great deal. As for myself, I lived in a state of constant anxiety lest these labours should prematurely destroy this delicate bud."

In the autumn of 1835, Dr. Davidson made arrangements to remove his family to a rural residence near New York, pleasantly situated on the banks of the Sound, or East River, as it is commonly called. The following extract of a letter from Margaret to Moss Kent, Esq.,\* will show her anticipations and plans on this occasion.

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\* This gentleman was an early and valued friend of the Davidson family, and is honourably mentioned by Mr. Morse for the interest he

September 30, 1835.

"We shall soon leave Ballston for New York. We are to reside in a beautiful spot, upon the East River, near the Shot Tower, four miles from town, romantically called Ruremont. Will it not be delightful! Reunited to father and brothers, we must, we will be happy! We shall keep a horse and a little pleasure-wagon, to transport us to and from town. But I intend my time shall be constantly employed in my studies, which I hope I shall continue to pursue at home. I wish (and mamma concurs in the opinion that it is best) to devote this winter to the study of the Latin and French languages, while music and dancing will unbend my mind after close application to those studies, and give me that recreation which mother deems requisite for me. If father can procure private teachers for me, I shall be saved the dreadful alternative of a boarding-school. Mother could never endure the thought of one for me, and my own aversion is equally strong. Oh! my dear uncle, you must come and see us. Come soon and stay long. Try to be with us at Christmas. Mother's health is not as good as when you were here. I hope she will be benefited by a residence in her native city—in the neighbourhood of those friends she best loves. The state of her mind has an astonishing effect upon her health."

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took in the education of Lucretia. The notice of Mr. Morse, however, leaves it to be supposed that Mr. Kent's acquaintance with Dr. and Mrs. Davidson was brought about by his admiration of their daughter's talents, and commenced with overtures for her instruction. The following extract of a letter from Mrs. Davidson will place this matter in a proper light, and show that these offers on the part of Mr. Kent, and the partial acceptance of them by Dr. and Mrs. Davidson, were warranted by the terms of intimacy which before existed between them. "I had the pleasure," says Mrs. Davidson, "to know Mr. Kent before my marriage, after which he frequently called at our house when visiting his sister, with whom I was on terms of intimacy. On one of these occasions he saw Lucretia. He had often seen her when a child, but she had changed much. Her uncommon personal beauty, graceful manners, and superior intellectual endowments made a strong impression on him. He conversed with her, and examined her on the different branches which she was studying, and pronounced her a good English scholar. He also found her well read, and possessing a fund of general information. He warmly expressed his admiration of her talents, and urged me to consent that he should adopt her as his daughter, and complete her education on the most liberal plan. I so far acceded to his proposition as to permit him to place her with Mrs. Willard, and assured him I would take his generous offer into consideration. Had she lived, we should have complied with his wishes, and Lucretia would have been the child of his adoption. The pure and disinterested friendship of this excellent man continued until the day of his death. For Margaret he manifested the affection of a father, and the attachment was returned by her with all the warmth of a young and grateful heart. She always addressed him as her dear uncle Kent."

The following letter to the same gentleman, is dated October 18, 1835 :

"We are now at Ruremont, and a more delightful place I never saw. The house is large, pleasant, and commodious. and the old-fashioned style of every thing around it transports the mind to days long gone by, and my imagination is constantly upon the rack to burden the past with scenes transacted on this very spot. In the rear of the mansion a lawn, spangled with beautiful flowers, and shaded by spreading trees, slopes gently down to the river side, where vessels of every description are constantly spreading their white sails to the wind. In front, a long shady avenue leads to the door, and a large extent of beautiful undulating ground is spread with fruit-trees of every description. In and about the house there are so many little nooks and by-places, that sometimes I fancy it has been the resort of smugglers ; and who knows but I shall yet find their hidden treasures somewhere ! Do come and see us, my dear uncle ; but you must come soon, if you would enjoy any of the beauties of the place. The trees have already doffed their robe of green, and assumed the red and yellow of autumn, and the paths are strewn with fallen leaves. But there is loveliness even in the decay of nature. But do, do come soon, or the branches will be leafless, and the cold winds will prevent the pleasant rambles we now enjoy. Dear mother has twice accompanied me a short distance about the grounds, and indeed I think her health has improved since we removed to New York, though she is still very feeble. Her mind is much relieved, having her little family gathered once more around her. You well know how great an effect her spirits have upon her health. Oh ! if my dear mother is only in comfortable health, and you will come, I think I shall spend a delightful winter prosecuting my studies at home."

"For a short time," writes Mrs. Davidson, "she seemed to luxuriate upon the beauties of this lovely place. She selected her own room, and adjusted all her little tasteful ornaments. Her books and drawing implements were transported to this chosen spot. Still she hovered around me like my shadow. Mother's room was still her resting-place ; mother's bosom her sanctuary. She sketched a plan for one or two poems which were never finished. But her enjoyment was soon interrupted. She was again attacked by her old enemy, and though her confinement to her room was of short duration, she did not get rid of the cough. A change now came

over her mind. Hitherto she had always delighted in serious conversation on heaven; the pure and elevated occupations of saints and angels in a future state had proved a delightful source of contemplation; and she would become so animated that it seemed sometimes as if she would fly to realize her hopes and joys!—Now her young heart appeared to cling to life and its enjoyments, and more closely than I had ever known it. ‘She was never ill.’—When asked the question, ‘Margaret, how are you?’ ‘Well, quite well,’ was her reply, when it was obvious to me, who watched her every look, that she had scarcely strength to sustain her weak frame. She saw herself the last daughter of her idolizing parents—the only sister of her devoted brothers! Life had acquired new charms; though she had always been a happy, light-hearted child.”

The following lines, written about this time, show the elasticity of her spirit, and the bounding vivacity of her imagination, that seemed to escape, as in a dream, from the frail tenement of clay in which they were encased:

## STANZAS.

Oh for the pinions of a bird,  
To bear me far away,  
Where songs of other lands are heard,  
And other waters play!

For some aerial car, to fly  
On through the realms of light,  
To regions rife with poesy,  
And teeming with delight.

O'er many a wild and classic stream  
In ecstasy I'd bend,  
And hail each ivy-cover'd tower,  
As though it were a friend.

O'er piles where many a wintry blast  
Is swept in mournful tones,  
And fraught with scenes long glided past,  
It shrieks, and sighs, and moans.

Through many a shadowy grove, and round  
Full many a cloister'd hall,  
And corridors, where every step  
With echoing peal doth fall.

Enchanted with the dreariness,  
And awe-struck with the gloom,  
I would wander, like a spectre,  
'Mid the regions of the tomb.

And Memory her enchanting veil  
Around my soul should twine,  
And Superstition, wildly pale,  
Should woo me to her shrine ;

I'd cherish still her witching gloom,  
Half shrinking in my dread,  
But, powerless to dissolve the spell,  
Pursue her fearful tread.

Oh what unmingled pleasure then  
My youthful heart would feel,  
As o'er its thrilling cords each thought  
Of former days would steal !

Of centuries in oblivion wrapt,  
Of forms which long were cold,  
And all of terror, all of woe,  
That history's page has told.

How fondly in my bosom  
Would its monarch, Fancy, reign,  
And spurn earth's meaner offices  
With glorious disdain !

Amid the scenes of past delight, ,  
Or misery, I'd roam,  
Where ruthless tyrants sway'd in might,  
Where princes found a home.

Where heroes have enwreathed their brows  
With chivalric renown,  
Where beauty's hand, as valour's meed,  
Hath twined the laurel crown.

I'd stand where proudest kings have stood,  
Or kneel where slaves have knelt,  
Till wrapt in magic solitude,  
I feel what they have felt.

Oh for the pinions of a bird,  
To waft me far away,  
Where songs of other lands are heard,  
And other waters play !

About this time Mrs. Davidson received a letter from the English gentleman for whom Margaret, when quite a child, had conceived such a friendship, her dear elder brother, as she used to call him. The letter bore testimony to his undiminished regard. He was in good health ; married to a very estimable and lovely woman ; was the father of a fine little girl, and was at Havana with his family, where he kindly entreated Mrs. Davidson and Margaret to join them ; being sure that a winter passed in that mild climate would have the happiest effect upon their healths. His doors, his heart, he added, were open to receive them, and his amiable consort

impatient to bid them welcome. "Margaret," says Mrs. Davidson, "was overcome by the perusal of this letter. She laughed and wept alternately ;—one moment urged me to go, 'she was herself well, but she was sure it would cure me;' the next moment felt as though she could not leave the friends to whom she had so recently been reunited. Oh! had I gone at that time, perhaps my child might still have lived to bless me!"

During the first weeks of Margaret's residence at Ruremont, the character and situation of the place seized powerfully upon her imagination. "The curious structure of this old-fashioned house," says Mrs. Davidson, "its picturesque appearance, the varied and beautiful grounds which surrounded it, called up a thousand poetic images and romantic ideas. A long gallery, a winding staircase, a dark, narrow passage, a trap-door, large apartments with massive doors, and heavy iron bars and bolts, all set her mind teeming with recollections of what she had read and imagined of old castles, banditti, smugglers, &c. She roamed over the place in perfect ecstasy, peopling every part with images of her own imagination, and fancying it the scene of some foregone event of dark and thrilling interest." There was, in fact, some palpable material for all this spinning and weaving of the fancy. The writer of this memoir visited Ruremont at the time it was occupied by the Davidson family. It was a spacious, and somewhat crazy and poetical-looking mansion, with large waste apartments. The grounds were rather wild and overgrown, but so much the more picturesque. It stood on the banks of the Sound, the waters of which rushed, with whirling and impetuous tides, below, hurrying on to the dangerous strait of Hell Gate. Nor was this neighbourhood without its legendary tales. These wild and lonely shores had, in former times, been the resort of smugglers and pirates. Hard by this very place stood the country retreat of Ready-Money Prevost, of dubious and smuggling memory, with his haunted tomb, in which he was said to conceal his contraband riches; and scarce a secret spot about these shores but had some tradition connected with it of Kidd the pirate and his buried treasures. All these circumstances were enough to breed thick-coming fancies in so imaginative a brain; and the result was a drama in six acts, entitled "The Smuggler," the scene of which was laid at Ruremont in the old time of the province. The play was written with great rapidity, and,

considering she was little more than twelve years of age, and had never visited a theatre but once in her life, evinced great aptness and dramatic talent. It was to form a domestic entertainment for Christmas holidays; the spacious back parlour was to be fitted up for the theatre. In planning and making arrangements for the performance, she seemed perfectly happy, and her step resumed its wonted elasticity, though her anxious mother often detected a suppressed cough, and remarked a hectic flush upon her cheek. "We now found," says Mrs. Davidson, "that private teachers were not to be procured at Ruremont, and I feared to have her enter upon a course of study which had been talked of, before we came to this place. I thought she was too feeble for close mental application, while *she* was striving, by the energies of her mind and bodily exertion, (which only increased the morbid excitement of her system,) to overcome disease, that *she* feared was about to fasten itself upon her. She was the more anxious, therefore, to enter upon her studies; and when she saw solicitude in my countenance and manner, she would fix her sweet sad eyes upon my face, as if she would read my very soul, yet dreaded to know what she might find written there. I knew and could understand her feelings; she also understood mine; and there seemed to be a tacit compact between us that this subject, *at present*, was forbidden ground. Her father and brothers were lulled into security by her cheerful manner and constant assertion that she was well, and considered her cough the effect of recent cold. My opinion to the contrary was regarded as the result of extreme maternal anxiety."

She accordingly went to town three times a week, to take lessons in French, music, and dancing. Her progress in French was rapid, and the correctness and elegance of her translations surprised her teachers. Her friends in the city, seeing her look so well and appear so sprightly, encouraged her to believe that air and exercise would prove more beneficial than confinement to the house. She went to town in the morning and returned in the evening in an open carriage, with her father and one of her elder brothers, each of whom was confined to his respective office until night. In this way she was exposed to the rigours of an unusually cold season; yet she heeded them not, but returned home full of animation to join her little brothers in preparations for their holiday fête. Their anticipations of a joyous Christmas were doomed to

sad disappointment. As the time approached, two of her brothers were taken ill. One of these, a beautiful boy about nine years of age, had been the favourite companion of her recreations, and she had taken great interest in his mental improvement. "Towards the close of 1835," says her mother, "he began to droop; his cheek grew pale, his step languid, and his bright eye heavy. Instead of rolling the hoop, and bounding across the lawn to meet his sister on her return from the city, he drooped by the side of his feeble mother, and could not bear to be parted from her; at length he was taken to his bed, and, after lingering four months, he died. This was Margaret's first acquaintance with death. She witnessed his gradual decay almost unconsciously, but still persuaded herself 'he will, he must get well!' She saw her sweet little playfellow reclining upon my bosom during his last agonies; she witnessed the bright glow which flashed upon his long-faded cheek; she beheld the unearthly light of his beautiful eye, as he pressed his dying lips to mine, and exclaimed, 'Mother! dear mother! the last hour has come!' Oh! it was indeed an hour of anguish never to be forgotten. Its effect upon her youthful mind was as lasting as her life. The sudden change from life and animation to the still unconsciousness of death, for the time almost paralysed her. She shed no tear, but stood like a statue upon the scene of death. But when her eldest brother tenderly led her from the room, her tears gushed forth—it was near midnight, and the first thing that aroused her to a sense of what was going on around her, was the thought of my bereavement, and a conviction that it was her province to console me."

We subjoin a record, from her own pen, of her feelings on this lamentable occasion.

#### ON THE CORPSE OF MY LITTLE BROTHER KENT.

Beauteous form of soulless clay!  
Image of what once was life!  
Hush'd is thy pulse's feeble play,  
And ceased the pangs of mortal strife.

Oh! I have heard thy dying groan,  
Have seen thy last of earthly pain;  
And while I weep that thou art gone,  
I cannot wish thee here again.

For ah! the calm and peaceful smile  
Upon that clay-cold brow of thine,  
Speaks of a spirit freed from sin,  
A spirit joyful and divine.

But thou art gone ! and this cold clay  
Is all that now remains of thee ;  
For thy freed soul hath wing'd its way  
To blessed immortality.

That dying smile, that dying groan,  
I never, never can forget,  
Till death's cold hand hath clasp'd my own,  
His impress on my brow has set.

Those low, and sweet, and plaintive tones,  
Which o'er my heart like music swept,  
And the deep, deathlike, chilling moans,  
Which from thy heaving bosom crept.

Oh ! thou wert beautiful and fair,  
Our loveliest and our dearest one !  
No more thy pains or joys we share,  
No more—my brother, thou art gone.

Thou'rt gone ! What agony, what woe  
In that brief sentence is express'd !  
Oh that the burning tears could flow,  
And draw this mountain from my breast !

The anguish of the mother was still more intense, as she saw her bright and beautiful but perishable offspring thus, one by one, snatched away from her. "My own weak frame," says she, "was unable longer to sustain the effects of long watching and deep grief. I had not only lost my lovely boy, but I felt a strong conviction that I must soon resign my Margaret ; or rather, that she would soon follow me to a premature grave. Although she still persisted in the belief that she was well, the irritating cough, the hectic flush, (so often mistaken for the bloom of health,) the hurried beating of the heart, and the drenching night perspirations confirmed me in this belief, and I sank under this accumulated load of affliction. For three weeks I hovered upon the borders of the grave, and when I arose from this bed of pain—so feeble that I could not sustain my own weight, it was to witness the rupture of a blood-vessel in her lungs, caused by exertions to suppress a cough. Oh ! it was agony to see her thus ! I was compelled to conceal every appearance of alarm, lest the agitation of her mind should produce fatal consequences. As I seated myself by her, she raised her speaking eyes to mine with a mournful, inquiring gaze, and as she read the anguish which I could not conceal, she turned away with a look of despair. She spoke not a word, but silence, still, deathlike silence, pervaded the apartment." The best of medical aid was called in, but the physicians gave no hope ; they considered it a deep-seated case of pulmonary consump-

tion. All that could be done was to alleviate the symptoms, and protract life as long as possible by lessening the excitement of the system. When Mrs. Davidson returned to the bedside, after an interview with the physicians, she was regarded with an anxious, searching look, by the lovely little sufferer, but not a question was made. Margaret seemed fearful of receiving a discouraging reply, and "lay, all pale and still, (except when agitated by the cough,) striving to calm the tumult of her thoughts," while her mother seated herself by her pillow, trembling with weakness and sorrow. Long and anxious were the days and nights spent in watching over her. Every sudden movement or emotion excited the hemorrhage. "Not a murmur escaped her lips," says her mother, "during her protracted sufferings. 'How are you, love? how have you rested during the night?' 'Well, dear mamma; I have slept sweetly.' I have been night after night beside her restless couch, wiped the cold dew from her brow, and kissed her faded cheek in all the agony of grief, while she unconsciously slept on; or if she did awake, her calm sweet smile, which seemed to emanate from heaven, has, spite of my *reason*, lighted my heart with hope. Except when very ill, she was ever a bright dreamer. Her visions were usually of an unearthly cast: about heaven and angels. She was wandering among the stars; her sainted sisters were her pioneers; her cherub brother walked hand in hand with her through the gardens of paradise! I was always an early riser, but after Margaret began to decline I never disturbed her until time to rise for breakfast, a season of social intercourse in which she delighted to unite, and from which she was never willing to be absent. Often when I have spoken to her she would exclaim, 'Mother, you have disturbed the brightest visions that ever mortal was blessed with! I was in the midst of such scenes of delight! Cannot I have time to finish my dream?' And when I told her how long it was until breakfast, 'It will do,' she would say, and again lose herself in her bright imaginings; for I considered these as moments of inspiration rather than sleep. She told me it was not sleep. I never knew but one, except Margaret, who enjoyed this delightful and mysterious source of happiness: that one was her departed sister Lucretia. When awaking from these reveries, an almost ethereal light played about her eye, which seemed to irradiate her whole face. A holy calm pervaded her manner, and in truth she looked more like an angel

who had been communing with kindred spirits in the world of light, than any thing of a grosser nature."

How truly does this correspond with Milton's exquisite description of the heavenly influences that minister to virgin innocence—

"A thousand liv'ried angels lackey her,  
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt;  
And in clear dream and solemn vision,  
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear:  
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants  
Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,  
The unpolluted temple of the mind,  
And turn it by degrees to the soul's essence,  
Till all be made immortal."

Of the images and speculations that floated in her mind during these half dreams, half reveries, we may form an idea from the following lines, written on one occasion after what her mother used to term her "descent into the world of reality."

#### THE JOYS OF HEAVEN.

Oh who can tell the joy and peace  
Which souls redeem'd shall know,  
When all their earthly sorrows cease,  
Their pride, and pain, and woe!  
Who may describe the matchless love  
Which reigneth with the saints above?  
What earthly tongue can ever tell  
The pure, unclouded joy  
Which in each gentle soul doth swell,  
Unmingled with alloy,  
As, bending to the Lord Most High,  
They sound his praises through the sky?  
Through the high regions of the air,  
On angels' wings, they glide.  
And gaze in wondering silence there  
On scenes to us denied:  
Their minds expanding every hour,  
And opening like the summer flower.  
Though not like them to fade away,  
To die, and bloom no more;  
Beyond the reach of fell decay,  
They stand in light and power;  
But pure, eternal, free from care,  
They join in endless praises there!  
When first they leave this world of woe  
For fair, immortal scenes of light,  
Angels attend them from below,  
And upward wing their joyful flight;  
Where, fired with heavenly rapture's flame,  
They raise on high Jehovah's name.

O'er the broad arch of heaven it peals,  
 While shouts of praise unnumbered flow ;  
 The full, sweet notes sublimely swell,  
 And prostrate angels humbly bow ;  
 Each heart is tuned to joy above,  
 Its theme, a Saviour's matchless love.

The dulcet voice, which here below  
 Charm'd with delight each listening ear,  
 Mix'd with no lingering tone of woe,  
 Swelling harmonious, soft and clear,  
 Will sweetly fill the courts above,  
 In strains of heavenly peace and love.

The brilliant genius, which on earth  
 Is struggling with disease and pain,  
 Will there unfold in power and light,  
 Nought its bright current to restrain ;  
 And as each brilliant day rolls on,  
 'T will find some grace, till then unknown.

And as the countless years flit by,  
 Their minds progressing still,  
 The more they know, these saints on high  
 Praise more His sovereign will ;  
 No breath from sorrow's whirlwind blast  
 Around their footsteps cast.

From their high throne they gaze abroad  
 On vast creation's wondrous plan,  
 And own the power, the might of God,  
 In each resplendent work they scan ;  
 Though sun and moon to nought return,  
 Like stars these souls redeem'd shall burn.

Oh ! who could wish to stay below,  
 If sure of such a home as this,  
 Where streams of love serenely flow,  
 And every heart is filled with bliss ?  
 They praise, and worship, and adore  
 The Lord of heaven for ever more.

During this dangerous illness she became acquainted with Miss Sedgwick. The first visit of that most excellent and justly distinguished person, was when Margaret was in a state of extreme debility. It laid the foundation of an attachment on the part of the latter, which continued until her death. The visit was repeated ; a correspondence afterwards took place, and the friendship of Miss Sedgwick became to the little enthusiast a source of the worthiest pride and purest enjoyment throughout the remainder of her brief existence.

At length the violence of her malady gave way to skilful remedies and the most tender and unremitting assiduity. When enabled to leave her chamber, she rallied her spirits, made great exertions to be cheerful, and strove to persuade

herself that all might yet be well with her. Even her parents, with that singular self-delusion inseparable from this cruelly flattering malady, began to indulge a trembling hope that she might still be spared to them.

In the month of July, her health being sufficiently re-established to bear the fatigues of travelling, she was taken by her mother and eldest brother on a tour to Dutchess County and the western part of New York. On leaving home, she wrote the following lines, expressive of the feelings called forth by the events of the few preceding months, and of a foreboding that she should never return :

#### FAREWELL TO RUREMONT.

Oh! sadly I gaze on this beautiful landscape,  
And silent and slow do the big tear-drops swell;  
And I haste to my task, while the deep sigh is breaking,  
To bid thee, sweet Ruremont, a lasting farewell.

Oh! soft are the breezes which play round the valley,  
And warm are the sunbeams which gild thee with light,  
All clear and serenely the deep waves are rolling,  
The sky in its radiance is dazzlingly bright.

Oh! gaily the birds 'mid thy dark vines are sporting,  
And, heaven-taught, pouring their gladness in song;  
While the rose and the lily their fair heads are bending  
To hear the soft anthems float gently along.

Full many an hour have I bent o'er thy waters,  
Or watch'd the light clouds with a joy-beaming eye,  
Till, delighted, I long'd for the eagle's swift pinions,  
To pierce the full depths of that beautiful sky.

Though wild were the fancies which dwelt in my bosom,  
Though endless the visions which swept o'er my soul,  
Indulging those dreams was my dearest enjoyment—  
Enjoyment unmingled, unchained by control!

But each garden of earth has a something of sorrow,  
A thorn in its rose, or a blight in its breeze,  
Though blooming as Eden, a shadow hangs o'er thee,  
The spirit of darkness, of pain, of disease!

Yes, Ruremont! thy brow, in its loveliness deck'd,  
Is entwined with a fatal but beautiful wreath,  
For thy green leaves have shrunk at the mourner's cold touch,  
And thy pale flowers have wept in the presence of death.

Yon violets, which bloom in their delicate freshness,  
Were strew'd o'er the grave of our fairest and best;  
Yon roses, which charm by their richness and fragrance,  
Have wither'd and died on his icy-cold breast.

The soft voice of spring had just breathed o'er the valley,  
 The sweet birds just caroll'd their song in her bower,  
 When the angel of death in his terror swept o'er us,  
 And placed in his bosom our fragile young flower.

Thus, Ruremont, we mourn not thy beauties alone,  
 Thy flowers in their freshness, thy stream in its pride,  
 But we leave the loved scene of our mourning and tears,  
 We leave the dear spot where our cherish'd one died.

The mantle of beauty thrown gracefully o'er thee,  
 Must touch a soft chord in each delicate heart ;  
 But the tie is more sacred which bids us deplore thee,  
 Endear'd by affliction 't is harder to part.

The scene of enjoyment is ever most lovely,  
 Where blissful young spirits dance mirthful and glad ;  
 But when sorrow has mingled her tears with our pleasure,  
 Our love is more tender, our parting more sad.

How mild is the wing of this delicate zephyr,  
 Which fans in its coolness my feverish brow !  
 But that light wing is laden with breezes that wither,  
 And check the warm current of life in its flow.

Why blight such an Eden, oh spirit of terror !  
 Which sweepst thy thousands each hour to the tomb ?  
 Why, why shouldst thou roam o'er this beautiful valley,  
 And mingle thy breath with the rose's perfume ?

The sun rises bright o'er the clear dancing waters,  
 And tinges with gold every light waving tree,  
 And the young birds are singing their welcome to morning—  
 Alas ! they will sing it no longer for me !

The young buds of summer their soft eyes are opening,  
 The wild flowers are bending the pure ripples o'er ;  
 But I bid them farewell, and my heart is nigh breaking  
 To think I shall see them and tend them no more.

I mark yonder path, where so often I've wander'd,  
 Yon moss-covered rock, with its sheltering tree,  
 And a sigh of deep sadness bursts forth to remember  
 That no more its soft verdure shall blossom for me.

How often my thoughts, to these loved scenes returning,  
 Shall brood o'er the past with its joy and its pain :  
 Till waking at last from the long, pleasing slumber,  
 I sigh to behold thee, thus blooming, again.

The little party was absent on its western tour about two months. "Margaret," says her mother, "appeared to enjoy the scenery, and every thing during the journey interested her. But there was a sadness in her countenance, a pensiveness in her manner, unless excited by external circumstances, which deeply affected me. She watched every variation in my countenance ; marked every little attention directed to

had resolved to give the prescribed system a thorough trial. A new source of solicitude was now awakened in the bosom of her anxious mother, who read in her mournfully quiet manner and submissive silence, the painful effects of compliance with her advice. There was not a murmur, however, from the lips of Margaret, to give rise to this solicitude; on the contrary, whenever she caught her mother's eye fixed anxiously and inquiringly on her, she would turn away and assume an air of cheerfulness.

Six months had passed in this inactive manner. "She was seated one day by my side," says Mrs. Davidson, "weary and restless, and scarcely knowing what to do with herself, when, marking the traces of grief upon my face, she threw her arms about my neck, and kissing me, exclaimed, 'My dear, dear mother!' 'What is it affects you now, my child?' 'Oh! I know you are longing for something from my pen!' I saw the secret craving of the spirit that gave rise to the suggestion. 'I do indeed, my dear, delight in the effusions from your pen, but the exertion will injure you.' 'Mamma, I *must write*! I can hold out no longer! I will return to my pen, my pencil, and my books, and shall again be happy!' I pressed her to my bosom, and cautioned her to remember she was feeble. 'Mother,' exclaimed she, 'I am well! I wish you were only as well as I am!'"

The heart of the mother was not proof against these appeals: indeed she had almost as much need of self-denial on this subject as her child, so much did she delight in these early blossomings of her talent. Margaret was again left to her own impulses. All the frivolous expedients for what is usually termed *killing time* were discarded by her with contempt; her studies were resumed; in the sacred writings and in the pages of history she sought fitting aliment for her mind, half famished by its long abstinence; her poetical vein again burst forth, and the following lines, written at the time, show the excitement and elevation of her feelings:

#### EARTH.

Earth! thou hast nought to satisfy  
 The cravings of immortal mind!  
 Earth! thou hast nothing pure and high,  
 The soaring, struggling soul to bind.  
 Impatient of its long delay,  
 The pinion'd spirit fain would roam,  
 And leave this crumbling house of clay,  
 To seek above its own bright home!

of the divine poet, "to bear healing in its wings." Dear mother bore the fatigue of our journey better than we anticipated; and although I do not think she is permanently better, she certainly breathes more freely, and seems altogether more comfortable than when in the city. Oh! how sincerely I hope that a change of air and scene may raise her spirits and renovate her strength. She is now in the midst of friends whom she has known and loved for many years; and surrounded by scenes connected with many of her earliest remembrances. Farewell, my dear madam! Please give my love to your dear little nieces; and should you have the leisure and inclination to answer this, believe me your letter will be a source of much gratification to your

Highly obliged little friend,

M. M. DAVIDSON.

MISS CATHERINE SEDGWICK.

August, 1836."

The travellers returned to Ruremont in September. The tour had been of service to Margaret, and she endeavoured to persuade herself that she was quite well. If asked about her health, her reply was, that "if her friends did not tell her she was ill, she should not, from her own feelings, suspect it." That she was, notwithstanding, dubious on this subject, was evident from her avoiding to speak about it, and from the uneasiness she manifested when it was alluded to. It was still more evident from the change that took place in her habits and pursuits; she tacitly adopted the course of conduct that had repeatedly and anxiously, but too often vainly, been urged by her mother, as calculated to allay the morbid irritability of her system. She gave up her studies, rarely indulged in writing or drawing, and contented herself with light reading, with playing a few simple airs on the piano, and with any other trivial mode of passing away the time. The want of her favourite occupations, however, soon made the hours move heavily with her. Above all things, she missed the exciting exercise of the pen, against which she had been especially warned. Her mother observed the listlessness and melancholy that were stealing over her, and hoped a change of scene might banish them. The airs from the river, too, had been pronounced unfavourable to her health; the family, therefore, removed to town. The change of residence, however, did not produce the desired effect. She became more and more dissatisfied with herself, and with the life of idleness, as she considered it, that she was leading; but still she

had resolved to give the prescribed system a thorough trial. A new source of solicitude was now awakened in the bosom of her anxious mother, who read in her mournfully quiet manner and submissive silence, the painful effects of compliance with her advice. There was not a murmur, however, from the lips of Margaret, to give rise to this solicitude; on the contrary, whenever she caught her mother's eye fixed anxiously and inquiringly on her, she would turn away and assume an air of cheerfulness.

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 The cravings of immortal mind!  
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 The soaring, struggling soul to bind.  
 Impatient of its long delay,  
 The pinion'd spirit fain would roam,  
 And leave this crumbling house of clay,  
 To seek above its own bright home!

The spirit, 'tis a spark of light  
 Struck from our God's eternal throne,  
 Which pierces through these clouds of night,  
 And longs to shine where once it shone!

Earth! there will come an awful day,  
 When thou shalt crumble into nought;  
 When thou shalt melt beneath that ray  
 From whence thy splendours first were caught.

Quench'd in the glories of its God,  
 Yon burning lamp shall then expire;  
 And flames, from heaven's own altar sent,  
 Shall light the great funereal pyre.

Yes, thou must die! and yon pure depths  
 Back from thy darken'd brow shall roll;  
 But never can the tyrant death  
 Arrest this feeble, trusting soul.

When that great voice, which form'd thee first,  
 Shall tell, surrounding world, thy doom,  
 Then the pure soul, enchain'd by thee,  
 Shall rise triumphant o'er thy tomb.

Then on, still on, the unfetter'd mind  
 Through realms of endless space shall fly;  
 No earth to dim, no chain to bind,  
 Too pure to sin, too great to die.

Earth! thou hast nought to satisfy  
 The cravings of immortal mind!  
 Earth! thou hast nothing pure and high,  
 The soaring, struggling soul to bind.

Yet is this never-dying ray  
 Caught in thy cold, delusive snares,  
 Cased in a cell of mouldering clay,  
 And bow'd by woes, and pain, and cares!

Oh! how mysterious is the bond  
 Which blends the earthly with the pure,  
 And mingles that which death may blight  
 With that which ever must endure!

Arise, my soul, from all below,  
 And gaze upon thy destined home,  
 The heaven of heavens, the throne of God,  
 Where sin and care can never come.

Prepare thee for a state of bliss,  
 Unclouded by this mortal veil,  
 Where thou shalt see thy Maker's face,  
 And dews from heaven's own air inhale.

How sadly do the sins of earth  
 Deface thy purity and light,  
 That thus, while gazing at thyself,  
 Thou shrink'st in horror at the sight!

Compound of weakness and of strength,  
Mighty, yet ignorant of thy power!  
Loflier than earth, or air, or sea,  
Yet meaner than the lowliest flower!

Soaring towards heaven, yet clinging still  
To earth, by many a tender tie!  
Longing to breathe a purer air,  
Yet fearing, trembling thus to die!

She was soon all cheerfulness and enjoyment. Her pen and her pencil were frequently in her hand; she occupied herself also with her needle in embroidery on canvass, and other fancy work. Hope brightened with the exhilaration of her spirits. "I now walk and ride, eat and sleep as usual," she observes in a letter to a young friend, "and although not well, have strong hopes that the opening spring, which renovates the flowers, and fields, and streams, will revive my enfeebled frame, and restore me to my wonted health." In these moods she was the life of the domestic circle, and these moods were frequent and long. And here we should observe, that though these memoirs, which are furnished principally from the recollections of an afflicted mother, may too often represent this gifted little being as a feeble invalid struggling with mortality, yet in truth her life, though a brief, was a bright and happy one. At times she was full of playful and innocent gaiety; at others of intense mental exaltation; and it was the very intensity of her enjoyment that made her so often indulge in those poetic paroxysms, if we may be allowed the expression, which filled her mother with alarm. A few weeks of this intellectual excitement was followed by another rupture of a blood-vessel in the lungs, and a long interval of extreme debility. The succeeding winter was one of vicissitude. She had several attacks of bleeding at the lungs, which evidently alarmed her at the time, though she said nothing, and endeavoured to repress all manifestation of her feelings. If taken suddenly, she instantly resorted to the sofa, and, by a strong effort, strove to suppress every emotion. With her eyes closed, her lips compressed, and her thin pale hand resting in that of her anxious mother, she seemed to be waiting the issue. Not a murmur would escape her lips, nor did she ever complain of pain. She would often say, by way of consolation to her mother, "Mamma, I am highly favoured. I hardly know what is meant by pain. I am sure I never, to my recollection, have felt it." The moment she was able to sit up, after one of these alarming attacks, every vestige of a

sick chamber must be removed. No medicine, no cap, no bed-gown, no loose wrapper must be in sight. Her beautiful dark hair must be parted on her broad, high forehead, her dress arranged with the same care and neatness as when in perfect health; indeed she studied to banish from her appearance all that might remind her friends that her health was impaired, and, if possible, to drive the idea from her own thoughts. Her reply to every inquiry about her health was, "Well, quite well; or at least *I* feel so, though mother continues to treat me as an invalid. True I have a cold, attended by a cough, that is not willing to leave me; but when the spring returns, with its mild air and sweet blossoms, I think this cough, which alarms mother so much, will leave me."

She had, indeed, a strong desire to live; and the cause of that desire is indicative of her character. With all her retiring modesty, she had an ardent desire for literary distinction. The example of her sister Lucretia was incessantly before her; she was her leading star, and her whole soul was but to emulate her soarings into the pure regions of poetry. Her apprehensions were that she might be cut off in the immaturity of her powers. A simple, but most touching ejaculation, betrayed this feeling, as, when lying on a sofa, in one of those alarming paroxysms of her malady, she turned her eyes, full of mournful sweetness, upon her mother, and, in a low, subdued voice, exclaimed, "Oh! my dear, dear mother! *I am so young!*"

We have said that the example of her sister Lucretia was incessantly before her, and no better proof can be given of it than in the following lines, written at this time, which breathe the heavenly aspirations of her pure young spirit, in strains, to us, quite unearthly. We may have read poetry more artificially perfect in its structure, but never any more truly divine in its inspiration.

#### TO MY SISTER LUCRETIA.

My sister! With that thrilling word  
What thoughts unnumber'd wildly spring!  
What echoes in my heart are stirr'd,  
While thus I touch the trembling string!

My sister! ere this youthful mind  
Could feel the value of thine own;  
Ere this infantine heart could bind,  
In its deep cell, one look, one tone.

## MISS MARGARET DAVIDSON.

To glide along on memory's stream,  
 And bring back thrilling thoughts of thee  
 Ere I knew aught but childhood's dream,  
 Thy soul had struggled and was free!

My sister! with this mortal eye,  
 I ne'er shall see thy form again;  
 And never shall this mortal ear  
 Drink in the sweetness of thy strain!

Yet fancy wild, and glowing love,  
 Reveal thee to my spirit's view,  
 Enwreath'd with graces from above,  
 And deck'd in heaven's own fadeless hue.

Thy glance of pure seraphic light  
 Sheds o'er my heart its soft'ning ray;  
 Thy pinions guard my couch by night,  
 And hover o'er my path by day.

I cannot weep that thou art fled,—  
 For ever blends my soul with thine;  
 Each thought, by purer impulse led,  
 Is soaring on to realms divine.

Thy glance unfolds my heart of hearts,  
 And lays its inmost recess bare;  
 Thy voice a heavenly calm imparts,  
 And soothes each wilder passion there.

I hear thee in the summer breeze,  
 See thee in all that's pure or fair;  
 Thy whisper in the murmuring trees,  
 Thy breath, thy spirit everywhere.

Thine eyes, which watch when mortals sleep,  
 Cast o'er my dreams a radiant hue;  
 Thy tears, "such tears as angels weep,"  
 Fall nightly with the glistening dew.

Thy fingers wake my youthful lyre,  
 And teach its softer strains to flow;  
 Thy spirit checks each vain desire,  
 And gilds the low'ring brow of woe.

When fancy wings her upward flight  
 On through the viewless realms of air,  
 Clothed in its robe of matchless light,  
 I view thy ransom'd spirit there!

Far from her wild delusive dreams,  
 It leads my raptured soul away,  
 Where the pure fount of glory streams,  
 And saints live on through endless day.

When the dim lamp of future years  
 Sheds o'er my path its glimmering faint,  
 First in the view thy form appears,  
 My sister, and my guardian saint!

Thou gem of light! my leading star!  
 What thou hast been, I strive to be;  
 When from the path I wander far,  
 Oh turn thy guiding beam on me.

Teach me to fill thy place below,  
 That I may dwell with thee above;  
 To soothe, like thee, a mother's woe,  
 And prove, like thine, a sister's love.

Thou wert unfit to dwell with clay,  
 For sin too pure, for earth too bright!  
 And death, who call'd thee hence away,  
 Placed on his brow a gem of light!

A gem, whose brilliant glow is shed  
 Beyond the ocean's swelling wave,  
 Which gilds the memory of the dead,  
 And pours its radiance on thy grave.

When day hath left his glowing car,  
 And evening spreads her robe of love;  
 When worlds, like travellers from afar,  
 Meet in the azure fields above;

When all is still, and fancy's realm  
 Is opening to the eager view,  
 Mine eye full oft, in search of thee,  
 Roams o'er that vast expanse of blue.

I know that here thy harp is mute,  
 And quench'd the bright poetic fire,  
 Yet still I bend my ear, to catch  
 The hymnings of thy seraph lyre.

Oh! if this partial converse now  
 So joyous to my heart can be,  
 How must the streams of rapture flow  
 When both are chainless, both are free!

When borne from earth for evermore,  
 Our souls in sacred joy unite,  
 At God's almighty throne adore,  
 And bathe in beams of endless light!

Away, away, ecstatic dream!  
 I must not, dare not dwell on thee;  
 My soul, immersed in life's dark stream,  
 Is far too earthly to be free.

Though heaven's bright portal were unclosed,  
 And angels wooed me from on high,  
 Too much I fear my shrinking soul  
 Would cast on earth its longing eye.

Teach me to fill thy place below,  
 That I may dwell with thee above;  
 To soothe, like thee, a mother's woe,  
 And prove, like thine, a sister's love.

It was probably this trembling solicitude about the duration of her existence, that made her so anxious, about this time, to employ every interval of her precarious health in the cultivation of her mental powers. Certain it is, during the winter, chequered as it was with repeated fits of indisposition, she applied herself to historical and other studies with an ardour that often made her mother tremble for the consequences.

The following letters to a young female friend were written during one of these intervals.

"New York, February 26, 1837.

"Notwithstanding all the dangers which might have befallen your letter, my dear Henrietta, it arrived safely at its resting-place, and is now lying open before me, as I am quietly sitting, this chill February morning, to inform you of its safe arrival. I find I was not mistaken in believing you too kind to be displeased at my remissness; and I now hope that through our continued intercourse neither will have cause to complain of the other's negligence.

"For my own part, I am always willing to assign every reason but that of forgetfulness for a friend's silence. Knowing how often I am obliged to claim this indulgence for myself, and how often ill health prevents me from writing to those I love, I am the more ready to frame apologies for others; indeed I think this spirit of *charity* (if so I may call it) is necessary to the happiness of correspondents, and as I am sure you possess it, I trust we shall both glide quietly along without any of those little *jars* which so often interrupt the purest friendships. And now that my dissertation on letter-writing is at an end, I must proceed to inform you of what I fear will be a disappointment, as it breaks away all those sweet anticipations expressed in your affectionate letter. Father has concluded that we shall not return to Plattsburgh next spring, as he had once intended; he fears the effects of the cold winds of Lake Champlain upon mother and myself, who are both delicate; and as we have so many dear friends in and about the city, a nearer location would be pleasanter to us and to them. We now think seriously of returning to Ballston, that beautiful little village where we have already spent two delightful years; and though in this case I must relinquish the idea of visiting my dear '*old home*' and my dear *young friend*, hope points to the hour when *you* may become *my* guest, and where the charms of novelty will in some degree repay us for the delightful associations and remembrances we had hoped to enjoy. But I cannot help now and then casting a backward glance upon the beautiful scenes you describe, and wishing

myself with you. A philosopher would say, 'Since you cannot enjoy what you desire, turn to the pleasures you may possess, and seek in them consolation for what you have lost;' but I am no philosopher.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I will endeavour to answer your question about Mrs. Hemans. I have read several lives of this distinguished poetess, by different authors, and in all of them find something new to admire in her character and venerate in her genius! She was a woman of deep feeling, lively fancy, and acute sensibilities; so acute, indeed, as to have formed her chief unhappiness through life. She mingles her own feelings with her poems so well, that in reading *them* you read *her* character. But there is one thing I have often remarked: the mind soon wearies in perusing many of her pieces at *once*. She expresses those sweet sentiments so often, and introduces the same stream of beautiful ideas so constantly, that they sometimes degenerate into monotony. I know of no higher treat than to read a few of her best productions, and comment upon and feel their beauties; but perusing her *volume* is to me like listening to a strain of sweet music repeated over and over again, until it becomes so familiar to the ear, that it loses the charm of variety.

"Now, dear H., is not this presumption in me, to criticise so exquisite an author? But you desired my opinion, and I have given it to you without reserve.

"You desire me to send you an *original poem* for yourself. Now, my dear Hetty, this is something I am not at present able to do for any of my friends, writing being supposed quite injurious to persons with weak lungs. And I have still another reason. You say the effect of conveying feelings from the heart and recording them upon paper, seems to deprive them of half their warmth and ardour! Now, my dear friend, would not the effect of forming them into verse seem to render them still *less* sincere! Is not plain prose, as it slides rapidly from the pen, more apt to speak the feelings of the heart, than when an hour or two is spent in giving them rhyme and measure, and all the attributes of poetry?" \* \* \* \* \*

TO THE SAME.

"New York, April 2d, 1837.

"About an hour since, my dear Henrietta, I received your token of remembrance, and commence my answer with an act of obedience to your sovereign will; but I fear you will repent when too late, and while nodding over the closely written sheet, and peering impatiently into each crowded corner, you will secretly wish you had allowed my pen to

## MISS MARGARET DAVIDSON.

mmence its operations at a more respectful distance from the top of the page. However, the request was your own: obey like an obedient friend, and you must abide the consequences of your rash demand. Should the first glance at my well-filled sheet be followed by a *yawn*, or its last word be welcomed with a smile, you must blame your own imprudence in bringing down upon your luckless head the accumulated nothings of a scribbler like myself. It is indeed true that we shall not return to Plattsburgh; and much as I long to revisit the home of my infancy, and the friends of my earliest remembrance, I shall be obliged to relinquish the pleasure in reality, though fancy, unshackled by earth, shall direct her pinions to the north, and linger, delighted, on the beautiful banks of the Champlain! Methinks I hear you exclaim, with impatience, '*Fancy!* what is it! I long for something more substantial.' So do I, *ma chere*, but since I cannot hope to behold my dear native village and its dear inhabitants with *other* eyes than those of fancy, I will e'en employ them to the best of my ability. You may be sure we do not prefer the confined and murky atmosphere of the city to the pure and health-giving breezes of the country; far from it—we are already preparing to remove, as soon as the mild influence of spring has prevailed over the chilling blasts which we still hear whistling around us; and gladly shall we welcome the day that will release us from our bondage. But there is some drawback to every pleasure—some bitter drop in almost every cup of enjoyment; and we shall taste this most keenly when we bid farewell to the delightful circle of friends who have cheered us during the solitude and confinement of this dreary winter. The New York air, so far from agreeing with us, has deprived us of every enjoyment beyond the boundaries of our own walls, and it will be hard to leave those friends who have taught us to forget the privations of ill health in the pleasure of their society. We have chosen Ballston for our temporary home, from the hope of seeing them oftener *there* than we could in a secluded town, and because pure air, medicinal waters, and good society have all combined to render it a delightful country residence; yet with all these advantages, it can never possess half the charms of my dear old home!

"That dear old home, where pass'd my childish years,  
When fond affection wiped my infant tears!  
Where first I learn'd from whence my blessings came,  
And lis'd in faltering tones, a mother's name!

"That dear old home, where memory fondly clings,  
Where eager fancy spreads her soaring wings;  
Around whose scenes my thoughts delight to stray,  
And pass the hours in pleasing dreams away!

"Oh, shall I ne'er behold thy waves again,  
My native lake, my beautiful Champlain?  
Shall I no more above thy ripples bend  
In sweet communion with my childhood's friend?

"Shall I no more behold thy rolling wave,  
The patriot's cradle and the warrior's grave?  
Thy mountains, tinged with daylight's parting glow?  
Thy islets, mirror'd in the stream below?

"Back! back!—thou *present*! robed in shadows lie,  
And rise, thou *past*, before my raptured eye!  
Fancy shall gild the frowning lapse between,  
And memory's hand shall paint the glowing scene!

"Lo! how the view beneath her pencil grows!  
The flow'ret blooms, the winding streamlet flows;  
With former friends I trace my footsteps o'er,  
And muse, delighted, on my own green shore!

"Alas it fades—the fairy dream is past!  
Dissolved the veil by sportive fancy cast.  
Oh why should thus our brightest dreams depart,  
And scenes illusive cheat the longing heart?

"Where'er through future life my steps may roam,  
I ne'er shall find a spot like thee, my home;  
With all my joys the thought of *thee* shall blend,  
And joined with *thee*, shall rise my childhood's friend.

"Mother is most truly alive to all these feelings. During our first year in New York, we were living a few miles from the city, at one of the loveliest situations in the world! I think I have seldom seen a sweeter spot; but all its beauties could not divert her thoughts from our own dear home, and despite the superior advantages we there enjoyed, she was apt to enjoy it again. But enough of this; if I suffer my fancy to dwell longer upon these loved scenes, I shall scribble over my whole sheet, and, leaving out what I most wish to say, fill it with nothing but 'Home, home, sweet, sweet home!' as the song goes.

June, 1837.

"Now for the mighty theme upon which I scarcely dare dwell: my visit to Plattsburgh! Yes, my dear H., I do think, or rather I do *hope*, that such a time may come when may spend at least a week with you. I dare not hope for longer time, for I know I shall be disappointed. About the middle of this month brother graduates, and will leave West Point for home. He intends to visit Plattsburgh, and will take much to wean me from my favourite plan of accompanying him. However, all is uncertain—I must not think of it too much—but if I do come, it will be with the hope of gaining a still greater pleasure. We are now delightfully situated. Can you not return with me, and make me a visit? What joy is like the joy of anticipation? What

pleasure like those we look forward to, through a long lapse of time, and dwell upon as some bright land that we shall inhabit when the *present* shall have become the *past*? I have heard it observed that it was foolish to anticipate—that it was only increasing the pangs of disappointment. Not so: do we not, in our most sanguine hopes, acknowledge to ourselves a fear, a doubt, an expectation of disappointment? Shall we ~~lose the~~ enjoyment of the present, because evil may come in future? No, no—if anticipation was not meant for a solace, an alleviation of the sorrows of life, would it have been so strongly implanted in our hearts by the great Director of all our passions? No—it is too precious! I would give up half the *reality* of joy for the sweet anticipation. Stop—I have gone too far—for indeed I could not resign my visit to you, though I might hope and anticipate for years!

“Just as I had written the above, father interrupted me with an invitation to ride. We have just returned from a long, delightful drive. Though Ballston cannot compare with Plattsburgh for its rich and varied scenery, still there are romantic woods and shady paths which cannot fail to delight the true lover of nature.

\* \* \* \* \*

“So you do have the *blues*, eh? I had almost said I was glad of it; but that would be too cruel—I will only say, one does not like to be alone, or in any thing singular, and I too, once in a while, receive a visit from these provoking imps—are they not? You should not have blamed Scott only, (excuse me,) but yourself, for selecting such a book to chase away melancholy.

“You ask me if I remember those *story-telling* days? Indeed I do, and nothing affords me more pleasure than the recollection of those happy hours! If my memory could only retain the particulars of my last story, gladly would I resume and continue it when I meet you again. I will ease *your* heart of its fear for *mine*—your scolding did not break it. My dear H., it is not made of such brittle materials as to crack for a trifle. No, no! It would be far more prudent to save it entire for some greater occasion, and then make the crash as loud as possible—don’t you think so? Oh nonsensical nonsense! Well,

‘The greatest and the wisest men  
Will fool a little now and then.’

But I believe I will not add another word, lest my pen should slide off into some new absurdity.”

On the 1st of May, 1837, the family left New York for Ballston. They had scarce reached there when Mrs. David-

son had an attack of inflammatory rheumatism, which confined her to her bed, and rendered her helpless as an infant. It was Margaret's turn now to play the nurse, which she did with the most tender assiduity. The paroxysms of her mother's complaint were at first really alarming, as may be seen by the following extract of a letter from Margaret to Miss Sedgwick, written a short time afterwards :

"We at first thought she would never revive. It was indeed a dreadful hour, my dear madam—a sad trial for poor father and myself, to watch, as we supposed, the last agonies of one so beloved as my dear mother! But the cloud has passed by, and my heart, relieved from its burden, is filled, almost to overflowing, with gratitude and joy. After a few hours of dreadful suspense, reaction took place, and since then she has been slowly and steadily improving. In a few days, I hope, she will be able to ride, and breathe some of this delightful air, which cannot fail to invigorate and restore her. My own health has improved astonishingly since my coming here. I walk, and ride, and exercise as much as possible in the open air, and find it of great service to me. Oh how much I hope to see you here! \* \* \* \* Do, if possible, try the Ballston air once more. It has been useful to you once, it might be still more so now. You will find warm hearts to welcome you, and we will do all in our power to make your visit pleasant to you. The country does indeed look beautiful! The woods are teeming with wild flowers, and the air is full of melody. The soft, wild warbling of the birds is far more sweet to me than the most laboured performances of art; *they* may weary by repetition, but what heart can resist the influence of a lovely day ushered in by the morning song of those sweet carollers! and even to sleep, as it were, by their melodious evening strain. How I wish you could be here to enjoy it with me."

The summer of 1837 was one of the happiest of her fleeting existence. For some time after the family removed to Ballston she was very much confined to the house by the illness of her mother, and the want of a proper female companion to accompany her abroad. At length, a Mr. and Mrs. H., estimable and intimate friends, of a highly intellectual character, came to the village. Their society was an invaluable acquisition to Margaret. In company with them she was enabled to enjoy the healthful recreations of the country; to ramble in the woods; to take exercise on horseback, of which she was extremely fond, and to make excursions about the

neighbourhood ; while they exerted a guardian care to prevent her, in her enthusiastic love for rural scenery, from exposing herself to any thing detrimental to her health and strength. She gave herself up, for a time, to these exhilarating exercises, abstaining from her usual propensity to overtask her intellect, for she had imbibed the idea that active habits, cheerful recreations, and a holiday frame of mind would effectually re-establish her health. As usual, in her excited moods, she occasionally carried these really healthful practices to excess, and would often, says her mother, engage, with a palpitating heart, and a pulse beating at the rate of one hundred and thirty in a minute, in all the exercises usually prescribed to *preserve* health in those who are in full possession of the blessing. She was admonished of her danger by several attacks upon her lungs during the summer, but as they were of short duration, she still flattered herself that she was getting well. There seemed to be almost an infatuation in her case. The exhilaration of her spirits was at times so great as almost to overpower her. Often would she stand by the window admiring a glorious sunset, until she would be raised into a kind of ecstasy ; her eye would kindle ; a crimson glow would mount into her cheek, and she would indulge in some of her reveries about the glories of heaven, and the spirits of her deceased sisters, partly uttering her fancies aloud, until turning and catching her mother's eye fixed painfully upon her, she would throw her arms round her neck, kiss away the tears, and sink exhausted on her bosom. The excitement over, she would resume her calmness, and converse on general topics. Among her writings are fragments hastily scrawled down at this time, showing the vague aspirations of her spirit, and her vain attempts to grasp those shadowy images that sometimes flit across the poetic mind.

Oh for a something more than this,  
To fill the void within my breast ;  
A sweet reality of bliss,  
A something bright, but unexpress'd !

My spirit longs for something higher  
Than life's dull stream can e'er supply ;  
Something to feed this inward fire,  
This spark, which never more can die.

I'd hold companionship with all  
Of pure, of noble, or divine ;  
With glowing heart adoring fall,  
And kneel at nature's sylvan shrine.

My soul is like a broken lyre,  
Whose loudest, sweetest chord is gone;  
A note, half trembling on the wire—  
A heart that wants an echoing tone.

When shall I find this shadowy bliss,  
This shapeless phantom of the mind?  
This something words can ne'er express,  
So vague, so faint, so undefined?

Language! thou never canst portray  
The fancies floating o'er my soul!  
Thou ne'er canst chase the clouds away  
Which o'er my changing visions roll!

And again—

Oh I have gazed on forms of light,  
Till life seem'd ebbing in a tear—  
Till in that fleeting space of sight  
Were merged the feelings of a year.

And I have heard the voice of song,  
Till my full heart gush'd wild and free,  
And my rapt soul would float along  
As if on waves of melody.

But while I glow'd at beauty's glance,  
I long'd to feel a deeper thrill:  
And while I heard that dying strain,  
I sigh'd for something sweeter still.

I have been happy, and my soul  
Free from each sorrow, care, regret;  
Yet even in these hours of bliss  
I long'd to find them happier yet.

Of't o'er the darkness of my mind  
Some meteor thought has glanced at will;  
'T was bright—but ever have I sigh'd  
To find a fancy brighter still.

Why are these restless, vain desires,  
Which always grasp at something more  
To feed the spirit's hidden fires,  
Which burn unseen—unnoticed soar?

Well might the heathen sage have known  
That earth must fail the soul to bind;  
That life, and life's tame joys, alone,  
Could never chain the ethereal mind.

The above, as we have before observed, are mere fragments, unfinished and uncorrected, and some of the verses have a vagueness incident to the mood of mind in which they were conceived, and the haste with which they were penned, but in these lofty, indefinite aspirations of a young, half-schooled, and inexperienced mind, we see the early and im-

patient flutterings of a poetical genius, which, if spared, might have soared to the highest regions.

In a letter written to Miss Sedgwick during the autumn, she speaks of her health as having rapidly improved. "I am no longer afflicted by the cough, and mother feels it unnecessary now to speak to me as being ill; though my health is, and probably always will be, very delicate."—"And she really did appear better," observes her mother, "and even I, who had ever been nervously alive to every symptom of her disease, was deluded by those favourable appearances, and began to entertain a hope that she might yet recover, when another sudden attack of bleeding at the lungs convinced us of the fallacy of our hopes, and warned us to take every measure to ward off the severity of the climate in the coming winter. A consultation was held between her father and our favourite physician, and the result was that she was to keep within doors. This was indeed sad, but, after an evident struggle with her own mind, she submitted, with her accustomed good sense, to the decree. All that affection could suggest, was done, to prevent the effects of this seclusion on her spirits." A cheerful room was allotted to her, commanding an agreeable prospect, and communicating, by folding doors, to a commodious parlour; the temperature of the whole apartment was regulated by a thermometer. Hither her books, writing-table, drawing implements, and fancy work were transported. When once established in these winter quarters, she became contented and cheerful. "She read and wrote," says her mother, "and amused herself with drawing and needle work. After spending as much time as I dare permit in the more serious studies in which she was engaged, she would unbend her mind with one of Scott's delightful novels, or play with her kitten; and at evening we were usually joined by our interesting friends, Mr. and Mrs. H. It is now a melancholy satisfaction to me to believe that she could not, in her state of health, be happier, or more pleasantly situated. She was always charmed with the conversation of Mr. H., and followed him through all the mazes of philosophy with the greatest delight. She read Cousin with a high zest, and produced an abstract from it which gave a convincing proof that she understood the principles there laid down; after which she gave a complete analysis of the Introduction to the History of Philosophy, by the same author. Her mind must have been deeply engrossed by these studies,

yet it was not visible from her manner. During this short winter she accomplished what to many would have been the labour of years, yet there was no haste, no flurry; she pursued quietly her round of occupations, always cheerful. The hours flew swiftly by; not a moment lagged. I think she never spent a more happy winter than this, with all its varied employments."

The following extract from a letter to one of her young friends, gives an idea of her course of reading during this winter; and how, in her precocious mind, the playfulness of the child mingled with the thoughtfulness of the woman.

"You ask me what I am reading. Alas! book-worm as I am, it makes me draw a long breath to contemplate the books I have laid out for perusal. In the first place, I am reading Condillac's Ancient History, in French, twenty-four volumes; Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, in four large volumes. I have not finished Josephus. In my moments of recreation I am poring over Scott's bewitching *novels*. I wish we could give them some other name instead of *novels*, for they certainly should not bear the same title with the thousand and one productions of that class daily swarming from the press. Do you think they ought? So pure, so pathetic, so historical, and, above all, so true to human nature. How beautifully he mingles the sad with the grotesque, in such a manner that the opposite feelings they excite harmonize perfectly with each other. His works can be read over and over again, and every time with a growing sense of their beauties. Do you read French? If so, I wish we could read the same works together. It would be a great pleasure to me at least, and our mutual remarks might benefit each other. Supposing you will be pleased to hear of my amusements, however trifling, I will venture to name one, at the risk of lowering any great opinion you may have formed of my wisdom! A pet kitten!!! Yes, my dear Henrietta, a sweet little creature, with a graceful shape, playful temper, white breast, and dear little innocent eyes, which completely belie the reputed disposition of a *cat*. He is neither deceitful, ferocious, nor ungrateful, but is certainly the most rational being for an irrational one, I ever saw. He is now snugly lying in my lap, watching every movement of my pen with a quiet purr of contentment. Have you such a pet? I wish you had, that we both might play with them at the same time, sunset, for instance, and while so far distant, feel that we were enjoying ourselves in the selfsame way. You ask what I think of animal magnetism? My dear Hetty, I have not troubled my head about it. I hear of it from every quarter, and mentioned so often with

contempt, that I have thought of it only as an absurdity. If I understand it rightly, the leading principle is the influence of one mind upon another; there is undoubtedly such an influence, to a reasonable degree, but as to throwing one into a magnetic sleep—presenting visions before their eyes of scenes passing afar off, it seems almost too ridiculous! Still it may be all *true*! A hundred years since, what would have been our feelings to see what is now here so common, a *steam engine*, breathing fire and smoke, gliding along with the rapidity of thought, and carrying at its *black heels* a train which a hundred men would fail to move. We know not but this apparent absurdity, this magnetism may be a great and mysterious secret, which the course of time will reveal and adapt to important purposes. \* \* \* \* \*

What are you studying? Do you play? Do you draw? Please tell me every thing. I wish I could form some picture of you to my mind's eye. It is so tormenting to correspond with a dear friend, and have no likeness of them in our fancy. I remember every thing as it used to be, but time makes great changes! Now here comes my saucy kitten, and springs upon the table before me as if he had a perfect right there. 'What do you mean, little puss? Come, sit for your portrait!' I hope, dear H., you will fully appreciate this painting, which I consider as my *chef-d'œuvre*, and preserve it as a faithful likeness of my inimitable cat. But do forgive me so much nonsense! But I feel that to you I can rattle off any thing that comes uppermost. It is near night, and the sun is setting so beautifully after the long storm that I could not sit here much longer, even if I had a whole page to fill. How splendid the moon must look on the bright waters of the Champlain this night! Good bye, good bye—love to all from all, and believe me, now as ever,

Your sincere friend,

MARGARET."

The following passages from her mother's memorandums, touch upon matters of more solemn interest, which occasionally occupied her young mind:

"During the whole of the preceding summer her mind had dwelt much upon the subject of religion. Much of her time was devoted to serious reflection, self-examination, and prayer. But she evidently shunned all conversation upon the subject. It was a theme she had always conversed upon with pleasure until *now*. This not only surprised but pained me. I was a silent but close and anxious observer of the operations of her mind, and saw that, with all her apparent cheerfulness, she was ill at ease; perfect silence

was however maintained on both sides until the winter commenced, and brought us more closely together. Then her young heart again reposed itself, in confiding love, upon the bosom that heretofore had shared its every thought, and the subject became one of daily discussion. I found her mind perplexed, and her ideas confused by points of doctrine which she could neither understand nor reconcile with her views of the justice and benevolence of God, as exhibited in the Scriptures. Her views of the divine character and attributes had ever been of that elevated cast, which, while they raised her mind above all grosser things, sublimated and purified her feelings and desires, and prepared her for that bright and holy communion without which she could enjoy nothing. Her faith was of that character 'which casteth out fear.' It was sweet and soothing to depend upon Jesus for salvation. It was delightful to behold, in the all-imposing majesty of God, a kind and tender father, who pitied her infirmities, and on whose justice and benevolence she could rest for time and eternity. She had, during the summer, heard much disputation on doctrinal points, which she had silently and carefully examined, and had been shocked at the position which many professing Christians had taken; she saw much inconsistency, much bitterness of spirit, on points which she had been taught to consider not essential to salvation; she saw that the spirit of persecution and uncharitableness which pervaded many classes of Christians, had almost totally destroyed that bond of brotherhood which ought firmly to unite the followers of the humble Saviour; and she could not reconcile these feelings with her ideas of the Christian character. Her meekness and humility led her sometimes to doubt her own state. She felt that her religious duties were but too feebly performed, and that without divine assistance all her resolutions to be more faithful were vain. She often said, 'Mamma, I am far from right. I resolve and re-resolve, and yet remain the same.' I had shunned every thing that savoured of controversy, knowing her enthusiasm and extreme sensibility on the subject of religion; I dreaded the excitement it might create. But I now more fully explained, as well as I was able, the simple and divine truths of the Gospel, and held up to her view the beauty and benevolence of the Father's character, and the unbounded love which could have devised the atoning sacrifice; and advised her at present to avoid controversial writings, and make a more thorough examination of the Scriptures, that she might find her principles upon the evidences to be deduced from that groundwork of our faith, unbiassed by the opinions and prejudices of *any man*. I represented to her, that, young as she was, while in feeble health, researches into those knotty and disputed

subjects would only confuse her mind; that there was enough of plain practical religion to be gathered from the Bible; and urged the importance of frequent and earnest prayer, which, with God's blessing, would compose the agitation of her mind, which I considered as essential to her inward peace.

On one occasion, while perusing Lockhart's Life of Scott with great interest, her mother ventured to sound her feelings upon the subject of literary fame, and asked her whether she had no ambition to have her name go down to posterity. She took her mother's hand with enthusiasm, kissed her cheek, and, retiring to the other room, in less than an hour returned with the following lines :

#### TO DIE AND BE FORGOTTEN.

A few short years will roll along,  
With mingled joy and pain,  
Then shall I pass—a broken tone!  
An echo of a strain!

Then shall I fade away from life,  
Like cloud-tints from the sky,  
When the breeze sweeps their surface o'er,  
And they are lost for aye.

The world will laugh, and weep, and sing,  
As gaily as before,  
But cold and silent I shall be—  
As I have been no more.

The haunts I loved, the flowers I nursed  
Will bloom as sweetly still,  
But other hearts and other hands  
My vacant place shall fill.

And even mighty love must fail  
To bind my memory here—  
Like fragrance round the faded rose,  
'T will perish with the year.

The soul may look with fervent hope  
To worlds of future bliss;  
But oh how saddening to the heart  
To be forgot in this!

How many a noble mind hath shrunk  
From death without a name:  
Hath look'd beyond his shadowy realm,  
And lived and died for fame.

Could we not view the darksome grave  
With calmer, steadier eye,  
If conscious that a world's regret  
Would seek us where we lie?

Faith points, with mild confiding glance,  
 To realms of bliss above,  
 Where peace, and joy, and justice reign,  
 And never-dying love!

But still our earthly feelings cling  
 Around this bounded spot;—  
 There is a something burns within  
 Which will not be forgot.

It cares not for a gorgeous hearse,  
 For waving torch and plume;  
 For pealing hymn, funereal verse,  
 Or richly sculptured tomb;

But it would live, undimm'd and fresh,  
 When flickering life departs;  
 Would find a pure and honour'd grave,  
 Embalm'd in kindred hearts.

Who would not brave a life of tears  
 To win an honour'd name?  
 One sweet and heart-awakening tone  
 From the silver trump of fame?

To be, when countless years have past,  
 The good man's glowing theme?  
 To be—but I—what right have I  
 To this bewildering dream?

Oh, it is vain, and worse than vain,  
 To dwell on thoughts like these;  
 I, a frail child, whose feeble frame  
 Already knows disease!

Who, ere another spring may dawn,  
 Another summer bloom,  
 May, like the flowers of autumn, lie  
 A tenant of the tomb.

Away, away, presumptuous thought,  
 I will not dwell on thee!  
 For what, alas! am I to fame,  
 And what is fame to me?

Let all these wild and longing thoughts  
 With the dying year expire,  
 And I will nurse within my breast  
 A purer, holier fire!

Yes, I will seek my mind to win  
 From all these dreams of strife,  
 And toil to write my name within  
 The glorious book of life.

Then shall old Time, who, rolling on,  
 Impels me towards the tomb,  
 Prepare for me a glorious crown,  
 Through endless years to bloom.

The confinement to the house, in a graduated temperature, the round of cheerful occupations, and the unremitting care taken of her, produced a visible melioration of her symptoms. Her cough gradually subsided, the morbid irritability of her system, producing often an unnatural flow of spirits, was quieted ; as usual, she looked forward to spring as the genial and delightful season that was to restore her to perfect health and freedom.

Christmas was approaching, which had ever been a time of social enjoyment in the family ; as it drew near, however, the remembrance of those lost from the fireside circle was painfully felt by Mrs. Davidson. Margaret saw the gloom on her mother's brow, and kissing her, exclaimed, "Dear mother, do not let us waste our present happiness in useless re-pining. You see I am well, and you are more comfortable, and dear father is in good health and spirits. Let us enjoy the present hour, and banish vain regrets !" Having given this wholesome advice, she tripped off with a light step to prepare Christmas presents for the servants, which were to be distributed by St. Nicholas or Santa Claus, in the old traditional way. Every animated being, rational or irrational, must share her liberality on that day of festivity and joy. Her Jenny, a little bay pony on which she had taken many healthful and delightful rides, must have a gayer blanket, and an extra allowance of oats. "On Christmas morning," says her mother, "she woke with the first sound of the old house-clock striking the hour of five, and twining her arms around my neck, (for during this winter she shared my bed,) and, kissing me again and again, exclaimed—

'Wake, mother, wake to youthful glee,  
The golden sun is dawning!'

then slipping a piece of paper into my hand, she sprang out of bed, and danced about the carpet, her kitten in her arms, with all the sportive glee of childhood. When I gazed upon her young face, so bright, so animated, and beautiful, beaming with innocence and love, and thought that perhaps this was the last anniversary of her Saviour's birth she might spend on earth, I could not suppress my emotions : I caught her to my bosom in an agony of tenderness, while she, all unconscious of the nature of my feelings, returned my caresses with playful fondness." The following verses were contained in the above-mentioned paper :

## TO MY MOTHER AT CHRISTMAS.

Wake, mother, wake to youthful glee,  
The golden sun is dawning !  
Wake, mother, wake, and hail with me  
This happy Christmas morning !

Each eye is bright with pleasure's glow,  
Each lip is laughing merrily ;  
A smile hath pass'd o'er winter's brow,  
And the very snow looks cheerily.

Hark to the voice of the waken'd day,  
To the sleigh-bells gaily ringing,  
While a thousand, thousand happy hearts  
Their Christmas lays are singing.

'T is a joyous hour of mirth and love,  
And my heart is overflowing !  
Come, let us raise our thoughts above,  
While pure, and fresh, and glowing.

'T is the happiest day of the rolling year,  
But it comes in a robe of mourning  
Nor light, nor life, nor bloom is here  
Its icy shroud adorning.

It comes when all around is dark,  
'T is meet it so should be,  
For its joy is the joy of the happy heart,  
The spirit's jubilee.

It does not need the bloom of spring,  
Or summer's light and gladness,  
For love has spread her beaming wing  
O'er winter's brow of sadness.

'T was thus he came, beneath a cloud  
His spirit's light concealing,  
No crown of earth, no kingly robe  
His heavenly power revealing.

His soul was pure, his mission love,  
His aim a world's redeeming ;  
To raise the darken'd soul above  
Its wild and sinful dreaming.

With all his Father's power and love  
The cords of guilt to sever ;  
To ope a sacred fount of light,  
Which flows, shall flow for ever.

Then we shall hail the glorious day,  
The spirit's new creation,  
And pour our grateful feelings forth,  
A pure and warm libation.

Wake, mother, wake to chasten'd joy,  
The golden sun is dawning !  
Wake, mother, wake, and hail with me  
This happy Christmas morning.

"The last day of the year 1837 arrived. 'Mamma,' said she, 'will you sit up with me to-night until after twelve?' I looked inquiringly. She replied, 'I wish to bid farewell to the present, and to welcome the coming year.' After the family retired, and we had seated ourselves by a cheerful fire to spend the hours which would intervene until the year 1838 should dawn upon us, she was serious, but not sad, and as if she had nothing more than usual upon her mind, took some light sewing in her hand, and so interested me by her conversation, that I scarcely noticed the flight of time. At half past eleven she handed me a book, pointing to some interesting article to amuse me, then took her seat at the writing-table, and composed the piece on the departure of the old year 1837, and the commencement of the new one 1838. When she had finished the Farewell, except the last verse, it wanted a few minutes of twelve. She rested her arms in silence upon the table, apparently absorbed in meditation. The clock struck—a sort of deep thought passed over her expressive face—she remained solemn and silent until the last tone had ceased to vibrate, when she again resumed her pen and wrote, 'The bell! it hath ceased.' When the clock struck, I arose from my seat and stood leaning over the back of her chair, with a mind deeply solemnized by a scene so new and interesting. The words flowed rapidly from her pen, without haste or confusion, and at one o'clock we were quietly in bed."

We again subjoin the poem alluded to, trusting that these effusions, which are so intimately connected with her personal history, will be read with greater interest, when given in conjunction with the scenes and circumstances which prompted them.

#### ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE YEAR 1837, AND THE COMMENCEMENT OF 1838.

Hark to the house-clock's measured chime,  
As it cries to the startled ear,  
"A dirge for the soul of departing time,  
A requiem for the year."

Thou art passing away to the mighty past,  
Where thy countless brethren sleep,  
Till the great Archangel's trumpet-blast,  
Shall waken land and deep.

Oh the lovely and beautiful things that lie  
On thy cold and motionless breast!  
Oh the tears, the rejoicings, the smiles, the sighs,  
Departing with thee to their rest.

Thou wert usher'd to life amid darkness and gloom,  
 But the cold icy cloud pass'd away,  
 And spring, in her verdure and freshness, and bloom,  
 Touch'd with glory thy mantle of gray.

The flow'rets burst forth in their beauty—the trees  
 In their exquisite robes were array'd,  
 But thou glidedst along, and the flower and the leaf,  
 At the sound of thy footsteps, decay'd.

And fairer young blossoms were blooming alone,  
 And they died at the glance of thine eye,  
 But a life was within which should rise o'er thine own,  
 And a spirit thou couldst not destroy.

Thou hast folded thy pinions, thy race is complete,  
 And fulfill'd the Creator's behest,  
 Then, adieu to thee, year of our sorrows and joys,  
 And peaceful and long be thy rest.

Farewell! for thy truth-written record is full,  
 And the page weeps, for sorrow and crime;  
 Farewell! for the leaf hath shut down on the past,  
 And conceal'd the dark annals of time.

The bell! it hath ceased with its iron tongue  
 To ring on the startled ear,  
 The dirge o'er the grave of the lost one is rung—  
 All hail to the new-born year!

All hail to the new-born year!  
 To the child of hope and fear!  
 He comes on his car of state,  
 And weaves our web of fate,  
 And he opens his robe to receive us all,  
 And we live or die, and we rise or fall,  
 In the arms of the new-born year!

Hope! spread thy soaring wings!  
 Look forth on the boundless sea,  
 And trace thy bright and beautiful things  
 On the veil of the great To Be.

Build palaces broad as the sky,  
 And store them with treasures of light,  
 Let exquisite visions bewilder the eye,  
 And illumine the darkness of night.

We are gliding fast from the buried year,  
 And the present is no more,  
 But hope, we will borrow thy sparkling gear,  
 And shroud the future o'er.

Our tears and sighs shall sleep  
 In the grave of the silent past;  
 We will raise up flowers—nor weep  
 That the air hues may not last.

We will dream our dreams of joy,  
 Ah, fear! why darken the scene?  
 Why sprinkle that ominous tear,  
 My beautiful visions between?

Hath not sorrow swift wings of her own,  
 That thou must assist in her flight?  
 Is not daylight too rapidly gone,  
 That thou must urge onward the night?

Ah! leave me to fancy, to hope,  
 For grief will too quickly be here;  
 Ah! leave me to shadow forth figures of light,  
 In the mystical robe of the year.

'T is true, they may never assume  
 The substance of pleasure,—the real,—  
 But believe me, our purest of joy  
 Consists in the vague—the ideal.

Then away to the darksome cave,  
 With thy sisters, the sigh and the tear,  
 We will drink, in the crystal wave,  
 To the health of the new-born year.

"She had been for some time thinking of a subject for a poem, and the next day, which was the first of January, came to me in great perplexity and asked my advice. I had long desired that she would direct her attention to the beautiful and sublime narratives of the Old Testament, and now proposed that she should take the Bible and examine it with that view. After an hour or two spent in research, she remarked that there were many, very many subjects of deep and thrilling interest; but if she now should make a failure, her discouragement would be such as to prevent her from ever making another attempt. 'I am now,' she said, 'trying my wings; I will take a lighter subject at first: if I succeed, I will then write a more perfect poem, founded upon Sacred History.'"

She accordingly took as a theme a prose tale, in a current work of the day, and wrote several pages with a flowing pen, but soon threw them by dissatisfied. It was irksome to employ the thoughts and fancies of another, and to have to adapt her own to the plan of the author. She wanted something original. "After some farther effort," says Mrs. Davidson, "she came to me out of spirits and in tears. 'Mother,' said she, 'I must give it up after all.' I asked the reason, and then remarked that as she had already so many labours upon her hands, and was still feeble, it might be the wisest course. 'Oh mother,' said she, 'that is not the reason; my head and my heart are full: poetic images are crowding upon my brain,

but every subject has been monopolised: "there is nothing new under the sun." I said, 'My daughter, that others have written upon a subject is not an objection. The most eminent writers do not always choose what is new.' 'Mother, dear mother, what can I say upon a theme which has been touched by the greatest men of this or some other age? I, a mere child; it is absurd in me to think of it.' She dropped beside me on the sofa, laid her head upon my bosom, and sobbed violently. I wiped the tears from her face, while my own were fast flowing, and strove to soothe the tumult of her mind. \* \* \* When we were both more calm, I said, 'Margaret, I had hoped that during this winter you would not have commenced or applied yourself to any important work; but if you feel in that way, I will not urge you to resign an occupation which gives you such exquisite enjoyment.'

Mrs. Davidson then went on to show to her that, notwithstanding the number of poets that had written, the themes and materials for poetry are inexhaustible. By degrees Margaret became composed, took up a book and read. The words of her mother dwelt in her mind. In a few days she brought her mother the introduction to a projected poem to be called *Lenore*. Mrs. Davidson was touched at finding the remarks she had made for the purpose of soothing the agitation of her daughter had served to kindle her imagination, and were poured forth with eloquence in those verses. The excitement continued, and the poem of *Lenore* was completed, corrected, and copied into her book by the first of March; having written her plan in prose at full length, containing about the same number of lines as the poem. "During its progress," says Mrs. Davidson, "when fatigued with writing, she would take her kitten, and recline upon her sofa, asking me to relate to her some of the scenes of the last war. Accordingly, I would while away our solitude by repeating anecdotes of that period; and before *Lenore* was completed she had advanced several pages in a prose tale, the scene of which was laid upon Lake Champlain during the last war. She at the same time executed faces and figures in crayon, which would not have disgraced the pencil of an artist. Her labours were truly immense. Yet a stranger coming occasionally to the house would hardly observe that she had any pressing avocations."

The following are extracts from a rough draught of a letter written to Miss Sedgwick about this time.

**"MY DEAR MADAM,**

"I wish I could express to you my pleasure on receiving your kind and affectionate letter. So far from considering myself neglected by your silence, I felt it a great privilege to be permitted to write to you, and knew that I ought not to expect a regular answer to every letter, even while I was longing, day after day, to receive this gratifying token of remembrance. Unless you had witnessed, I fear you would hardly believe my extravagant delight on reading the dear little folded paper, so expressive of your kind recollection. I positively danced for joy; bestowed a thousand caresses upon every body and every thing I loved, dreamed of you all night, and arose next morning (with a heart full,) to answer your letter, but was prevented by indisposition, and have not been able until now to perform a most pleasing duty by acknowledging its receipt. My health during the past winter has been much better than we had anticipated. It is true I have been with dear mother, entirely confined to the house, but being able to read, write, and perform all my usual employments, I feel that I have much more reason to be thankful for the blessings continued to me, than to repine because a few have been denied. But spring is now here in name, if not in reality, and I can assure you my heart bounds at the thought of once more escaping from my confinement, and breathing the pure air of Heaven, without fearing a blight or consumption in every breeze. Spring! What pleasure does that magic syllable convey to the heart of an invalid, laden with sweet promises, and bringing before his mind visions of liberty, which those who are always free cannot enjoy. Thus do I dream of summer, I may never see, and make myself happy for hours in anticipating pleasures I may never share. It is an idle employment, and little calculated to sweeten disappointment. But it has opened to me many sources of delight otherwise unknown; and when out of humour with the present, I have only to send fancy flower-gathering in the future, and I find myself fully repaid. Dear mother's health has also been much better than we had feared, and her ill turns less frequent and severe. She sits up most of the day, walks around the lower part of the house, and enjoys her book and her pen as much as ever. \* \* \* \* \* You speak of your intercourse with Mrs. Jameson. It must indeed be an exquisite pleasure to be intimately associated with a mind like hers. I have never seen any thing but extracts from her writings, but must obtain and read them. I suppose the world is anxiously looking for her next volume. \* \* \* We have been reading Lockhart's Life of Scott. Is it not a deeply interesting work? In what a beautiful light it represents the character of that great and good man!

No one can read his life or his works without loving and venerating him. As to 'the waters of Helicon' we have but a few niggardly streams in this, our matter-of-fact village; and father in his medical capacity has forbidden my partaking of them as freely as I could wish. But no matter, they have been frozen up, and will flow in 'streams more salubrious' beneath the milder sky of spring."

In all her letters we find a solicitude about her mother's health, rather than about her own, and indeed it was difficult to say which was most precarious.

The following extract from a poem written about this time to "Her Mother on her fiftieth Birthday" presents a beautiful portrait, and does honour to the filial hand that drew it.

Yes, mother, fifty years have fled  
With rapid footsteps o'er thy head;  
Have past with all their motley train,  
And left thee on thy couch of pain!  
How many smiles and sighs and tears,  
How many hopes and doubts and fears  
Have vanish'd with that lapse of years.

Oh that we all could look like thee,  
Back on that dark and tideless sea,  
And 'mid its varied records find  
A heart at ease with all mankind,  
A firm and self-approving mind—  
Grief that had broken hearts less fine  
Hath only served to strengthen thine.

Time that doth chill the fancy's play  
Hath kindled thine with purer ray:  
And stern disease, whose icy dart  
Hath power to chill the breaking heart,  
Hath left thine warm with love and truth,  
As in the halcyon days of youth.

The following letter was written on the 26th of March, to a female cousin resident in New York.

"DEAR KATE: This day I am fifteen, and you can, you will, readily pardon and account for the absurd flights of my pen, by supposing that my tutelary spirits, nonsense and folly, have assembled around the being of their creation, and claimed the day as exclusively their own; then I pray you to lay to their account all that I have already scribbled, and believe that, uninfluenced by these grinning deities, I can think and feel, and love, as I love you with all warmth and sincerity of heart. Do you remember how we used to look forward to sweet fifteen as the pinnacle of human happiness, the golden age of existence? You have but lately passed that milestone in the highway of life; I have just reached it, but I find myself no better satisfied to

stand still than before, and look forward to the continuance of my journey with the same ardent longing I felt at fourteen.

"Ah, Kate, here we are, two young travellers starting forth upon our long pilgrimage, and knowing not whither it may conduct us! *You* some months my superior in age, and many years in acquaintance with society, in external attractions, and all those accomplishments necessary to form an elegant woman. *I*, knowing nothing of life but from books, and a small circle of friends, who love me as I love them; looking upon the *past* as a faded dream, which I shall have time enough to study and expound when old age and sorrow come on; upon the *present* as a nursling, a preparative for the *future*; and upon that future, as what! a mighty whirlpool, of hopes and fears, of bright anticipations and bitter disappointments, into which I shall soon plunge, and find there, in common with the rest of the world, my happiness or misery." \* \* \*

The following to a young friend, was also written on the 26th of March.

"MY DEAR H.: You must know that winter has come, and gone, and neither mother nor myself have felt a single breeze which could not force its way through the thick walls of our little dwelling. Do you not think I am looking gladly forward to April and May, as the lovely sisters who are to unlock the doors of our prison house, and give us once more to the free enjoyment of nature, without fearing a blight or a consumption in every breath? And now for another, and even more delightful anticipation—your visit! Are you indeed coming! And when are you coming? Do answer the first, that I may for once have the pleasure of framing delightful visions without finding them dashed to the ground by the iron hand of reality; and the last, that I may not expect you too soon, and thus subject myself to all the bitterness of "hope deferred." Come, for I have so much to say to you, that I cannot possibly contain it until summer; and come quickly, unless you are willing to account for my wasted time as well as your own, for I shall do little else but dream of you and your visit until the time of your arrival. You cannot imagine how those few words in your little *good for nothing* letter have completely upset my wonted gravity. Do not disappoint me. It is true, mother and I are both feeble and unable to go out with you and show you the lions of our little village; but if warm welcomes can atone for the want of ceremony, you shall have them in abundance: but it seems to me that I shall want to pin you down in a chair, and do nothing but look at you from morning till night. As to coming to Plattsburgh, I think if we cannot do so in the spring, (which is

doubtful,) we certainly shall in the course of the summer. Brother M. wrote to me yesterday, saying that he would spend the month of August in the country, and if nothing occurred to prevent, we would take our delightful trip by the way of Lake George. Oh it will be so pleasant! But my anticipations are now all bent upon a nearer object. Do not allow a slight impediment to destroy them. We expect in May to move to Saratoga. We shall then have a more convenient house, better society, and the benefit of a school in which I can practise music and drawing, without being obliged to attend regularly. We shall then be a few miles nearer to you, and at present that seems something desirable to me. I have read and own three volumes of Scott's life, and was much disappointed to find that it was not finished in these three, but concluded the remainder had not yet come out. Are the five volumes all? it is indeed a deeply interesting work. I am very fond of biography, for surely there can be nothing more delightful or instructive than to trace in the infancy and youth of every noble mind the germs of its future greatness. Have you read a work called Letters from Palmyra, by Mr. Ware of New York? I have not yet seen it, but intend to do so soon. It is written in the character of a citizen of Rome at that early period, and it is said to be a lively picture of the manners and customs of the imperial city, and still more of the magnificence of Palmyra, and its splendid queen Zenobia. It also contains a beautiful story. I have lately been re-perusing many of Scott's novels, and intend to finish them. Was ever any thing half so fascinating? Oh how I long to have you here and tell you all these little things in person. Do write to me immediately, and tell me when we may expect you; I shall open your next with a beating heart. Do excuse all the blunders and scrawls of this hasty letter. You must receive it as a proof of friendship, for to a stranger, or one who I thought would look upon it with a cold and critical eye, I certainly should not send it. I believe you and I have entered into a tacit agreement to forgive any little mistakes, which the other may chance to commit. *Croyez moi ma chère amie votre*

MARGUERITE."

The spirits of this most sensitive little being became more and more excited with the opening of spring. "She watched," says her mother, "the putting forth of the tender grass and the young blossoms as the period which was to liberate her from captivity. She was pleased with every body and every thing. She loved every thing in nature, both animate and inanimate, with a warmth of affection which displayed the

benevolence of her own heart. She felt that she was well, and oh! the bright dreams and imaginings the cloudless future presented to her ardent mind—all was sunny and gay."

The following letter is highly expressive of the state of her feelings at that period.

"A few days since, my dearest cousin, I received your affectionate letter, and if my heart smote me at the sight of the well-known superscription, you may imagine how unmercifully it thumped on reading a letter so full of affection, and so entirely devoid of reproach for my unkindly negligence. I can assure you, my dear coz, you could have no better way of striking home to my heart the conviction of my error; and I resolved that hour, that moment, to lay my confessions at your feet, and sue for forgiveness; I knew you were too gentle to refuse. But alas! for human resolves! We were that afternoon expecting brother M. Dear brother! And how could I collect my floating thoughts and curl myself up into a corner with pen, ink and paper before me, when my heart was flying away over the sand-hills of this unromantic region, to meet and embrace and welcome home the wanderer? If it can interest you, picture to yourself the little scene: Mother and I breathless with expectation, gazing from the window, in mute suspense, and listening to the '*phiz, phiz,*' of the great steam-engine. Then when we caught a rapid glance of his trim little figure, how we bounded away over chairs, sofas, and kittens, to bestow in reality the greeting fancy had so often given him. Oh! what is so delightful as to welcome a friend! Well, three days have passed like a dream, and he is gone again. I am seated at my little table by the fire. Mother is sewing beside me. Puss is slumbering on the hearth, and nothing external remains to convince us of the truth of that bright sunbeam which had suddenly broken upon our quiet retreat, and departed like a vision as suddenly. When shall we have the pleasure of welcoming *you* thus, my beloved cousin? Your flying call of last summer was but an aggravation. Oh! may all good angels watch over you and all you love, shake the dew of health from their balmy wings upon your smiling home, and waft you hither, cheerful and happy, to sojourn awhile with the friends who love you so dearly! All hail to spring, the bright, the blooming, the renovating spring! Oh! I am so happy—I feel a lightness at my heart, and a vigour in my frame that I have rarely felt. If I speak, my voice forms itself into a laugh. If I look forward, every thing seems bright before me. If I look back, memory calls up what is pleasant, and my greatest desire is that my pen could fling a ray of sunshine over this scribbled page, and infuse into your heart some of the cheerfulness of my own.

I have been confined to the house all winter, as it was thought the best and only way of restoring my health. Now my symptoms are all better, and I am looking forward to next month and its blue skies with the most childish impatience. By the way, I am not to be called a child any more; for yesterday I was *fifteen*, what say you to that? I feel quite like an old woman, and think of putting on caps and spectacles next month."

It was during the same exuberance of happy feeling, with the delusive idea of confirmed health, and the anticipation of bright enjoyments, that she broke forth like a bird into the following strain of melody.

Oh, my bosom is throbbing with joy,  
With a rapture too full to express;  
From within and without I am blest,  
And the world, like myself, I would bless.

All nature looks fair to my eye,  
From beneath and around and above,  
Hope smiles in the clear azure sky,  
And the broad earth is glowing with love.

I stand on the threshold of life,  
On the shore of its wide-rolling sea,  
I have heard of its storms and its strife,  
But all things are tranquil to me.

There's a veil o'er the future—'t is bright  
As the wing of a spirit of air,  
And each form of enchantment and light  
Is trembling in Iris hues there.

I turn to the world of affection,  
And warm, glowing treasures are mine;  
To the past, and my fond recollection  
Gathers roses from memory's shrine.

But oh, there's a fountain of joy  
More rich than a kingdom beside;  
It is holy—death cannot destroy  
The flow of its heavenly tide.

'T is the love that is gushing within—  
It would bathe the whole world in its light  
The cold stream of time shall not quench,  
The dark frown of woe shall not blight.

These visions of pleasure may vanish,  
These bright dreams of youth disappear  
Disappointment each air hue may banish,  
And drown each frail joy in a tear.

I may plunge in the billows of life,  
I may taste of its dark cup of woe,  
I may weep, and the sad drops of grief  
May blend with the waves as they flow

I may dream, till reality's shadow  
O'er the light form of fancy is cast ;  
I may hope, until hope, too, despairing  
Has crept—to the grave of the past.

But though the wild waters surround me,  
Misfortune, temptation, and sin,  
Though fear be about and beyond me,  
And sorrow's dark shadow within ;

Though age, with an icy-cold finger,  
May stamp his pale seal on my brow  
Still, still in my bosom shall linger  
The glow that is warming it now.

Youth will vanish, and pleasure, gay charmer,  
May depart on the wings of to-day,  
But that spot in my heart shall grow warmer,  
As year after year rolls away.

“ While her spirits were thus light and gay,” says Mrs. Davidson, “ from the prospect of returning health, my more mature judgment told me that those appearances might be deceptive—that even now the destroyer might be making sure his work of destruction ; but she really seemed better, the cough had subsided, her step was buoyant, her face glowed with animation, her eye was bright, and love, boundless, universal love, seemed to fill her young heart. Every symptom of her disease assumed a more favourable cast. Oh how my heart swelled with the mingled emotions of hope, doubt, and gratitude ! Our hopes of her ultimate recovery seemed to be founded upon reason, yet her father still doubted the propriety of our return to Lake Champlain ; and as Saratoga held out many more advantages than Ballston as a temporary residence, he decided to spend the ensuing year or two there ; and then we might perhaps, without much risk, return to our much-loved and long-deserted home on the banks of the Saranac. Accordingly a house was taken, and every preparation made for our removal to Saratoga on the first of May. Margaret was pleased with the arrangement.”

The following playful extract of a letter to her brother in New York, exhibits her feelings on the prospect of their change of residence :

“ I now most humbly avail myself of your most gracious permission to scribble you a few lines in token of my everlasting love. ‘ This is to inform you I am very well, hoping these few lines will find you in possession of the same blessing ’—notwithstanding the blue streaks that flitted over your pathway a few days after you left us. Perhaps it was occa-

sioned by remorse, at the cruelty of your parting speech; perhaps it was the reflection of a bright blue eye, upon the deep waters of your soul; but let the cause be what it may, 'black spirits or white, blue spirits or grey,' I hope the effect has entirely disappeared, and you are no longer tinged with its most doleful shadow. A blue sky, a blue eye, or the blue dye of the violet, are all undeniably beautiful, but this tint when transferred from the works of nature to the brow of man, or the stockings of woman, becomes a thing to ridicule or weep at. May your spirits henceforth, my dear brother, be preserved from this ill-omened influence, and may your feet and ankles never be graced with garments of a hue so repulsive. Oh, brother, we are all in the heat of moving; we, I say—you will account for the use of that personal pronoun on the authority of the old proverb, 'What a dust we flies raise,' for, to be frank with you, I have little or nothing to do with it, but poor mother is over head and ears in boxes, bedclothes, carpets, straw and discussions. Our hall is already filled with the fruits of her labours and perseverance, in the shape of certain blue chests, carpet cases, trunks, boxes, &c., all ready for a move. Dear mother is head, hands, and feet for the whole machine; our *two helps* being nothing but cranks, which turn when you touch them, and cease their rotary movement when the force is withdrawn. Heigho! We miss our good C——, with her quick invention and hopeful hand. \* \* \* \* \* Oh, my dear brother, I am anticipating so much pleasure next summer, I hope it will not all prove a dream. It will be so delightful when you come up in August and bring cousin K—— with you; tell her I am calculating upon this pleasure with all my powers of fore-enjoyment—tell her also, that I am waiting most impatiently for that annihilating letter of hers, and if it does not come soon, I shall send her another cannonade, ere she has recovered the stunning effects of the first. Oh dear! I have written a most disunderstandable letter, and now you must excuse me, as I have declared war against M——, and after mending my pen, must collect all my scattered ideas into a fleet, and launch them for a combat upon a whole sea of ink."

"The exuberance of her spirits," says her mother, "as the spring advanced, and she was enabled once more to take exercise in the open air, displayed itself in every thing. Her heart was overflowing with thankfulness and love. Every fine day in the latter part of April, she either rode on horseback or drove out in a carriage. All nature looked lovely to her, not a tree or shrub but conveyed some poetical image or moral lesson to her mind. The moment, however, that she

began to take daily exercise in the open air, I again heard with agony the prophetic cough. I felt that all was over! She thought that she had taken cold, and our friends were of the same opinion. 'It was a slight cold which would vanish beneath the mild influence of spring.' I, however, feared that her father's hopes might have blinded his judgment, and upon my own responsibility consulted a skilful physician, who had on many former occasions attended her. She was not aware of my present alarm, or that the physician was now consulted. He managed in a playful manner to feel her pulse, without her suspicions. After he had left the room, 'Madam,' said he, 'it is useless to hold out any false hopes; your daughter has a seated consumption, which is, I fear, beyond the reach of medical skill. There is no hope in the case; make her as happy and as comfortable as you can; let her enjoy riding in pleasant weather, but her walks must be given up; walking is too great an exertion for her.' With an aching heart I returned to the lovely unconscious victim, and found her tying on her hat for a ramble. I gently tried to dissuade her from going. She caught my eye, and read there a tale of grief, which she could not understand, and I could not explain. As soon as I dared trust my voice, I said, 'My dear Margaret, nothing has happened, only I have just been speaking with Dr. —, respecting you, and he advises that you give up walking altogether. Knowing how much you enjoy it, I am pained to mention this, for I know that it will be a great privation.' 'Why, mamma,' she exclaimed, 'this cold is wearing off, may I not walk then?' 'The Doctor thinks you should make no exertion of that kind, but riding in fine weather may have a happy effect.' She stood and gazed upon my face long and earnestly; then untied her hat and sat down, apparently ruminating upon what had past; she asked no questions, but an expression of thoughtfulness clouded her brow during the rest of the day. It was settled that she was to ride out in fine weather, but not to walk out at all, and in a day or two she seemed to have forgotten the circumstance altogether. The return of the cough, and profuse night perspirations, too plainly told me her doom, but I still clung to the hope, that, as she suffered no pain, she might, by tender judicious treatment, continue yet for years. I urged her to remit her labours; she saw how much my heart was in the request, and promised to comply with my wishes. On the first of May we removed to Saratoga. One

short half hour in the railroad-car completed the journey, and she arrived fresh, cheerful, and blooming in her appearance, such an effect had the excitement of pleasure upon her lovely face."

On the day we left Ballston she wrote a "Parting Word" to Mrs. H., who had been one of our most intimate and affectionate visitors throughout the winter, and whose husband had assisted her much in her studies of moral philosophy, as well as delighted her by his varied and instructive conversation.

#### A PARTING WORD TO MY DEAR MRS. H.

Ballston Spa, April 30, 1838

At length the awful morn hath come,  
The parting hour is nigh,  
And I sit down 'mid dust and gloom,  
To bid you brief "good-bye."

Each voice to fancy's listening ear  
Repeats the doleful cry,  
And the bare walls and sanded floor  
Re-echo back "good-bye."

So must it be; but many a thought  
Comes crowding on my mind,  
Of the dear friends, the happy hours,  
The joys we leave behind.

How we shall miss your cheerful face,  
For ever bright and smiling,  
And your sweet voice, so often heard,  
Our weary hours beguiling!

How shall we miss the kindly hearts,  
Which none can know unloving,  
Whose thoughts and feelings none can read,  
Nor find his own improving!

And he, whose converse, hour by hour,  
Hath lent old Time new pinions,  
Whose hand hath drawn the shadowy veil  
From wisdom's broad dominions;

Whose voice hath poured forth priceless gems,  
Scarce conscious that he taught,  
Whose mind of broad, of loftiest reach,  
Hath shower'd down thought on thought.

True, we may meet with many a dear  
And cherish'd friend, but yet  
Oft shall we cast a backward glance  
Of wistful, vain regret.

When evening spreads her sombre veil,  
To fold the slumbering earth,  
When our small circle closes round  
The humble, social hearth—

Oft shall we dream of hours gone by,  
 And con these moments o'er,  
 Till we half bend our ears to catch  
 Your footsteps at the door,  
 And then turn back and sigh to think  
 We hear those steps no more !

But though these dismal thoughts arise  
 Hope makes me happy still ;  
 There is a drop of comfort lurks  
 In every draught of ill !

By pain and care each joy of earth  
 More exquisite is made,  
 And when we meet, the parting grief  
 Shall doubly be o'erpaid.

In disappointments deep too quick  
 Our fairest prospects down,  
 Let not this hope, which blooms so bright,  
 Be wither'd at his frown !

Come, and a mother's pallid cheek  
 Shall brighten at your smile,  
 And her poor frame, so faint and weak,  
 Forget its pains the while.

Come, and a glad and happy heart  
 Shall give the welcome kiss,  
 And puss shall purr, and frisk, and mew,  
 In token of her bliss.

Come ! and behold how I improve  
 In dusting—cleaning—sweeping ;  
 And I will hear, with patient ear,  
 Your lectures on housekeeping.

And now, may all good angels guard  
 Your path where'er it lie ;  
 May peace reign monarch in your breast,  
 And gladness in your eye.

And may the dews of health descend  
 On him you cherish best,  
 To his worn frame their influence lend,  
 And calm each nerve to rest !

And may we meet again, nor feel  
 The parting hour so nigh—  
 Peace, love, and happiness to all,  
 Once more—once more, “good-bye !”

“She interested herself,” continued Mrs. Davidson, “more than I had anticipated in the arrangement of our new habitation, and in forming plans of future enjoyment with our friends when they should visit us ; I exerted myself to please her taste in every thing, although she was prohibited from making the slightest physical exertion herself. The house

settled, then came the flower-garden, in which she spent more time than I thought prudent; but she was so happy while thus engaged, and the weather being fine, and the gardener disposed to gratify and carry all her little plans into effect, I, like a weak mother, wanted resolution to interfere, and have always reproached myself for it, although not conscious that it was an injury at the time. Her brother had invited her to return to New York with him when he came to visit us in June, and she was now impatiently counting the days until his arrival. Her feelings are portrayed in a letter to her young friend H."

"Saratoga, June 1, 1838.

"June is at last with us, my dear cousin, and the blue-eyed goddess could not have looked upon the green bosom of her mother earth attired in a lovelier or more enchanting robe. I am seated by an open window, and the breeze, laden with the perfumes of the blossoms and opening leaves, just lifts the edge of my sheet, and steals with the gentlest footsteps imaginable to fan my cheek and forehead. The grass, tinged with the deepest and freshest green, is waving beneath its influence; the birds are singing their sweetest songs; and as I look into the depths of the clear blue sky the rich tints appear to flit higher and higher as I gaze, till my eye seems searching into immeasurable distance. Oh! such a day as this, it is a luxury to breathe. I feel as if I could frisk and gambol like my kitten from the mere consciousness of life. Yet with all the loveliness around me I reperuse your letter, and long for wings to fly from it all to the dull atmosphere and crowded highways of the city. Yes! I could then look into your eyes, and I should forget the blue sky; and your smile, and your voice would doubly compensate me for the loss of green trees and singing birds. There are green trees in the heart which shed a softer perfume, and birds which sing more sweetly. 'Nonsense! Mag is growing sentimental!' I knew you would say so, but the streak came across me, and you have it at full length. In plainer terms, how delighted, how more than delighted I shall be when I do come! when I do come, Kate! oh! oh! oh!—what would our language be without interjections, those expressive parts of speech, which say so much in so small a compass! Now I am sure you can understand from these three syllables all the pleasure, the rapture I anticipate; the meeting, the parting, all the component parts of that great whole which I denominate a visit to New York! No, not to New York! but to the few dear friends whose society will afford me all the enjoyment I expect or desire, and who, in fact, constitute all my New York.

June 2d. I had written thus far, dear Kate, when I was most agreeably interrupted by a proposal for a ride on horseback; my sheet slid of itself into the open drawer, my hat and dress flew on as if by instinct, and in ten minutes I was galloping full speed through the streets of our little village with father by my side. I rode till nearly tea-time, and came home tired, tired, tired; oh, I ache to think of it. My poor letter slept all night as soundly as its writer, but now that another day has dawned, the very opposite of its predecessor, damp, dark, and rainy, I have drawn it forth from its receptacle, and seek to dissipate all outward gloom, by communing with one the thought of whom conveys to my mind any thing but melancholy. Oh, Kate, Kate, in spite of your disinterested and sober advice to the contrary, I shall come, I shall soon come, just as soon as M. can and will run up for me. Yet, perhaps, in the end I shall be disappointed. My happy anticipations resemble the cloudless sky of yesterday, and who knows but a stormy to-morrow may erase the brilliant tints of hope as well as those of nature. \* \* \* \* \* Do write quickly, and tell me if I am to prepare. If you continue to feel as when you last wrote, and still advise me not to come, I shall dispose of your advice in the most approved manner, throw it to the winds, and embark armed and equipped for your city, to make my destined visit, and fulfil its conditions by fair means or foul, and bring you home in triumph. Oh! we shall have fine times. Oh dear, I blush to look back upon my sheet and see so many I's in it."

The time of her brother's coming drew near. He would be with us at nine in the morning. At eleven they were to start. I prepared all for her departure with my own hand, lest, should I trust it to a domestic to make the arrangements, she would make some exertion herself. She sat by me while thus engaged, relating playful anecdotes, until I urged her to retire for the night. On going into her room an hour or two afterwards, I was alarmed to find her in a high fever. About midnight she was taken with bleeding at the lungs. I flew to her father, and in a few minutes a vein was opened in her arm. To describe our feelings at this juncture is impossible. We stood gazing at each other in mute despair. After that shock had subsided her father retired, and I seated myself by the bedside to watch her slumbers, and the rising sun found me still at my post. She awoke, pale, feeble and exhausted by the debilitating perspiration which attended her sleep. She was surprised to find that I had not been in bed; but when she attempted to speak I laid my finger upon her lips and

desired her to be silent. She understood my motive, and when I bent my head to kiss her, I saw a tear upon her cheek. I told her the necessity of perfect quiet, and the danger which would result from agitation. Before her brother came, she desired to rise. I assisted her to do so, and he found her quietly seated in her easy chair, perfectly composed in manner, and determined not to increase her difficulties by giving way to feelings which must at that time have oppressed her heart. My son was greatly shocked to find her in this state. I met him and urged the importance of perfect self-possession on his part, as any sudden agitation might in her present alarming state be fatal. Poor fellow! he subdued his feelings and met her with a cheerful smile which concealed a heart almost bursting with sorrow. The propriety of her taking this jaunt had been discussed by her father and myself for a number of weeks. We both thought her too ill to leave home, but her strong desire to go, the impression she had imbibed that travelling would greatly benefit her health, and the pleading of friends in her behalf, on the ground that disappointment would have a more unfavourable effect than the journey possibly could have, all had their effect in leading us to consent. It was possible it might be of use to her, although it was at best an experiment of a doubtful nature. But this attack was decisive: yet caution must be used in breaking the matter to her in her present weak state. Her brother stayed a day or two with us, and then returned, telling her that when she was able to perform the journey, he would come again and take her with him. After he left us, she soon regained her usual strength, and in a fortnight her brother returned and took her to New York.

The anxiety of Mrs. Davidson was intense until she received her first letter. It was written from New York, and in a cheerful vein, speaking encouragingly of her health, but showing more solicitude about the health and well being of her mother than of her own. She continued to write frequently, giving animated accounts of scenes and persons.

The following extract relates to an excursion, in company with two of her brothers, into West Chester county, one of the pleasantest, and, until recently, the least fashionably known, regions on the banks of the Hudson.

“At three o'clock, we were in the Singsing steamer, with the water sparkling below, and the sun broiling over head. In the course of our sail a huge thundercloud arose, and I

retreated, quite terrified, to the cabin. But it proved a refreshing shower. Oh! how sweet, how delightful the air was! When we landed at the dock, every thing looked so fresh and green! We mounted into a real country vehicle, and rattled up the hill to the village inn, a quiet, pleasant little house. I was immediately shown to my room, where I stayed until tea-time, enjoying the prospect of a splendid sunset upon the mountains, and resting after the fatigues of the day. At seven, we drank tea, a meal strongly contrasted with the fashionable meagre unsocial city tea. The table was crowded with every thing good, in the most bountiful style, and served with the greatest attention by the landlord's pretty daughter. I retired soon after tea, and slept soundly until daybreak. After breakfast, we sent for a carriage to take us along the course of the Croton, to see the famous water-works, but, to our disappointment, every carriage was engaged, and we could not go. In the afternoon, a party was made up to go in a boat across the river, and ascend a mountain to a singular lake upon its summit, where all the implements of fishing were provided, and a collation was prepared. In short it was a pic-nic. To this we were invited, but on learning they would not return until nine or ten in the evening, that scheme also was abandoned. Towards night we walked around the village, looked at the tunnel, and visited the ice-cream man, and in spite of my various disappointments, I retired quite happy and pleased with my visit. The next day was Sunday, and we proposed going to the little Dutch church, a few miles distant, and hearing the service performed in Dutch; but lo! on drawing aside my curtains in the morning, it rained, and we were obliged to content ourselves as well as we could until the rain was over. After dinner the sun again peeped out, as if for our special gratification, and in a few minutes a huge country wagon, with a leathern top and two sleek horses, drew up to the door. We mounted into it, and away we rattled over the most beautiful country I ever saw. Oh! it was magnificent! Every now and then the view of the broad Hudson, with its distant hills, and the clouds resting on their summits, burst upon our view. Now we would ascend a lofty hill, clothed with forests, and verdure of the most brilliant hues; now dash down into a deep ravine with a stream winding and gurgling along its bed, with its tiny waves rushing over the wheel of some rustic mill, embosomed in its shade and solitude. Every now and then the gable end of some low Dutch building would present itself before us, smiling in its peaceful stillness, and conveying to the mind a perfect picture of rural simplicity and comfort, although, perhaps, of ignorance. At length we paused upon the summit of a gentle hill, and

judge of my delight when I beheld below me the old Dutch church, the quiet, secluded, beautiful little churchyard, the running stream, the path, and the rustic bridge, the ever memorable scene of Ichabod's adventure with the *headless horseman*. There, thought I, rushed the poor pedagogue, his knees cramped up to his saddle-bow with fear, his hands grasping his horse's mane, with convulsive energy, in the hope that the running stream might arrest the progress of his fearful pursuer, and allow him to pass in safety. Vain hope! scarce had he reached the bridge when he heard, rattling behind him, the hoofs of his fiendish companion. The church seemed in a blaze to his bewildered eyes, and urging on, on, he turned to look once more, when, horror of horrors! the head, the fearful head, was in the act of descending upon his devoted shoulders. Ha! ha! ha! I never laughed so in my life. Well, we rode on through the scene of poor Andre's capture, and dashed along the classic valley of Sleepy Hollow. After a long and delightful drive, we returned in time for tea. After tea we were invited into Mrs. F.'s parlour, where, after a short time, were collected quite a party of ladies and gentlemen. At nine we were served with ice-cream, wine, &c. I retired very much pleased and very much fatigued. Early in the morning we rose with the most brilliant sun, breakfasted, mounted once more into the wagon, and rattled off to the dock. Oh! that I could describe to you how fresh and sweet the air was. I felt as if I wanted to open my mouth wide and inhale it. We gave M. our parting kisses, and soon found ourselves once more, after this charming episode, approaching the mighty city. We had a delightful sail of two or three hours, and again rode up to dear aunt M.'s, where all seemed glad at my return. I spent the remainder of the day in resting and reading."

In these artless epistles, continues Mrs. Davidson, there is much of character, for who could imagine this constant cheerfulness, this almost forgetfulness of self, these affectionate endeavours, by her sweetly playful account of all her employments while absent, to dispel the grief which she knew was preying upon my mind on account of her illness? Who could conceive the pains she took to conceal from me the ravages which disease was daily making upon her form? She was never heard to complain, and in her letters to me, she hardly alludes to her illness. The friends to whom I had entrusted her, during her short period of absence, sometimes feared that she would never be able to reach home again. Her brother told me, but not until long after her return, that

on her way home she really fainted several times from debility—and that he took her from the boat to the carriage as he would have done an infant.

On the sixth of July, I once more folded to my heart this cherished object of my solicitude; but oh, the change which three short weeks had wrought in her appearance struck me forcibly. I was so wholly unprepared for it, that I nearly fainted. After the excitement of the meeting (which she had evidently summoned all her fortitude to bear with composure) was over, she sat down by me, and passing her thin arm around my waist, said, "Oh, my dear mamma, I am home again at last; I now feel as if I never wanted to leave you again; I have had a delightful visit, my friends were all glad to see me, and have watched over me with all the kindness and care which affection could dictate, but oh, there is no place like home, and no care like a mother's care; there is something in the very air of home, and in the sound of your voice, mother, which makes me happier just now, than all the scenes which I have passed through in my little jaunt; oh, after all, home is the only place for a person as much out of health as I am." I strove to suppress my emotions, while I marked her pale cheek and altered countenance. She fixed her penetrating eyes upon my face, kissed me, and drawing back to take a more full survey of the effects which pain and anxiety had wrought in me, kissed me again and again, saying, "she knew I had deeply felt the want of her society, and now once more at home, she should so prize its comforts as to be in no haste to leave it again." She was much wasted, and could hardly walk from one room to another; her cough was very distressing; she had no pain, but a languor and depression of spirits, foreign to her nature. She struggled against this debility, and called up all the energies of her mind to overcome it; her constant reply to inquiries about her health, by the friends who called, was the same as formerly, "Well, quite well—mother calls me an invalid, but I feel well." Yet, to me, when alone, she talked more freely of her symptoms, and I thought I could discern from her manner, that she had apprehensions as to the result. I had often endeavoured to acquire firmness sufficient to tell her what was her situation, but she seemed so studiously to avoid the disclosure, that my resolution had hitherto been unequal to the task. But I was much surprised one day, not long after her return from New York, by her asking me to tell her, without reserve, my

opinion of her state. The question wrung my very heart; I was wholly unprepared for it, and it was put in so solemn a manner, that I could not evade it, were I disposed to do so. I knew with what strong affection she clung to life, and the objects and friends which endeared it to her; I knew how bright the world upon which she was just entering appeared to her young fancy, what glowing pictures she had drawn of future usefulness and happiness. I was now called upon, at one blow, to crush these hopes, to destroy the delightful visions, which had hovered around her from her cradle until this very period; it would be cruel and wrong to deceive her, in vain I attempted a reply to her direct and solemn appeal, and my voice grew husky; several times I essayed to speak, but the words died away on my lips; I could only fold her to my heart in silence, imprint a kiss upon her forehead, and leave the room to avoid agitating her with feelings I had no power to repress.

The following extract from a letter to her brother in New York, dated a short time after this incident occurred, and which I never saw until after her departure, will best portray her own feelings at this period.

"As to my health at present, I feel as well as when you were here, and the cough is much abated, but it is evident to me, that mother thinks me not so well as before I left home; I do not myself believe that I have gained any thing from the visit, and in a case like mine, standing still is certainly loss, but I feel no worse. However, I have learned that feelings are no criterion of disease. Now, brother, I want to know what Dr. M—— discovered, or thought he discovered, in his examination of my lungs; father says nothing—mother, when I ask, cannot tell me, and looks so sad! Now, I ask you, hoping to be answered. If you have not heard the doctor say, I wish you would ask him, and write to me. If it is more unfavourable than I anticipate, it is best I should know now; if it is contrary, how much pain and restlessness and suspicion, will be spared me by the knowledge. As to myself, I feel and know that my health is in a most precarious state, that the disease we dread has perhaps fastened upon me, but I have an impression that if I make use of the proper remedies and exercise, I may yet recover a tolerable degree of health. I do not feel that my case is incurable; I wish to know if I am wrong. I have rode on horseback twice since you left me; dear, dear brother, what a long egotistic letter I have written you! do forgive me, my heart was full, and I felt that I must unburden it. I wish you would write me a long letter. Do not

let dear mother know at present the questions I have asked you." \* \* \* \* \*

From this period she grew more thoughtful. There was even a solemnity in her manner which I never before observed. Her mind, as I mentioned before, had been much perplexed by some doctrinal points. To solve these doubts I asked if I should not send for some clergyman. She said no. She had heard many discussions on these subjects, and they had always served rather to confuse than to convince her. "I would rather converse with you alone, mother." She then asked me if I thought it essential to salvation that she should adopt any particular creed. I felt that I was an inefficient, perhaps a blind guide, yet it was my duty not only to impart consolation, but to explain to her my own views of the truth. I replied that I considered faith and repentance only, to be essential to salvation; that it was very desirable that her mind should be settled upon some particular mode of faith; but that I did not think it absolutely necessary that she should adopt the tenets of any established church, and again recommended an attentive perusal of the New Testament. She expressed her firm belief in the divinity of Christ. The perfections of his character, its beauty and holiness excited her admiration, while the benevolence which prompted the sacrifice of himself to save a lost world, filled her with the most enthusiastic gratitude. It was a source of regret that so much of her time had been spent in light reading, and that her writings had not been of a more decidedly religious character. She lamented that she had not chosen scriptural subjects for the exercise of her poetical talent, and said, "Mamma, should God spare my life, my time and talents shall for the future be devoted to a higher and holier end." She felt that she had trifled with the gifts of Providence, and her self-condemnation and grief were truly affecting. "And must I die so young? My career of usefulness hardly commenced? Oh! mother, how sadly have I trifled with the gifts of heaven! What have I done which can benefit one human being?" I folded her to my heart, and endeavoured to soothe the tumult of her feelings, bade her remember her dutiful conduct as a daughter, her affectionate bearing as a sister and a friend, and the consolation which she had afforded me through years of suffering! "Oh my mother," said she, "I have been reflecting much of late upon this sad waste of intellect, and had marked out for myself a course of usefulness which, should God spare my

life—” Here her emotions became too powerful to proceed. At times she suffered much anxiety with regard to her eternal welfare, and deeply lamented her want of faithfulness in the performance of her religious duties ; complained of coldness and formality in her devotional exercises, and entreated me to pray with and for her. At other times, her hopes of heaven would be bright, her faith unwavering and her devotion fervent. Yet it was evident to me, that she still cherished the hope that her life might be prolonged. Her mother had lingered for years in a state equally hopeless, and during that period had been enabled to attend to the moral and religious culture of her little family. Might not the same kind Providence prolong *her life* ? It would be vain to attempt a description of those seasons of deep and thrilling interest. God alone knows in what way my own weak frame was sustained. I felt that she had been renovated and purified by Divine Grace, and to see her thus distressed when I thought that all the consolations of the Gospel ought to be hers, gave my heart a severe pang.

“ Many of our friends now were of opinion that a change of climate might benefit, perhaps restore her. Heretofore, when the suggestion had been made, she shrunk from the idea of leaving her home for a distant clime. Now her anxiety to try the effect of a change was great. I felt that it would be vain, although I was desirous that nothing should be left untried. Feeble as she now was, the idea of her resigning the comforts of home, and being subject to the fatigues of travelling in public conveyances, was a dreadful one, and yet if there was a rational prospect of prolonging her life by these means, I was anxious to give them a trial. Dr. Davidson, after much deliberation on the subject, called counsel. Dr. ——— came, and when, after half an hour’s pleasant and playful conversation with Margaret, he joined us in the parlour, oh ! how my poor heart trembled. I hung upon the motions of his lips as if my own life depended on what they might utter. At length he spoke, and I felt as if an icebolt had passed through my heart. He had never thought, though he had known her many years, that a change of climate would benefit her. She had lived beyond his expectations many months, even years ; and now he was convinced, were we to attempt to take her to a southern climate, that she would die on the passage. Make it as pleasant as possible for her at home, was his advice. He thought that a few months must terminate her life. She

knew that we had confidence in the opinion of this, her favourite physician. When I had gained firmness enough to answer her questions, I again entered the room and found her composed, though she had evidently been strongly agitated, and had not brought her mind to hear her doom. Never, oh! never to the latest hour of my life, shall I forget the look she gave me when I met her. What a heart-rending task was mine! I performed it as gently as possible. I said the doctor thought her strength unequal to the fatigue of the journey; that he was not so great an advocate for change of climate as many persons; that he had known many cases in which he thought it injurious, and his best advice was, that we should again ward off the severity of the winter by creating an atmosphere within our house. She mildly acquiesced, and the subject was dropped altogether. She sometimes read, and frequently, from mere habit, held a book in her hand when unable to digest its contents, and within the book there usually rested a piece of paper, upon which she occasionally marked the reflections which arose in her mind, either in poetry or prose."

We here interrupt the narrative of Mrs. Davidson, to insert a copy of verses addressed by Margaret to her brother, a young officer in the army, and stationed at a frontier post in the far west. They were written in September, about two months before her death, and are characterized throughout by her usual beauty of thought and tenderness of feeling; but the last verse, which alludes to the fading verdure, and falling leaf, and gathering melancholy, and lifeless quiet of the season, as typical of her own blighted youth and approaching dissolution, has something in it peculiarly solemn and affecting.

#### TO MY SOLDIER BROTHER IN THE FAR WEST.\*

'Tis an autumn eve, and the tints of day  
 From the west are slowly stealing,  
 And clouds round the couch of the setting sun  
 Are gently and silently wheeling.  
 'Tis the scene and the hour for the soul to bathe  
 In its own deep springs of feeling,  
 And my thoughts, from their galling bonds set free,  
 Have fled to the "far, far west" to thee!  
 And perchance, 'mid the toils of thy varied life,  
 Thou also art pausing awhile,  
 To behold how beautiful all things look  
 In the sunlight's passing smile;

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\* This copy of verses has come to hand since the publication of the first edition of this memoir.

And perchance recollections of kindred and home  
 Thy cares for a moment beguile ;  
 Thy thoughts have been *mine* in their passage to thee,  
 And though distant, far distant, our spirits are free !

I know thou art dreaming of home,  
 And the dear ones sheltered there ;  
 Of thy mother, pale with the pain of years,  
 And thy sire with his silvered hair ;  
 And with *them* blend thoughts of thy boyish years,  
 When the world looked all so fair,  
 When thy cheek flushed high at the voice of praise,  
 And thy breast was unknown to care ;  
 And while memory burns her torch for thee,  
 I know that these thoughts and these dreams will be !

But when, in the shade of the autumn wood,  
 Thy wandering footsteps stray,  
 When yellow leaves and perishing buds  
 Are scattered in thy way ;  
 When all around thee breathes of rest,  
 And sadness and decay—  
 With the drooping flower, and the falling tree,  
 Oh ! brother, blend thy thoughts of me !

“The following fragments,” continues Mrs. Davidson,  
 “appear to be the very breathings of her soul during the last  
 few weeks of her life, written in pencil, in a hand so weak  
 and tremulous that I could with difficulty decipher them word  
 by word with the aid of a strong magnifying glass.

“Consumption ! child of woe, thy blighting breath  
 Marks all that 's fair and lovely for thine own,  
 And, sweeping o'er the silver chords of life,,  
 Blends all their music in one deathlike tone.”

1838.

“What strange, what mystic things we are,  
 With spirits longing to outlive the stars.  
 \* \* \* \* \* but even in decay  
 Hasting to meet our brethren in the dust.  
 As one small dewdrop runs, another drops  
 To sink unnoticed in the world of waves.”

“O it is sad to feel that when a few short years  
 Of life are past, we shall lie down, unpitied  
 And unknown, amid a careless world ;  
 That youth and age and revelry and grief  
 Above our heads shall pass, and we alone  
 Shall sleep ! alone shall be as we have been,  
 No more.

These are unfinished fragments, a part of which I could  
 not decipher at all. I insert them to give an idea of the daily  
 operations of her mind during the whole of this long summer  
 of suffering. Her gentle spirit never breathed a murmur or

complaint. I think she was rarely heard to express even a feeling of weariness. But here are a few more of those outpourings of the heart. I copy these little effusions with all their errors; there is a sacredness about them which forbids the change even of a single letter. The first of the fragments which follow was written on a Sabbath evening in autumn, not many weeks before her death.

It is autumn, the season of rapid decay,  
When the flow'rets of summer are hasting away  
From the breath of the wintry blast,  
And the buds which oped to the gazer's eye,  
And the glowing tints of the gorgeous sky,  
And the forests robed in their emerald dye,  
With their loveliest blossoms have past.

'T is eve, and the brilliant sunset hue  
Is replaced by a sky of the coldest blue,  
Untouched by a floating cloud.  
And all nature is silent, calm and serene,  
As though sorrow and suffering never had been  
On this beautiful earth abroad.

'T is a Sabbath eve, and the longing soul  
Is charm'd by its quiet and gentle control  
From each wayward and wandering thought,  
And it longs from each meaner affection to move,  
And it soareth the troubles of earth above  
To bathe in that fountain of light and love,  
Whence our purest enjoyments are caught.

1838.

But winter, O what shall thy greeting be  
From our waters, our earth, and our sky?  
What welcoming strains shall arise for thee  
As thy chariot-wheels draw nigh?  
Alas! the fresh flowers of the spirit decay  
As thy cold, cold steps advance,  
And even young Fancy is shrinking away  
From the chill of thy terrible glance;  
And Hope with her mantle of rainbow hue  
Hath fled from thy freezing eye,  
And her bright train of visions are melting in air  
As thy shivering blasts sweep by.

Thy

Oct. 1838.

#### THE NATURE OF THE SOUL.

The spirit, what is it? Mysterious, sublime,  
Undying, unchanging, for ever the same,  
It bounds lightly athwart the dark billows of time,  
And moves on unscorched by its heavenly flame.

Man owns thee and feels thee, and knows thee divine;  
He feels thou art his, and thou never canst die;  
He believes thee a gem from the Maker's pure shrine,  
A portion of purity holy and high.

'T is around him, within him, the source of his life,  
 Yet too weak to contemplate its glory and might;  
 He trembling shrinks back to dull earth's humble strife,  
 And leaves the pure atmosphere glowing with light.

Thou spark from the Deity's radiant throne,  
 I know thee, yet shrink from thy greatness and power;  
 Thou art mine in thy splendour, I feel thee my own,  
 Yet behold me as frail as the light summer flower.

I strive in my weakness to gaze on thy might,  
 To trace out thy wanderings through ages to come,  
 Till like birds on the sea, all exhausted, at length  
 I flutter back weary to earth as my home.

Like a diamond when laid in a rough case of clay,  
 Which may crumble and wear from the pure gem enclosed,  
 But which ne'er can be lit by one tremulous ray  
 From the glory-crown'd star in its dark case reposed.

As the cool weather advanced, her decline became more visible, and she devoted more and more of her time to searching the Scriptures, self-examination and subjects for reflection, and questions which were to be solved by evidences deduced from the Bible. I found them but a few days before her death, in the sacred volume which lay upon the table, at which she usually sat during her hours of retirement. She had been searching the holy book, and overcome by the exertion, rang the bell, which summoned me to her side, for no person but myself was admitted during the time set apart for her devotional exercises.

Subjects for reflection.

1st. The uniform usefulness of Christ's miracles.

2d. The manner in which he overthrows all the exalted hopes which the Jews entertain of a temporal kingdom, and strives to explain to them the entire spirituality of the one he has come to erect.

3d. The deep and unchangeable love for man, which must have impelled Christ to resist so many temptations and endure so many sufferings, even death, that truth might enlighten the world, and heaven and immortality become realities instead of dreams.

4th. The general thoughtlessness of man with regard to his greatest, his only interest.

5th. Christ's constant submission to the will of his Father, and the necessity of our imitating the meek and calm and gentle qualities of his character, together with that firmness of purpose and confidence in God which sustained him to the end.

6th. The necessity of so living, that we need not fear to think each day our last.

7th. The necessity of religion to soothe and support the mind on the bed of sickness.

8th. Self-examination.

9th. Is Christ mentioned expressly in Scripture as equal with God and a part?

10th. Is there sufficient ground for the doctrine of the Trinity?

11th. Did Christ come as a prophet and reformer of the world, or as a sacrifice for our sins, to appease the wrath of his Father?

12th. Is any thing said of infant baptism?

Written in November, 1838.

About three weeks before her departure, I one morning found her in the parlour, where, as I before observed, she spent a portion of her time in retirement. I saw that she had been much agitated, and seemed weary. I seated myself by her and rested her head on my bosom, while I gently pressed my hand upon her throbbing temples to soothe the agitation of her nerves. She kissed me again and again, and seemed as if she feared to trust her voice to speak lest her feelings should overcome her. As I returned her caresses, she silently put a folded paper in my hand. I began to open it, when she gently laid her hand on mine, and said in a low tremulous tone, "Not now, dear mother! I then led her back to her room, and placed her upon the sofa, and retired to examine the paper. It contained the following lines.

#### TO MY MOTHER.

Oh mother, would the power were mine  
To wake the strain thou lov'st to hear,  
And breathe each trembling new-born thought,  
Within thy fondly listening ear,  
As when in days of health and glee,  
My hopes and fancies wander'd free.  
But, mother, now a shade has past  
Athwart my brightest visions here,  
A cloud of darkest gloom has wrapt  
The remnant of my brief career!  
No song, no echo can I win,—  
The sparkling fount has died within.  
The torch of earthly hope burns dim,  
And Fancy spreads her wings no more;  
And oh, how vain and trivial seem  
The pleasures that I prized before.  
My soul, with trembling steps and slow,  
Is struggling on through doubt and strife:  
Oh! may it prove, as time rolls on,  
The pathway to eternal life—  
Then, when my cares and fears are o'er,  
I'll sing thee as in days of yore.

I said that hope had pass'd from earth :  
 'T was but to fold her wings in Heaven,  
 To whisper of the soul's new birth,  
 Of sinners saved and sins forgiven.  
 When mine are wash'd in tears away,  
 Then shall my spirit swell my lay.

When God shall guide my soul above,  
 By the soft cords of heavenly love,  
 When the vain cares of earth depart,  
 And tuneful voices swell my heart,  
 Then shall each word, each note I raise,  
 Burst forth in pealing hymns of praise,  
 And all not offered at His shrine,  
 Dear mother, I will place on thine.

It was long before I could gain sufficient composure to return to her. When I did so, I found her sweetly calm, and she greeted me with a smile so full of affection, that I shall cherish the recollection of its brightness until my latest breath. It was the last piece she ever wrote, except a paraphrase of four lines of the hymn, "I would not live always," which was written within the last week of her life.

"I would not live always thus fettered by sin,  
 Temptation without, and corruption within,  
 With the soul ever dimmed by its hopes and its fears,  
 And the heart's holy flame ever struggling through tears."

Thus far in preparing this memoir, we have availed ourselves almost entirely of copious memoranda, furnished us at our own request by Mrs. Davidson; but when the narrator approached the closing scene of this most affecting story, the heart of the mother gave out, and she found herself totally inadequate to the task. Fortunately, Dr. Davidson had retained a copy of a letter, written by her in the midst of her affliction to Miss Sedgwick, in reply to an epistle from that lady, expressive of the kindest sympathy, and making some inquiries relative to the melancholy event. We subjoin that letter entire, for never have we read any thing of the kind more truly eloquent or deeply affecting.

"Saratoga Springs.

"Yes, my dear Miss Sedgwick, she is an angel now; calmly and sweetly she sunk to her everlasting rest, as a babe gently slumbers on its mother's bosom. I thank my Father in heaven that I was permitted to watch over her, and I trust administer to her comfort during her illness. I know, my friend, you will not expect either a very minute or connected detail of the circumstances preceding her change

from me at this time, for I am indeed bowed down with sorrow. I feel that I am truly desolate, how desolate I will not attempt to describe. Yet in the depth of grief I have consolations of the purest, most soothing and exalted nature. I would not, indeed I could not murmur, but rather bless my God that he has in the plenitude of his goodness made me, even for a brief space on earth, the honoured mother of such an angel. Oh my dear Miss Sedgwick, I wish you could have seen her during the last two months of her brief sojourn with us. Her meekness and patience, and her even cheerful bearing were unexampled. But when she was assured that all the tender and endearing ties which bound her to earth were about to be severed, when she saw that life and all its bright visions were fading from her eyes—that she was standing at the entrance of the dark valley which must be traversed in her way to the eternal world, the struggle was great, but brief—she caught the hem of her Saviour's robe and meekly bowed to the mandate of her God. Since the beginning of August, I have watched this tender blossom with intense anxiety, and marked her decline with a breaking heart; and although from that time until the period of her departure, I never spent a whole night in my bed, my excitement was so strong that I was unconscious of the want of sleep. Oh, my dear madam, the whole course of her decline was so unlike any other death-bed scene I ever witnessed; there was nothing of the gloom of a sick chamber; a charm was in and around her; a holy light seemed to pervade every thing belonging to her. There was a sacredness, if I may so express it, which seemed to tell the presence of the Divinity. Strangers felt it, all acknowledged it. Very few were admitted to her sick room, but those few left it with an elevation of heart new, solemn, and delightful. She continued to ride out as long as the weather was mild, and even after she became too weak to walk she frequently desired to be taken into the parlour, and when there, with all her little implements of drawing and writing, her books, and even her little work-box and basket beside her, she seemed to think that by these little attempts at her usual employments she could conceal from me, for she saw my heart was breaking, the ravages of disease and her consequent debility. The New Testament was her daily study, and a portion of every day was spent in private in self-examination and prayer. My dear Miss Sedgwick, how I have felt my own littleness, my total unworthiness, when compared with this pure, this high-souled, intellectual, yet timid, humble child; bending at the altar of her God, and pleading for pardon and acceptance in his sight, and grace to assist her in preparing for eternity. As her strength wasted, she often desired me to share her

hours of retirement and converse with her, and read to her, when unable to read herself.

"Oh! how sad, how delightful, how agonizing is the memory of the sweet and holy communion we then enjoyed. Forgive me, my friend, for thus mingling my own feelings with the circumstances you wished to know; and, oh! continue to pray that God will give me submission under this desolating stroke. She was my darling, my almost idolized child—truly, truly, you have said, the charm of my existence. Her symptoms were extremely distressing, although she suffered no pain. A week before her departure, she desired that the sacrament of the Lord's Supper might be administered to her. 'Mother,' said she, 'I do not desire it because I feel worthy to receive it; I feel myself a sinner, but I desire to manifest my faith in Christ by receiving an ordinance instituted by himself but a short time before his crucifixion.' The Holy Sacrament was administered by Mr. Babcock. The solemnity of the scene can be better felt than described. I cannot attempt it. After it was over, a holy calm seemed to pervade her mind, and she looked almost like a beatified spirit. The evening following, she said to me, 'Mother, I have made a solemn surrender of myself to God: if it is his will, I would desire to live long enough to prove the sincerity of my profession, but his will be done; living or dying I am henceforth devoted to God.' After this some doubt seemed to intrude; her spirit was troubled. I asked her if there was any thing she desired to have done, any little arrangements to be made, any thing to say which she had left unsaid, and assured her that her wishes should be sacred to me. She turned her eyes upon me with an expression so sad, so mournfully sweet—'Mother, "When I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies," then I will think of other matters.' Her hair, which when a little child had been often cut to improve its growth, was now very beautiful; and she usually took much pains with it. During the whole course of her sickness I had taken care of it. One day, not long before her death, she said, evidently making a great effort to speak with composure, 'Mother, if you are willing I will have my hair cut off; it is troublesome; I should like it better short.' I understood her at once: she did not like to have the idea of death associated with those beautiful tresses which I had loved to braid. She would have them taken off while living. I mournfully gave my consent, and she said, 'I will not ask you, my dear mother, to do it; my friend, Mrs. F—— will be with me to-night, and she will do it for me.' The dark rich locks were severed at midnight. Never shall I forget the expression of her young faded face as I entered the room. 'Do not be agitated, dear mamma. I am more comfortable now. Lay it away, if you please,

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and to-morrow I will arrange and dispose of it. Do you know that I view my hair as something sacred? It is a part of myself, which will be re-united to my body at the resurrection.'

"She had sat in an easy chair or reclined upon a sofa for several weeks. On Friday the 22d of November, at my urgent entreaty, she consented to be laid upon the bed. She found it a relief, and sunk into a deep sleep, from which she was only awake when I aroused her to take some refreshment. When she awoke, she looked and spoke like an angel; but soon dropped asleep as before. Oh! how my poor heart trembled, for I felt that it was but the precursor to her long last rest, although many of our friends thought she might yet linger some weeks. A total loss of appetite, and a difficulty in swallowing, prevented her from taking any nourishment throughout the day, and when we placed her in the easy chair, at night, in order to arrange her bed, I offered her some nice food, which I had prepared, and found she could not take it. My feelings amounted almost to agony. She said 'Do not be distressed. I will take it by and by.' I seated myself beside her, and she said, 'Surely, my dear mother, you have many consolations. You are gathering a little family in heaven to welcome you.' My heart was full; when I could speak, I said, 'Yes, my love, I feel that I am indeed gathering a little family in heaven to bid you welcome, but when they are all assembled there, how dreadful to doubt whether I may ever be permitted to join the circle!' 'Oh hush, dear, dear mother, do not indulge such sad thoughts; the fact of your having trained this little band to inhabit that holy place, is sufficient evidence to me that you will not fail to join us there.' I was with her myself that night, and a friend in the neighbourhood sat up also. On Saturday morning, after I had taken half an hour's sleep, I found her as quiet as a sleeping infant. I prepared her some food, and when I awoke her to take it, she said, 'Dear mother, I will try if it is only to please you.' I fed her as I would have fed a babe. She smiled sweetly and said, 'Mother, I am again an infant.' I asked if I should read to her; she said yes, she would like to have me read a part of the gospel of John. I did so, and then said, 'My dear Margaret, you look sweetly composed this morning. I trust all is peace within your heart.' 'Yes, mother, all is peace, sweet peace. I feel that I can do nothing for myself. I have cast my burden upon Christ.' I asked if she could rest her hopes there in perfect confidence. 'Yes,' she replied, 'Jesus will not fail me—I can trust him.' She then sank into a deep sleep, as on the preceding day.

"In the afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. H. came from Ballston. They were much affected by the change a few days had

made in her appearance. I awoke her, fearing she might sleep too long, and said her friends had come. She extended her arms to them both, and kissed them, saying to Mr. H. that he found her a late riser, and then sank to sleep again. Mrs. H. remained with us that night. About sunset I spoke to her. She awoke and answered me cheerfully, but observing that I was unusually depressed, she said, 'Dear mother, I am wearing you out.' I replied, 'My child, my beloved child, it is not that; the thought of our separation fills me with anguish.' I never shall forget the expression of her sweet face, as she replied, 'Mother, my own dear mother, do not grieve. Our parting will not be long. In life we were inseparable, and I feel that you cannot live without me. You will soon join me, and we shall part no more.' I kissed her pale cheek, as I bent over her, and finding my agitation too strong to repress, I left the room. She soon after desired to get up; she said she must have a coughing fit, and she could bear it better in the chair. When there she began to cough, and her distress was beyond description; her strength was soon exhausted, and we again carried her to the bed. She coughed from six until half past ten. I then prevailed on her to take some nutritious drink, and she fell asleep.

"My husband and Mrs. H. were both of them anxious that I should retire and get some rest, but I did not feel the want of it, and impressed as I was with the idea that this was the last night she would pass on earth, I could not go to bed. But others saw not the change, and to satisfy them, I went at twelve to my room, which opened into hers. There I sat listening to every sound. All seemed quiet. I twice opened the door, and Mrs. H. said she slept, and had taken her drink as often as directed, and again urged me to go to bed. A little after two I put on my night dress, and laid down. Between three and four Mrs. H. came in haste for ether. I pointed to the bottle, and sprang up. She said, 'I entreat, my dear Mrs. Davidson, that you do not rise; there is no sensible change, only a turn of oppression.' She closed the door, and I hastened to rise, when Mrs. H. came again, and said Margaret has asked for her mother. I flew—she held the bottle of ether in her own hand, and pointed to her breast. I poured it on her head and chest. She revived. 'I am better now,' said she. 'Mother, you tremble, you are cold; put on your clothes.' I stepped to the fire, and threw on a wrapper, when she stretched out both her arms, and exclaimed, 'Mother, take me in your arms.' I raised her, and seating myself on the bed, passed my arms around her waist; her head dropped upon my bosom, and her expressive eyes were raised to mine. That look I never shall forget; it said, 'Tell me,

mother, is this death?' I answered the appeal as if she had spoken. I laid my hand on her white brow—a cold dew had gathered there. I spoke, 'Yes, my beloved, it is almost finished; you will soon be with Jesus.' She gave one more look, two or three short fluttering breaths, and all was over—her spirit was with its God—not a struggle or groan preceded her departure. Her father just came in time to witness her last breath. For a long half hour I remained in the same position with the precious form of my lifeless child upon my bosom. I closed those beautiful eyes with my own hand. I was calm. I felt that I had laid my angel from my own breast, upon the bosom of her God. Her father and myself were alone. Her Sabbath commenced in heaven. Ours was opened in deep, deep anguish. Our sons, who had been sent for, had not arrived, and four days and nights did Ellen, (our young nurse, whom Margaret dearly loved,) and I, watch over the sacred clay. I could not resign this mournful duty to strangers. Although no son or relative was with us in this sad and solemn hour, never did sorrowing strangers meet with more sympathy, than we received in this hour of affliction, from the respected inhabitants of Saratoga. We shall carry with us through life, the grateful remembrance of their kindness. And now, my dear madam, let me thank you for your kind consoling letter, it has given me consolation. My Margaret, my now angel child, loved you tenderly. She recognised in yours a kindred mind, and I feel that her pure spirit will behold with delight your efforts to console her bereaved mother."

She departed this life on the 25th of November, 1838, aged fifteen years and eight months; her earthly remains repose in the grave-yard of the village of Saratoga.

"A few days after her departure," observes Mrs. Davidson in a memorandum, "I was searching the library in the hope of finding some further memento of my lost darling, when a packet folded in the form of a letter met my eye. It was confined with a needle and thread, instead of a seal, and secured more firmly by white sewing silk, which was passed several times around it; the superscription was, 'For my mother, private.' Upon opening these papers, I found they contained the results of self-examination, from a very early period of her life, until within a few days of its close. These results were noted and composed at different periods. They are some of the most interesting relics she has left, but they are of too sacred a nature to meet the public eye. They display a degree of self-knowledge and humility, and a depth of contrition, which could only emanate from a heart chastened and subdued by the power of the divine grace."

We here conclude this memoir, which, for the most part, as the reader will perceive, is a mere transcript of the records furnished by a mother's heart. We shall not pretend to comment on these records; they need no comment, and they admit no heightening. Indeed, the farther we have proceeded with our subject, the more has the intellectual beauty and the seraphic purity of the little being we have endeavoured to commemorate broken upon us; and the more have we shrunk at our own unworthiness for such a task. To use one of her own exquisite expressions, she was "A spirit of heaven fettered by the strong affections of earth;" and the whole of her brief sojourn here, seems to have been a struggle to regain her native skies. We may apply to her a passage from one of her own tender apostrophes to the memory of her sister Lucretia.

—One who came from heaven awhile  
To bless the mourners here,  
Their joys to hallow with her smile,  
Their sorrow with her tear.

Who joined to all the charms of earth  
The noblest gifts of heaven;  
To whom the Muses at her birth  
Their sweetest smiles had given.

Whose eye beamed forth with fancy's ray,  
And genius pure and high;  
Whose very soul had seemed to bathe  
In streams of melody.

The cheek which once so sweetly beamed,  
Grew pallid with decay,  
The burning fire within consumed  
Its tenement of clay.

Death, as if fearing to destroy,  
Paused o'er her couch awhile;  
She gave a tear for those she loved,  
Then met him with a smile.

END OF THE MEMOIR.

REMAINS.

## A TALE.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF FIFTEEN.

ABOUT the close of the year 1813 there stood on the banks of the Saranac a small neat cottage, which peeped forth from the surrounding foliage, the image of rural quiet and contentment; the scenery around it was wildly yet beautifully romantic; the clear blue river, glancing and sparkling at its feet, served only as a preparative for another and more magnificent view, where the stream, gliding on to the west, was buried in the broad white bosom of Champlain, which stretched back, wave after wave, in the distance, until lost in faint blue mists that veiled the sides of its guardian mountains, seeming more lovely in their indistinctness.

On the borders of the Saranac the little village of Plattsburgh had sprung up, in picturesque wildness, amid the loveliest haunts of nature, imparting to the mind, by its indications of man's presence with the joys and sufferings ever attendant in his train, a deeper interest than a scene of solitary nature would ever have inspired. Of all the low-roofed and shaded dwellings which rose around, the one named above, although less indicative of wealth, was by far the most striking, from its peculiarly beautiful situation. The old-fashioned piazza, which extended in front of the building, was shaded with vines and honeysuckle just budding into life; the turf on the bank of the river was of the richest and brightest emerald, and the wild rose and sweetbriar, which twined over the neat enclosure, seemed to bloom with more delicate freshness and perfume within the bounds of this earthly paradise. It was May—the blue waves of the Saranac, so lately released from their icy bondage, bounded along with music and gladness, to meet and mingle with its parent lake; the fairy isles, so beautifully throned on its sparkling bosom, robed in all the rich luxuriance of spring, and the song of the birds floated forth on the balmy air like a strain of seraph melody.

The proprietor of this lowly mansion was a grey-haired and respectable physician, whose life had been spent in toiling to mitigate the terrors of disease, and to obtain a support for his lovely and delicate family. A few words may serve to describe a character so open and ingenuous, and a fate so common to dispositions like his. Early in life he evinced a studious and scientific turn of mind, and had seized upon the profession of medicine with all the earnestness of youth. Thirsting for knowledge, he plunged into its deepest waters, and, after a few years of unremitting study, entered upon life with a character of firm and unbending integrity, and an almost childlike simplicity of manners and ignorance of the ways of the world. This was a disposition illy calculated to gain wealth or even competence; he knew not how to snatch the golden sands that lay within his grasp; he could not be servile to the rich or tyrannical to the poor, and passed through life unblest with

other riches than those of an approving conscience, and the tributes of respect and love from those whose welfare he had promoted at the expense of his own. At the age of twenty-five he saw and loved a beautiful and high-spirited girl, and obeying the impulse of affection rather than the calm reasonings of prudence, he united her fortunes with his own, and settled down for life in this lowly and humble retreat we have vainly attempted to describe. At the time of our simple tale, he was far in the decline of life, but still performing his professional duties. He found his happiness in promoting the comfort of his family and enjoying the quiet pleasures of his cheerful fireside. The circle which had once closed around it was now sadly diminished by the inroads of death, but three lovely plants still clung by the side of their parent tree, and although one of these remaining blossoms seemed already fading from the eyes of her idolizing parents, there was much of pure and refined enjoyment in this lowly cottage, unknown in the haunts of wealth and worldly pleasure. The two eldest children were sisters; the one was seventeen, and the other had nearly attained her sixteenth year. Emily, the eldest, notwithstanding her youth, was the belle of the little village, and the life of her family circle. Her form and face might have been taken for the model of a Hebe—all health and gaiety—her complexion of pure red and white, had never been blanched by the cold touch of disease, and her smiling lip, with its childlike dimples, seemed bidding defiance to care and sorrow, with all their retinue of sighs, tears, and wrinkles; her dark auburn hair curled in natural and tiny ringlets on her soft white neck and shoulders; her full hazel eye wore an expression of habitual smiling archness, and her birdlike voice was for ever bursting forth in snatches of wild and untaught melody. Oh! dearly did her father love, at the close of the long, weary day, to draw forth his beloved flute and practise some soul-stirring air, while the voice of the light-hearted maiden blent with its notes, and her feet danced lightly to its measure. Such was Emily, whose sprightliness and native good sense had rendered her the favourite of her father.

But how shall I describe, in words, the high-souled, the almost ethereal Melanie? Oh! that memory could paint on other tablets than on those of the heart! Oh! that we could transfer to lifeless paper the warm and glowing images which she has there implanted! *then* might I picture that fragile form, which seemed every day fading into more spiritual fragility; that broad, high brow, through which the blue veins coursed like silken threads, so feeble and transparent; that veil of dark and luxuriant hair parted so meekly above it, and flowing, in long, waving tresses, on her neck; that cheek, now pale as the snow of December, now flushed with a hue too intense for health; and *that eye*, one moment melting with the warmest tears of earthly emotion, and the next, sparkling with the radiant light of angelic inspiration! She seemed not a being of the *present*, all her confidence in the happiness of earth was buried with the *past*, and all her hopes of pure, exalted blessedness were merged in the vast *future* of eternity. Ardent and enthusiastic in her temperament, she had loved. Highly and poetically imaginative, she had invested the object of her affection with the highest and most exalted qualities of our nature, and when stern, unbending truth dissolved those bright dreams of fancy in which she had lived and revelled—when she beheld in sober reality that *he* upon whom she had bestowed her affections was unworthy of the sacred trust, her mind

received a shock only to be felt or imagined by a spirit like her own—gentle, confiding, and, at the same time, bearing within itself a standard of lofty honour, of pure sentiment, and high and heavenly virtue, by which she judged of the world around her, it was indeed an overwhelming blow; but *hers* was not the mind to waste itself in fruitless repinings, and bury all its wealth of intellect and affection in the grave of one disappointed hope: far from it! Upon its first short voyage on the cold waters of life, her little bark had been wrecked, and it now turned back to the quiet haven of home with a meek and gentle confidence, to bestow upon her family that love which was still treasured in her heart, and direct her powers of mind to higher and holier purposes than before. But if her spirit was strong in misfortune, her delicate frame partook not of that strength: although the stream of affliction had passed over the fragile flower, it had planted in the pale blossom the germs of decay—she seemed a spirit in the home and with the friends of her childhood—she was *with* them, but not *of* them. The light faded from her eye, the buoyancy from her step, and her voice no longer mingled with the gay-hearted carols of her sister. Her hopes were now rested upon a firmer foundation than that of earth, and while she walked day by day more deeply into “the valley of the shadow of death,” her soul and its pure and heavenly faith waxed brighter and brighter to the close. The dark mists of receding time seemed to blend with the brilliant foreshadowings of a blessed eternity, and impart to her manners an habitual and subdued mournfulness, changed at times to the loftiest elevation, as she caught some unwonted flash from that far land of light towards which she was slowly and hopefully journeying.

Her heart, with its warm and glowing tenderness, still clung to the beings of her early love, and when she saw how deeply they mourned her visible decline, with a sad sweetness she resumed her wonted avocations, though each word and act was tinged with the lofty and spiritual enthusiasm of her nature. If she read, her mind sought fitting aliment in the holy sublimity of Milton, or the melancholy force and grandeur of Young; if she drew, faces and forms of aerial and unearthly beauty sprung from her pencil; and if she sung, the wild and tremulous melody of her voice thrilled while it charmed the listener. She was dying! For the brief space of sixteen years she had been a habitant of earth—she had tasted of its purest joy and its keenest sorrow, and now, with a calm and trustful earnestness, she was hastening to the home of the weary. Still there were deep and tender ties which bound her below. Her mother she adored; her spirited and highly-gifted little brother she watched with a mother’s fondness; the sister, the beautiful and light-hearted Emily, she loved with more than sisterly affection; and her country, again threatened by the power of a foreign throne, while scarcely shadowed by the banner of its new-born freedom—her country, its struggles and its welfare, was still a theme of deep and engrossing interest. Such was Melanic Montreville—such, as far as language can imperfectly pourtray, the lovely yet too unearthly form unfolded to my “mind’s eye,” like an aerial vision—such the gentle yet elevated spirit which is mingling with every dream of fancy, and would fain embody itself in words.

Those who seek in these few pages for a regular and eventful tale, will rise disappointed from the perusal; it is nothing more than a faint and imperfect sketch of sentiments and scenes which have long since

passed away, with their actors, "to dim burial isles of the past," and which, still living as vividly as ever in the ideal world of memory, I would once more introduce upon the stage of life as beings of real and actual existence.

It was a glorious evening in May; the sun was just retiring to his couch in the west, arrayed in all the splendid livery of a northern sunset; the groves of pine and elm upon the lake shore were bathed in his golden hue, and their tall shadows were reflected in the clear depths beneath; the distant mountains of Vermont, which bounded the horizon, were shrouded with a veil of dream-like glory, blending shade by shade with the blue tints above, till heaven and earth seemed one; and that heaven! oh that pen could describe its calm and solemn magnificence; the clouds of amber and gold, tinted and fringed with crimson, floating over the pure depths, moving as in sleep to their bright western home, while a rich blending of purple and green rose up from the horizon as if darting to meet them on their mid-career. It was at this glorious sunset hour that the two sisters had repaired to the piazza of their little cottage to breathe the invigorating air of spring; and each to enjoy with their peculiar feelings the lovely and solemnizing influence of the scene. With the last ray of the golden sunlight playing over her pale upraised features, Melanie stood beside one of the vine-wreathed columns, her head resting on her hand, and her full dark eyes bent earnestly upon the wild and purified drapery of the heavens, now fading into dimness, now combining and bursting forth hues more gorgeous than before. Emily was bending over a rose-tree in the little enclosure, twining a fairy wreath of the wild sweetbriar, while the lively air which she almost unconsciously warbled, as if in unison with the character of the scene, died away in tones of plaintive and tremulous sweetness. For a few moments the silence was unbroken, until Emily, springing lightly to her sister's side, exclaimed, while her fine features beamed with an expression of affectionate gaiety, "How can you look so sad, Melanie, when all around us is breathing the very spirit of happiness? Do not the clouds you gaze upon make your heart feel light and airy as themselves! Will not these sweet flowers I have twined for you, impart something of their own hue to your cheek and your thoughts?"

Melanie gently took the wreath from her hand and replied, "You mistake me, sister, I am not sad—never perhaps did I experience a moment of more exquisite joy, for I thought, that ere those clouds had many times fled away to their bright homes in the west, my freed spirit might soar above them and the great orb which imparts their brilliance; to the source of all light, all love; that ere those flowers had faded with the blasts of autumn, I might rest in that fair land, where flowers of undying bloom bathe for ever in the river of the waters of life; where there is no more winter to chill the bright buds of nature, or the far more fragile blossoms of the heart."

"Oh, Melanie! Melanie!" said Emily passing her arm around her sister's neck, and bursting into tears; "you will break my heart. Would you so gladly leave us all—father and mother, and me—and—"

"No, no," replied Melanie, earnestly; "but even though you should see me no more, I feel, I know, that I shall *not* leave you, my own, my only sister. The thought may be a presumptuous one, but something within tells me that I shall see you, shall love you as dearly as now—

perhaps, even be permitted to watch over and protect you, and oh, Emily, were not *this* happiness!"

She replied only by a warmer pressure of the pale hand within her own, and borne away by the suggestions of her wild fancy, Melanie continued—

"Yes, Emily, though this weak and wasted frame may be gone from among you, my spirit shall be with you; yours will be the blessed task of soothing the pillow of disease, when our beloved parents shall tread the pathway I have trodden; but think not that Melanie, the child of their love, will be far from them in that parting hour—when you are in sorrow, my soul shall plead for you at the throne of eternal mercy—and when you are happy, my voice shall whisper in your soul of that Heavenly Father, from whose treasures of love cometh all happiness on earth, and all your hopes of blessedness in Heaven! Do not weep, Emily, I shall love you all with a purer and holier love. My kind-hearted and ingenuous father, my high-souled, my beloved mother: you, my sweet blossom; and you also, my noble little brother," she added, as the lovely boy bounded over the threshold, and she placed her hand carelessly on his long dark curls.

"Oh! sister, sister!" cried Alfred with all the eagerness of boyhood, "oh! the sights I have seen to-day! I have crossed the river in a canoe, and I have been up to the old fort, and I have seen the militia-men training, and the flags, and the drums, and the big cannon, and all!—didn't you hear it fire? Sister Emma and Mr. Selden said I should be a soldier. Shall I not, dear sister?" and with a martial air the miniature hero strode up and down the piazza as if courting admiration.

"Fie, Alfred!" replied Emily, to whose lips the smile had returned as before, "has the red coat and the gay epaulettes charmed you so soon? Remember, my little brother, that the life of a soldier is a life of hardships, and his employment a fierce and deadly one; those glittering bayonets have made many a mother childless, and those gay cockades cover many a worthless or deceitful brain. No! never be a soldier, Alfred."

"Say not so, Emily," exclaimed Melanie; "though we now smile at the proud step and flashing eye of the mimic warrior, I can read his fate in them. If his life is spared, that sprightly and slender form will expand into the tall and athletic man, and the spark that is now warming into life his unfledged fancy, will strengthen into a glowing and unquenchable flame; and as it now prompts to those tones and gestures of mock defiance and command, it will lead him on to deeds of high and lofty daring. Yes! thou wilt be a soldier, my little Alfred—noble, generous, high-souled, and brave; all, all—" her voice trembled as she added, "all I once thought another."

"Yes, I *will* be a soldier," echoed the youthful candidate for fame—"a brave and an honourable soldier;" and he bounded away through the open door, while the hall rang with his shouts.

For a few moments Melanie stood with her hands clasped upon her bosom as if in mental prayer for the interesting boy whose fate she had prophesied; and Emily seemed buried in deep revery, her head bowed, and her hand unconsciously pulling the leaves from a splendid moss rose, which was half concealed in her bosom. The silence was at length broken by the soft voice of Melanie. "Whence came that sweet rose, sister Emily?" The maiden started from her revery, blushed deeply, and drew the bud from the folds of her handkerchief.

"Forgive me, Melanie—I—Walter—Mr. Selden left it for you, and I—I forgot to give it you."

A faint sweet smile passed over Melanie's delicate features as she replied—"Keep it, Emily; save as a proof of *brotherly* kindness, his gifts are valueless to me."

Emily gazed upon the calm and gentle face before her with a mingled expression of doubt and joyful inquiry. "Do you not—tell me, dear sister,—I fear it cannot be—your heart belies your words?"

Melanie took her trembling hand in both her own, and replied, while a shade of deep sadness mingled with the affectionate simplicity of her manner.

"No, my beloved sister, you wrong me; what I say is the true, the only language of my heart. I will own to you that *once* had I known Walter Selden, I might have returned with ardour what I now view with pain as an unfortunate and misplaced attachment. You believe it not, Emily, but I am dying. Is it for me, whose every thought and hope should rest upon that world of spirits to which I am hastening, to twine my affections around an earthly idol? Is it for me, whose wayward love hath once been crushed and blighted, to bid it arise Phoenix-like from the ashes of its destruction, with new hope and new confidence? And more than all, is it for me to encourage a visionary attachment, which would blast the hopes, the young affections of a sister dearer than life? Blush not, Emily; I have read the pure volume of your heart perhaps more clearly than yourself; I have long studied its pages with pain, yet not without a deep, strong hope for the future. When I am gone, Emily, his now ardent passion will be buried in my grave; he will only remember me as a sad and pleasing vision; and as day by day that impression waxes fainter, he will behold the loveliness, the worth of your mind and person; and although it is denied to me below, my rejoicing spirit shall behold the union of those two my heart loves best, my sister and my friend."

Emily threw herself in tears upon the neck of her sister. "Oh! Melanie, Melanie, my kind, my generous Melanie! how can I believe that any one who has looked upon that bright, heavenly face, could ever cast one glance upon a simple, unideal child of earth like me?"

"And the loveliest of earth's creation," was Melanie's fond reply as she passed her hand over the silken ringlets and blushing cheek of the tearful maiden.

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A year had past by; the flowers had again bloomed, and were again fading, and time (as ever) had brought many a change upon his restless pinions. The little village of Plattsburg still looked forth as sweetly from amid its groves and streams; the Saranac flowed on with as glad a music; the billows rolled as proudly on the broad bosom of Champlain, but armed fleets in all their dreadful array now rode upon its waters; the voice of the distant cannon echoed back from its shores, and martial music pealed long and loud through those once quiet abodes of peace. It was September, 1814, that year which commenced with bloodshed and dismay, and closed with a triumph that shall never fade from the annals of our history, while America hath a heart to warm with the glow of patriotism, or a voice to perpetuate the memory of the brave. Upon the tenth morning of this memorable month we would re-open the scene of our simple drama; a morning which rose upon our feeble band

of intrepid patriots in doubt and anxiety, and inspired in the breasts of their numerous and well-regulated foes, new hopes, new confidence of victory. Well might they look around upon that mighty and veteran host of fourteen thousand warriors, who had conquered in Spain, France, and the Indies, and forward upon that weak but well-disciplined band of fifteen hundred, commanded by the brave Macomb, and predict the triumph which, in all human probability, must necessarily ensue. After a long period of alternate success and defeat, the British forces poured in their utmost strength upon the northern frontier, and determined, by a decisive attack upon the comparatively unprotected village, to open a free passage into the heart of that country which they had laboured so long and so fruitlessly to subdue. Their officers were men who sought in foreign victories a glory which should enrol their names for ever upon the pages of England's history; they fought for distinctions, for titles, for wealth, and they knew not the force of a feeble arm, when directed and nerved by that holy patriotism which could toil and bleed, ere it would yield one single minutia of that independence bequeathed to them by the valour of their immortal sires.

On the morning of the fifth, the land force, commanded by Sir George Prevost, had approached the village of Plattsburgh, and their fleet was prepared to make the attack by water at the same time that the army entered the town, and overcame the feeble resistance which it expected to meet.

Meanwhile the village presented a scene of deep and thrilling interest. The small force which remained after the departure of the American army for Lake Erie was collected by their gallant leader, General Macomb, in fort Moreau, situated on the borders of the lake, a short distance from the banks of the Saranac. Here they had planted their cannon, and collected their means of defence; here they were to conquer, or if courage and skill proved vain, here they were to die. Guards and sentinels were posted at intervals along the streets, parties of volunteers were continually sallying forth to harass the enemy, and prepare themselves for the decisive struggle, and expresses were riding back and forth on their foaming steeds, shouting to the eager listener the position of the army, as it approached nearer and nearer, or hastening in silence to the fort to discharge some embassy of mighty and mysterious import. The greater part of the peaceful inhabitants had fled from the scene of bloodshed and commotion, and many a gun and bayonet were glittering in the windows of their peaceful dwellings, thus converted into barracks for the use of the soldiery, or hospitals for the wounded.

The mists of the morning had just rolled from the bosom of the waters, and the sun, struggling through the dense clouds, had just kissed the light foam upon its surface, when a tall, manly youth was seen approaching the guards on the northern bank of the Saranac with a hurried, anxious, yet half-hesitating air. His form was slight and graceful in the extreme, and the partly military dress which he wore displayed to advantage its symmetry of proportion. He carried his long rifle in one hand, and a massive old-fashioned sword was fastened by an embroidered belt to his side; his lips were firmly compressed, but his dark blue eyes were fixed upon the ground, as if some sad, subduing thought had mingled with the sterner occupants of his mind. As he approached the sentinels, each touched his cap in respect, and he passed on unquestioned, until pausing at the gate of Dr Mentreville's

cottage, he slowly and softly raised the latch; a curtain was drawn aside, a pale face peeped from the window, a light step was heard in the hall, and Emily stood upon the threshold. A year had wrought many changes in the person of this lovely girl; her form was taller and more womanly, but had lost much of its roundness; sorrow and midnight watching had faded the roses on her cheek, and tears had been its frequent visitants; but her features, in their morning freshness and gorgeous bloom, had never seemed half so lovely. A flush sprang to her face, and a light to her eye, as she stepped forward to meet the stranger, and extended her hand with a frank and affecting simplicity. "Walter!" "Emily!" His heart seemed too full for another word, and he raised his eyes to hers with a look of sad and apprehensive inquiry.

"Oh! do not ask me," she replied, bursting into tears. "Oh! that I could give you some gleam of comfort; that I could lay down my worthless life for my sweet sister! But it may not be, her frame grows hourly weaker, and her mind more strong; she seems all *soul*—a spirit of Heaven fettered by the strong affections of earth; but yet, Walter," she added, wiping the blinding tears from her eyes, "when I look upon her I can scarcely find it in my heart to grieve; she seems so placid and so happy, like an infant returning to the arms of its parent: it is only when I look upon myself, and dear mother, and father, and *you*, and think how lonely, how desolate we shall be, that I feel the full weight of sorrow."

"Desolate! desolate indeed!" replied the young man, and unable longer to control his emotion he turned from her, and leaning his head upon the little column where Melanie had so often rested, gave vent to his excited feelings in a flood of tears. But a moment, and it was over—he had paid his tribute upon the altar of sorrowing affection, and he awoke to the remembrance of sterner and more pressing duties.

"Forgive me, Emily!" his cheek burning with shame at this transitory weakness—"surely the being for whose early fate I have shed these unmanly tears must form my best apology; yet I would not give way to sorrow upon a day like this, when every man should bring a cool head and a strong arm to the succour of his country."

Emily's pale cheek turned yet more pallid, as she exclaimed, "Walter, do you—have you indeed joined yourself with those doomed men?" and her eye rested on the sword and rifle, which she had not before perceived.

"And have I not, Emily? Would you, would Melanie own me as her—her friend? Would she not blush to hear my shame? Would not the blood of my grandsire, who fought so bravely in the Revolution, burn and scorch in the veins of his dastardly son, if I refused to join the brave band in defence of my native village, of my family, and of you, sweet Emily—and—*and* Melanie?"

"And if you are defeated?"

He smiled encouragingly.

"Why, *then*, Emily, we must yield like men, only with our lives. But we shall not be defeated—we shall conquer! Brave hearts and determined hands will do more in the hour of conflict than closed ranks and mere animal force."

"And when is this dreadful hour to come? When do you expect the final attack?"

"I should be tempted to conceal it, little trembler," replied the youth,

"did I not feel that I have already too long neglected the chief object of my visit. From the reports of the expressmen and scouts who have returned, we expect the enemy to-morrow morning, when we shall probably be assailed by land and water. This place will be the scene of bloodshed and confusion: you cannot remain here—you must fly."

"I know it, I know it!" exclaimed Emily; "father is already gone in search of wagons to convey our effects; but my sister, my poor sister, it seems almost sacrilege to disturb and perhaps hasten her parting moments by this precipitation; and the idea is so distressing, she longs so to die in her own old home. I can read it in every look, though she will not name it, lest we subject ourselves to danger for her sake. You know, Walter, we should have fled long since, as at the time of the former invasion, but ever since that short sojourn with strangers, she has seemed to fade more rapidly. It was breaking up all the sweet associations and habits which alone seem binding her to earth, and now, when she has so short a time to live, oh! it is a cruel, cruel task!" and the affectionate girl wept faster than before.

"I feel it all, dear Emily," said Walter, "but were it not more cruel that her gentle spirit should part amid the roar of cannon and the shouts of the combatants? Then, if the British conquer, the last sounds which would meet her ear, would be those of insult and lawless triumph. No, no, it is impossible—you must fly. Would to God my duties did not call me for the space of two hours, that I might see you all in safety, and then return, with a light heart, to my post. But that cannot be; by especial favour I have obtained leave to make you this hasty visit, and, upon my return, the band of volunteers which I have joined proceed to the bank above the old bridge, the station deemed most advantageous for this section of our small force. So you see, dear Emily, I cannot aid you; but you say your father is gone—where, and with what hopes of success?"

"He started before daylight this morning, to obtain more easy conveyance for our dear invalid than our old-fashioned family vehicle affords, and wagons to convey the family and our most valuable effects; but you know calamity and terror make us selfish, and the inhabitants having fled, he found not the proper means of conveyance for dear Melanie in the village, and he hastened on some ten or twelve miles in the country to obtain them, and we do not expect him to return until sunset."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Walter, "the British forces will have advanced between him and our village, and he cannot return to you. Why did I not know this before?"

Scarcely had he spoken, when Mrs. Mentreville appeared on the threshold of the open door, at the porch of which they had been conversing. Her figure was about the middle height and delicately formed, and her features retained the traces of much former beauty, but deep and unremitting anxiety had wasted a form naturally feeble, and an expression of calm but unutterable grief was seated in her full dark eye. As she advanced, she caught the expression of alarm in the face of young Selden and her daughter, and after the first silent greeting was over she inquired, "What were you saying, Walter? Do not fear to tell me; nothing can alarm me now."

In brief words Walter repeated his apprehensions that her husband might be prevented from returning, and their flight would shortly become impossible.

"Then we will remain," replied Mrs. Mentreville firmly. "If we are successful, all is well; if we fail, the British officers are gentlemen as well as soldiers—they have mothers, wives, and daughters—they will protect us.—I only fear the effect of the excitement and turmoil upon our beloved sufferer."

Walter sighed deeply.

"God will protect you, my dear madam. I wish I could trust more implicitly to the faith and honour of our enemies. But Dr. Mentreville may still return—all may yet be well. My term of absence is almost expired—can I not see Melanie?" and he lowered his voice almost to a whisper, as if he feared to breathe aloud a name so sacred.

The mother replied not, but silently taking the hand of the young man, she led him into the chamber of the dying girl. It seemed not like the abode of death and disease. The spirit, trembling, hovering within its boundaries, appeared to sanctify its resting place. There was no gloom, or darkness, or dreariness, for they found no place in the mind of Melanie, and why should they surround her frame without? She was all purity, gentleness, elevation—and an air of soft soothing melancholy pervaded the scene of her last sufferings. The windows opening upon the river were closed, for there were sights and sounds of too animating and warlike a nature to meet the acute eye or sensible ear of the dying maiden; but a casement beside her couch was thrown back, and the little flower-garden beneath it, which she had so often tended, sent up the perfume of its last fading blossoms into her chamber, while the quivering poplar-trees waved and sighed her requiem before it, and the luxuriant vines twined their small tendrils round the lattice. The sunlight, broken and softened by the green branches, fell in chastened splendour upon the floor, and tinged with a yet more heavenly radiance the pale, bright features of Melanie. The couch had been placed beside the open casement, that, as she reclined upon its pillows, she might yet look around upon the scenes so dear to her; and well do those who witnessed remember the unearthly loveliness of her form and face, and the alternate sadness—a glorious hope in its expression, as she bade a mental farewell to the cherished scenes of earth, or looked forward to the blessed home which she was seeking. There was one by her side who watched with unwearied care and childish simplicity every look and motion. It was the little Alfred. She dearly loved the ardent and enthusiastic boy, and his young heart clung with all its ardour and enthusiasm to the one who most deeply awakened and cherished the incipient romance of his nature. Now that he beheld her thus fading from before him, he hovered for ever by her bed-side, and hung, like one entranced, upon each trembling accent of her voice. This deep and subdued affection had unlocked a new fountain in his little breast, and it flowed on, overwhelming all the petty selfishness of childhood, and quenching all save the flame of military ardour, which still burnt silently and slowly, though subdued by this new and overpowering sentiment of love for his gentle and intellectual sister. It was affecting to mark the struggle of these two passions in his young mind. At the sound of the distant cannon, the roll of the drum, or the shouting of the express as he rode furiously by, he would start from his seat, while his eye kindled, and his step involuntarily kept pace with the music; then, as the thought of Melanie rushed over his mind, he would turn to the bed, take her hand gently in his own little palm, and whisper softly, "Sister,

did it disturb you? He was seated on his little stool by her side, cutting miniature soldiers from the little branches of a wild rose-tree, and watching every change in his sister's face, when Mrs. Mentreville, Emily, and Walter entered. Melanie raised her head from the pillow on which she reclined, and extended her hand feebly as Selden approached.

"Walter, this is kind," said she; "I feared I should not see you before the engagement, and then we may never meet again." The youth spoke not, but kissed the pale hand which rested in his own. She continued: "I see that you have joined them, that you are going forth to add one more brave heart and arm to our adventurous band. I knew it. Go, Walter, go! and my blessing and the blessing of God go with you. If you conquer, you will find your reward in that peace which you have fought to bestow; if you fall, it will be in the performance of your duty, and you will share the grave of our bravest and best. Oh!" she added, clasping her hands, and her eyes kindling with enthusiasm, "Oh! that the shout of victory might be the last earthly sound wafted to my spirit as it seeks the portal of a brighter world! With the voice of triumph floating around its pathway, how blessed might be its departure!" There was a moment's deep silence; every heart seemed too full for speech, till the soft sweet voice of Melanie again fell, like a bird whisper, upon the ears of the motionless group: "Walter, do not deceive me; is it safe for my dear mother and sister to remain in this village, abandoned as it will be to the soldiery in case of defeat? God only knows how deeply I have longed to breathe my last in this dear home of my infancy, but, for the love of mercy, let not this idle fancy endanger the safety or comfort of those I love dearer than myself." Walter replied that it was deemed necessary to fly, and that her father had gone in search of the easiest means of conveyance for her. She sighed deeply. "My own dear father!—But I shall not need him." Immediately rallying her spirits, while the faint sunlight smile, so peculiar to herself, played over her features, she again extended her hand. "Let me not detain you, Walter, from the performance of those duties which now devolve upon you. Go! When I hear the shouts and tumult of the battle, I will pray for you, if on earth—I will watch over you, if released from its fetters. Oh! do not look so sad! If I saw not the mournful faces of those I love, my soul feels so happy I could almost think it Paradise. When I am gone, remember me as a dream, a moonlight vision which never formed itself into reality till it had fled; as a being whose shadow has flitted over the past, whose life is only in the future. I have only two hopes, two wishes upon earth; one for my country, the other—" She paused, and gazed fondly upon Walter and Emily as they stood beside her. The quick glance of Emily caught her meaning, and, throwing herself upon Melanie's bosom, she looked imploringly in her face. "Fear not, my sweet blossom," whispered Melanie, "I cannot, will not say aught which you could wish unsaid." Then turning to Selden, she said, "Farewell; may God protect and prosper you, my brother!"

The tears rushed to the young man's eyes as he cast one long, mournful look upon the delicate and spiritual features, and kissed the small wan fingers which he again pressed, but mastering his emotion with a strong effort, he turned from the room, and paused a moment in the hall, ere he could collect sufficient courage to leave the spot which contained a being so lovely (as he feared) *for ever*. As he stood thus, with

his hand upon his brow and his eyes bent upon the floor, a slight noise behind him attracted his attention. He turned; it was little Alfred. He had stolen unperceived from the room, and was examining Walter's rifle with looks of earnest and admiring attention, and too much absorbed to be conscious of the owner's presence; he was, in fancy, loading, presenting, firing, and performing all the military evolutions of which he was master; when he at length perceived Walter, he sprang to his side, and raising his bright face, exclaimed in an eager whisper—"Oh! Mr. Selden! Mr. Selden! take me with you to the battle; I will not trouble you; I will load your gun, and I will take my little bow and arrow, and fight as the Indians do; and I will make the British run—do, do—take me!"

"Will you not be afraid, my dear boy?" said Walter, scarcely conscious that he spoke.

A smile of contempt curled the boy's red lip.

"Afraid! what honourable soldier was ever afraid?" and forgetting his caution one moment, he laughed aloud. The spark had been awakened in his little bosom, and it required all the soft dews of feeling and reflection to quench its flame.

"Hush, hush, Alfred!" said Selden; "would you leave your sister, your dear sister, and perhaps never see her more?" The boy looked down; his heart swelled, and his lip trembled; but his desire was still strong. "Your father is gone, and would you leave your mother and sisters defenceless? What will become of them if the British conquer?"

Here was a double motive; here were united the two ruling passions, and he clapped his hands in the eagerness of his joy.

"Yes, yes, I will stay and protect them; and mother shall call me her little soldier, and sister Emmy will not be afraid, and no one shall touch dear Melanie." And he stole back contented to the stool by his bedside, to indulge his young fancy, in dreams of war, and victory, and defence.

Walter departed; and in a short time after the sound of martial music, of the drum and fife, and the trampling of many feet, disturbed the silence of Melanie's chamber. Mrs. Mentreville and Emily cast an anxious glance upon the apparently sleeping sufferer, and softly raised the curtain of the window. It was the band of volunteers marching out to their post. It was mostly composed of the young men of the village, led by an older and more experienced commander. Their hearts were beating high with hope and expectation, and they kept pace with a proud and even step to the lively national air which swelled in loud strains upon the breeze. As they passed the house of Dr. Mentreville, many an eye was turned, and many a glance fixed eagerly upon the beautiful face of Emily, as she leaned from the window; but she knew it not, she saw, she thought of but *one*. The rest passed before her like a colourless picture, and she beheld the form of Walter Selden, vivid and distinct from the pageantry around him. His eye caught hers, fixed with such an earnest and speaking gaze upon his features! Then first flashed the truth like an electric spark through his mind—the idea that that young and guileless maiden might feel in him an interest deeper than that of a sister or a friend. A burning flush rose to his cheeks and brow: he bowed low; a white handkerchief fluttered from the window, and it was again closed. All had passed in an instant, but it was one of those which contained more of existence than many a

long, long year: in that one look, unseen save by its object, the unconscious girl had betrayed the secret most dear, most sacred to her heart; the one which she had fancied, had believed, no grief, no mental torture could force her to reveal. She turned from the window, hid her blushing face in her hands, and burst into tears.

"Come hither, Emily," said Melanie, and opened her arms, while the weeping girl threw herself into them and sobbed upon her sister's bosom. Melanie clasped her hands over the silken tresses of the young mourner, and raised her head as in prayer. Oh! that I had a purer pencil than those of earth to paint the forms, the expression, of those two lovely beings! Some hovering angel might have transferred that scene to his immortal tablets, and laid it up among the records of heaven, as one bright spot shining forth from the dark annals of misery and crime. Emily, the type of all earth's loveliest, warm with its noblest passions, all the generous impulses of youth, weeping upon the bosom of a dying sister; and that sister, forgetful of herself, of all beside, praying for the dear one, while her face beamed with all the hallowed love, of the gentle compassion of a purified being, and her dark eyes kindled with a glow reflected only from the heaven they sought. The day rolled on, that long, long dreary day; the village was still in the tumult of preparation; the expresses rode by more furious than ever; the British forces were rapidly approaching the village, but still the father, the husband came not, and fears for his safety mingled with the agony of his helpless family. Mrs. Mentreville was a woman of acutely delicate and sensitive feelings, but they were mastered and controlled by a firm judgment, a strong and independent mind. She had long seen, with that anguish which a mother only can know, the certain but gradual decline of her beloved Melanie.

This child had been her favourite. There was something in the pure and lofty enthusiasm of her character which touched a responsive chord in her own bosom. What others had never seen, or only marked as the idle fancies of a romantic girl, revealed to her the inmost recesses of a nature composed of deep sensibilities, quiet, unobtrusive affections, and lofty aspirations after something higher and holier than earth. She had studied her carefully; she loved her to idolatry, and she only who has nurtured, who has wept over the death-bed of such a child, can understand the bitterness of grief which converted her whole soul into a fountain of agony. She saw how deeply it distressed Melanie to behold her sorrow, and many an hour banished herself from her bedside, that spot most sacred upon earth, that she might drink unperceived from the darkness of her affliction, and in solitude, and silence, struggle to subdue her heart into accordance with the will of her Heavenly Father.

Night drew on; the sky, which had been clear, became suddenly overcast; the sunbeams no longer played upon the quivering poplars, or sparkled gladly in the blue depths of the Saranne, and a dark thunder-gust rolled in black volumes from the west. The wing of the storm, as it slowly unfolded in the heavens, cast a deep leaden shadow on the waves of the Champlain; and the white foam gathered upon the crest of each receding billow, as it rolled with an angry murmur to the shore. The thunder growled faintly in the distance; pale flashes of light burst at intervals from the rent clouds, and large threatening drops fell with their sullen patter on the roof. Every thing betokened the approach of a fearful, though transient storm; and a fervent prayer for the safety of

her husband burst from the lips of Mrs. Mentreville, as she closed the door of the cottage and returned to the chamber of Melanie. As the tempest strengthened, the lightning streamed in with broad and livid flashes, and the thunder rolled on its tremendous pathway; each crash more loud and terrific than the last. Mrs. Mentreville, seated on Melanie's couch, supported her head upon her bosom, and an expression of deep awe rested upon her pale features. Emily knelt by the bedside and concealed her face in its drapery, and even the stout heart of little Alfred quailed, as peal after peal burst and gleamed above them and around them. He lisped no word of fear, but grasped the hand of Melanie in his own, gazed wistfully upon her placid and spiritual features, as if something whispered within him that no danger could assail, no bolts from the artillery of heaven descend upon a form and soul so heavenly. No terror, no dread was on the face of Melanie; resting upon her mother's bosom, she gazed on the dark rolling masses of the tempest-cloud, and trembled not at the livid flames, or the peelings of the loud-voiced thunder; her soul seemed bursting from her eyes in one long gaze of solemn adoration; her spirit was lifted above the warring elements; it was casting its burden of deep and silent worship at the footstool of the *Almighty*. The storm for an instant paused: the thunder-peals died away in a low muttering growl, and an awful silence reigned in the heavens and on the earth; the angel of the tempest had retired 'neath the veil of blackness, to gather the scattered thunderbolts in his hand, and to wreath the winged lightnings on his brow. Again he came upon his wild career—on, on, in more terrific majesty; the dark cloud parted with a fearful chasm, while from its bosom poured a sheet of flame, broad, livid, terrible, and a fierce crash, as of a shattered world, pealed along the heavens. A low shriek burst from the lips of Emily, and Alfred pressed his sister's hand with a convulsive energy. The grasp recalled Melanie's wandering senses; she drew him closer to her bosom, and whispered in accents low but distinct, heard like an angel's murmur amid the roaring of the storm, "Fear not, my little brother; it is the same voice which breathes in melody among the flowers of spring; the same hand which paints the rainbow and the rose. Fear not, it is your Father and your God! He sendeth forth the spirit of his love, and heaven and earth are bathed in the fountain of its glory, he stretcheth out the arm of his power and the hills tremble and are shaken. Yea," she added, clasping her hands and looking upwards with an expression of fervent solemnity, "yea; thou only art great who coverest thyself with light as with a garment; who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain; who makes the clouds thy chariot; who walkest upon the wings of the wind."

It was midnight. The storm had departed as it came; the wind sighed mournfully, yet sweet amid the dripping branches; the black masses rolled from the firmament, and the moon, struggling through their gloom, cast her feeble and trembling beams on the still agitated waters; the waves rose and fell with a faint wailing murmur, like the sobs of a weeping child; and the hearts of the anxious mourners seemed to beat in unison with their sad cadence. A taper was burning on the hearth in Melanie's chamber, but the curtain was withdrawn, and the pure cold rays of the moon trembled faintly upon a being, pure and heavenly as themselves. She slept—in the hush of that midnight hour, surrounded by those best loved on earth, she slept. Oh! the peace, the unearth-

ly beauty of that sleep. Her head lay back upon the pillow, her bright dark hair shaded with its rich tresses the exquisite features of her face; the serenity of heaven seemed resting on her broad, pale brow; her dark eyelids lay motionless on their snowy pillow, and nought could reveal to the beholder that he gazed on an inhabitant of earth, save the brilliant flush which mantled upon her cheek, as if death, fearing utterly to destroy a work so beautiful, had breathed a deeper crimson on the fresh rose of health, and placed it 'mid the lilies of disease. Emily was kneeling, beside her, her face bathed in tears, and her eyes now bent with a wistful sadness upon her sleeping sister, now raised as in prayer to Heaven; a petition seemed trembling upon her lips, but it would wing its way no farther; she dared not pray for fetters to enchain the struggling spirit; she could not even wish to recall the fluttering prisoner to its cage of clay, and the prayer died unuttered on her tongue. Then her mind wandered far away from that shaded room and its midnight stillness. She saw the morning dawn above the opposing ranks; she heard the shouts of the commanders, the sharp report of the rifles, and the deafening roar of the cannon, and she saw *one* form amid the thousands, and, as when she last beheld it, she saw that form *alone*; she marked his every movement, and when her quick fancy beheld the "lenden death," flying around him, her breath was checked convulsively, and the colour went and came upon her cheek, and then with the swiftness and waywardness of thought, her mind returned to their last meeting, their last look; and her face became one burning flush when she thought how much, how all *too* much that look betrayed. As she raised her head from the counterpane in which it had been buried, her eyes again rested upon the features of Melanie, and still more deeply did she blush at her own selfishness in thinking of aught beside the cherished sufferer and the duty she owed to her beloved mother. Where was that mother now? Why was not *she* too bending over the slumbers of the dying one? Oh! had you asked her bleeding heart, an answer had been poured forth in tones of the bitterest agony which the hand of sorrow could draw forth from its broken strings. Grief—grief, too deep for utterance, too violent for restraint, had driven her from the bedside of Melanie. With a burning brain and throbbing nerves, she had stolen unnoticed from the side of Emily, and stepped forth upon the broad piazza, to breathe for one moment the coolness of the midnight air; it soothed, it refreshed her, and throwing herself upon the seat beneath Melanie's window, a burst of tears relieved her agitated feelings. The scene was solemn, and to the reflecting mind it was one of deep interest, for the shade of an eventful morrow seemed hanging darkly over it; torches were glancing to and fro in the distant fort; boats were crossing and recrossing the river; the bridges were destroyed, and the voice of the sentinel was heard at intervals, as he loudly demanded the countersign from some belated traveller. In addition to her other cares, Mrs. Mentreville was now seriously alarmed for the safety of her husband: at every casual footstep, at every shadow which obscured the moonlight, she started from her seat, and an anxious "is it he?" trembled unconsciously upon her lips. In the silent solemnity of that midnight hour her mind reverted to her own early days, when loving and beloved, she had first entered that humble cottage, a youthful and happy wife, and when after the lapse of years she had still found herself an adored and cherished *mother*, the centre of all the social affections, the

parent tree which shadowed, nourished, and supported the fresh young tendrils that twined around it; now there was a deep, deep void within her heart. Death had breathed upon her paradise; he had laid his cold hand upon those delicate vines; he had torn them asunder; had gathered all but three young blossoms to twine around and wither on his clay-cold brow. Her affection for the dead was now transferred with tenfold ardour to the living; the buoyancy and hope of youth was gone; but love, a mother's love, can never perish, and her spirit, chastened and subdued by the hand of affliction, clung to Melanie as to some guardian angel, some being of superior mould, who seemed unfitted for the cares and buffetings of life, and yet foreboding fancy had never dared to whisper she could die; and now the dreadful summons had arrived; she saw it in the flushed and fevered cheek, the throbbing pulse, the eye of piercing brilliancy; she heard it in the tremulous accents of her beloved one,—they mingled all the sweetness of heaven, and all the sadness of earth; and the memory of those tones stole over her mind like a soothing murmur, as she buried her face in her hands, and the tears stole silently between them. She was startled from her reverie by a sound like the distant trampling of horses' feet; she turned—the sound came nearer—"It is he!" and she rushed down the steps of the piazza, and with her hand upon the gate leaned anxiously over the little enclosure. She scarcely breathed. It was a horseman riding furiously down the little hill to the right, and as he passed in the moonlight, hope could deceive her no longer; it was *not* he, it was the express; he dashed along through the row of sentinels, and waving his cap in the air, his hoarse voice broke painfully upon the silence of the night.

"The enemy! the enemy!" he shouted, "they have come on by forced marches; they are now encamped within two miles; they will be here by daybreak," and he dashed on, arousing the sleeping echoes, till the trampling of his horse's feet, and the tones of his stentorian voice were alike lost in the distance. Mrs. Mentreville slowly and mechanically returned to the piazza, and a thousand agonizing thoughts swept like a burning torrent through her brain. The British army was rapidly approaching; the conflict would probably take place at daybreak; her husband had gone to secure them a place of refuge, but he returned not; perhaps he was a prisoner in the British camp, and she, a helpless woman, with one young and timid daughter, and one, so dear a one, just dying, was left alone in the deserted village, exposed to the cruel insults of the British soldiery, should they conquer, and to all the terror and tumult of a desperate conflict even should they fail. Oh! that was a night of agony, and never, through all the vicissitudes of after life, did one thought, one feeling then endured fade from the volume of her memory. As the thoughts of danger and the necessity of exertion passed through her mind, she wiped the tears from her eyes, and whispered within herself, "This weakness will not do; I have a part to perform. I am the only guardian of my three dear ones; we cannot fly, and if the British conquer, as I fear they must, I will appeal for protection to their officers! they have wives and children."

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## POETICAL REMAINS.

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### TO MY MOTHER.

MOTHER ! thou bid'st me touch the lyre,  
And wake its sweetest tones for thee ;  
To kindle fancy's dying fire,  
And light the torch of poetry.

Mother ! how sweet the word, how pure,  
As if from heaven the accents came ;  
If aught can rouse the dormant soul,  
It is that cherish'd, honour'd name.

Deep in the heart's recess it dwells ;  
It lives with being's earliest dawn ;  
With reason's light expands and swells,  
And dies with parting life alone.

Mother ! 't is childhood's first essay,  
Breathed in its trembling tones of love ;  
It lights the heart, through life's long way,  
And points to holier worlds above !

It is a name, whose mighty spell  
Can draw the chain'd affections forth,  
Can rouse the feelings from their cell,  
And give each purer impulse birth.

Then will I wake my sleeping muse,  
And strive to breathe my thoughts in song,  
Though sweetest strains must fail to speak  
The heart's affections, deep and strong.

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### PRIDE AND MODESTY.

Just where a wild and rapid stream  
Roll'd back its waves in seeming pride,  
Flowers of each softly varying hue  
Were sweetly blooming, side by side.

Shaded by many a beading tree,  
Their glowing cups with dew-drops fill'd,  
Nature's fair daughters blushing stood,  
And all their fragrant sweets distill'd.

Oh, 't was a wild and lovely spot,  
 Which well might seem a spirit's home !  
 A lone retreat, a noiseless grot,  
 Where earth's rude blasts could never come.  
 Within a broad and open glade,  
 A tulip spread its gaudy hue,  
 While, 'neath the myrtle's clustering shade,  
 A sweetly-drooping lily grew.  
 As the light zephyrs o'er them swept,  
 And heighten'd many a rosy glow,  
 A strange, deep murmur round them crept,  
 Like distant music, wild and low.  
 'T was the gay tulip's fragrant breath,  
 Which many an answering echo woke,  
 As to her lowly neighbour, thus,  
 With proud and haughty mien, she spoke :  
 " Away ! frail trembling flower ! nor dare  
 To droop beside my glittering form !  
 Behold how bright my garments are,  
 And mark each sweetly varying charm !  
 " Then hie thee to some lonely nook,  
 Nor show thy pallid features here ;  
 Go, murmur to some babbling brook,  
 Where like thyself each scene is drear !  
 " Hast thou assurance thus to gaze  
 On one who nature's self beguiles ?  
 Hence ! haste thee hence ! and hide that face,  
 Where parent nature never smiles."  
 She ceased—a sad, sweet whispering rose,  
 Which thrill'd the zephyrs list'ning ear ;  
 Soft as an angel's gentlest tone,  
 Too heavenly for this mortal sphere.  
 'T was the pale lily's silvery voice,  
 Which rose in low and thrilling tone,  
 Like breath of wild Eolian lyre,  
 Moved by the wind-god's tenderest moan :  
 " Great queen !" the lovely gem replied,  
 " I view thy charms, I own their power,  
 And void of envy, shame, or pride,  
 Admire thy beauties of an hour.  
 " Full well I know my pallid brow  
 Can never match the hues of thine ;  
 Nor my white robes the colours wear,  
 Which on thy dazzling garments shine.  
 " But the same hand hath form'd us both ;  
 And heaven-born nature smiled as sweet  
 As on thy form, when the low flower  
 Was peeping from its green retreat.

"Here was I planted! let me here  
Still live in purity and peace;  
The lily's eye shall never weep  
To gain the tulip's gaudy grace.

"But oh, forget not, 'mid the pomp  
Of earthly kingdom, pride, and joy,  
That boasted beauty must decay,  
And withering age thy pleasures cloy.

"Receive the lily's kind advice,—  
Retire from scenes of public life,  
And pass thy days in solitude,  
Apart from vanity and strife."

While the sweet murmur past away,  
The stately rose as umpire came;  
The lily shunn'd her proud survey,  
The lordly tulip bent for shame.

In accents bland, but nobly firm,  
The queen-like flow'ret soon replied,  
In tones which charm'd the tender flower,  
And humbled more the tulip's pride.

"Come hither, pure and lovely one,  
With thee no garden plant can vie;  
Not e'en the tulip's gaudy hues  
Match with thy stainless, spotless dye.

"Come to my bosom, emblem fair  
Of heavenly virtue's fairer form!  
Here let me learn each modest grace,  
While here I hush each wild alarm.

"Come to my bosom! what so pure,  
So lovely as a modest one,  
Who flies from folly's glittering lure,  
And shuns the bright meridian sun!

"Let the proud tulip glitter still,  
Robed in her scarf of varying hue;  
Alone 'neath nature's eye we'll rest,  
Cheer'd by her smile, and nurtured by her dew."

#### VERSIFICATION OF THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

My shepherd is the faithful Lord,  
I shall not want, I trust his word;  
He lays me down in pastures green,  
He leads me by the lake serene;  
Comforts my soul, and points me on  
To pure religion's holy shrine.

I wander through the vale of death,  
 Yet he supports me still;  
 He will receive my dying breath  
 If I perform his will.

Even in the presence of my foes  
 He doth a meal of plenty spread;  
 My cup with blessings overflows,  
 With oil he does anoint my head.

1831.

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 TO BROTHER L—.

THE vessel lightly skims the wave,  
 And bounds across the waters blue,  
 Near shores where trees luxuriant spread,  
 And roses wildly blooming grew.

Yon islands see! so fair and bright,  
 Like gems upon the azure sea;  
 The waters dance like forms of light,  
 And waft my brother dear from me.

1831.

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 FOR MAMMA.

THE rippling stream serenely glides,  
 And rising meets the swelling tides;  
 The fleeting lights of heaven around  
 Shine brightly o'er the vast profound.

The moon hath hid her silvery face,  
 So mark'd with beauty and with grace,  
 Majestic when she rides on high,  
 A gem upon the azure sky!

My thoughts, oh Lord, then turn to thee,  
 Of what *thou* art and I shall be;  
 Thy outstretch'd wings around me spread,  
 And guard with love my hapless head.

1831.

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 TO MAMMA.

FAREWELL, dear mother, for awhile  
 I must resign thy plaintive smile;  
 May angels watch thy couch of wo,  
 And joys unceasing round thee flow.

May the almighty Father spread  
 His sheltering wings above thy head.  
 It is not long that we must part,  
 Then cheer thy downcast, drooping heart.

Remember, oh remember me,  
 Unceasing is my love for thee!  
 When death shall sever earthly ties,  
 When thy loved form all senseless lies.

Oh that my soul with thine could flee,  
 And roam through wide eternity;  
 Could tread with thee the courts of heaven,  
 And count the brilliant stars of even.

Farewell, dear mother, for awhile  
 I must resign thy plaintive smile;  
 May angels watch thy couch of woe,  
 And joys unceasing round thee flow.

1831

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 TO A FLOWER.

THE blighting hand of winter  
 Has laid thy glories low;  
 Oh, where is all thy beauty?  
 Where is thy freshness now?

Summer has pass'd away,  
 With every smiling scene,  
 And nature in decay  
 Assumes a mournful mien.

How like adversity's rude blast  
 Upon the helpless one,  
 When hope's gay visions all have passed,  
 And to oblivion gone.

Yet winter has some beauties left,  
 Which cheer my heart forlorn;  
 Nature is not of charms bereft,  
 Though shrouded by the storm.

I see the sparkling snow;  
 I view the mountain tops;  
 I mark the frozen lake below,  
 Or the dark rugged rocks.

How truly grand the scene!  
 The giant trees are bare,  
 No fertile meadows intervene,  
 No hillocks fresh and fair;

But the cloud-capp'd mountains rise,  
 Crown'd with purest whiteness,  
 And mingle with the skies,  
 That shine with azure brightness.

And solitude, that friend so dear  
 To each reflecting mind,  
 Her residence has chosen here  
 To soothe the heart refined.

1831.

## STANZAS.

Roll on, roll on, bright orb of day;  
 Roll on, thou beauteous queen of even -  
 Ye stars, that ever twinkling play,  
 And sweetly grace the azure heaven.

Roll on, until thy God's command  
 Shall rend the sky and tear the earth,  
 Till he stretch forth his mighty hand  
 To check the voice of joyous mirth.

He spread the heavens as a scroll,  
 He made the sea, he form'd the world,  
 The heavens again shall backward roll,  
 And mountains from their base be hurl'd.

He form'd the lovely verdant green,  
 And aught of fair that e'er has been;  
 These beauties all shall pass away,  
 And in one shapeless ruin lay.

But God in his glory, the God of the sky,  
 Will continue through endless eternity;  
 For ever untainted, all holy and pure,  
 His love and his mercy shall ever endure.

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 ESSAY ON NATURE.

How just, how pure, how holy is the great Creator of the universe! When I gaze upon all the wonders of nature, the rippling stream, the distant mountain, the rugged rock, or the gently sloping hill, my mind turns to the first Great Cause of all; the Author of this mingled beauty, grandeur, and simplicity. God made this beautiful world for us, that we might be happy, and why are we not so? Because we do not seek *real* happiness. We are striving to obtain *worldly* pleasure; but what is *that*, compared with the happiness of a child of God? *He* feels and knows that his Saviour is ever dear; he weeps over his past follies with a sweet consciousness that they are all forgiven; that the kind Shepherd has brought back his lost sheep to the fold. He trusts in the goodness of his Creator. His faith is firm in the blessed Saviour who died for him; he has charity for *all*, love for *all*. Such is the Christian! His earthly sorrows seem light, for his thoughts are continually upon his just Preserver. What is man, frail, feeble man, but a flower of the field, that fades away with the rude blast of the autumnal storm! How infinite the love which sustains him!

Plattsburgh, 1832.

## VERSES WRITTEN WHEN NINE YEARS OF AGE

## HOME.

YONDER orb of dazzling light  
 Sinks beneath the robe of night,  
 And the moon so sweetly pale,  
 Waits to lift her silver veil.  
 One by one the stars appear,  
 Glittering in the heavenly sphere,  
 And sparkling in their bright array,  
 Welcome in the close of day.  
 But home, that sacred, pure retreat,  
 Where dwells my heart in all that's sweet,  
 And my own stream, where oft I've stray'd,  
 And mark'd the beams that o'er it play'd,  
 Is far away, o'er the waters blue,  
 Far from my fondly straining view.

1832.

## THE MAJESTY OF GOD.

WITH the lightning his throne, and the thunder his voice,  
 He rides through the troubled sky;  
 He bids all his angels in heaven rejoice,  
 And thunders his wrath from on high!  
 "On the wing of the whirlwind he fearlessly rides,"  
 O'er the heavens, the earth, and the ocean he strides;  
 The breath of his nostrils the lightning's flame,  
 All nature re-echoes his powerful name!

## FROM THE FORTY-SECOND PSALM.

WHY is my bosom fill'd with fear,  
 And why cast down my troubled soul?  
 Is not thy God, thy Saviour near,  
 And will he not thy fate control?

How mighty is my Saviour's hand,  
 How powerful his word,  
 And how can I, a sinful worm,  
 Address him as my Lord?

Jehovah sends his mighty breath  
 Across the placid sea;  
 The foaming waters proudly whirl,  
 As longing to be free.

Deep calleth unto deep aloud,  
 The raging billows follow thee;  
 Thou send'st the roaring waves abroad,  
 Which rush o'erwhelming over me.

Yet at the great I Am's command,  
 For me, the object of his care,  
 The shouting waters silent stand ;  
 He still shall listen to my prayer.

1833.

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### HYMN OF THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

WELCOME, oh welcome, god of day !  
 Thy presence gives us peace !  
 All hail, eternal, glorious king,  
 Thy light shall never cease !

Transcendent Sun ! oh list to one  
 Whose heart is fill'd with love ;  
 Let the sweet airs lift high our prayers  
 To thee our God above.

Pure orb of light ! resplendent, bright ;  
 Oh, who may cope with thee ?  
 And who may dare to view thee there,  
 And never bend the knee ?

Before thy ray the guilty flee,  
 And dread thy cheerful beam,  
 Lest thy fierce eye their crimes descry,  
 And chill hope's trembling gleam.

To thee we bow, for on thy brow  
 Is majesty impress'd,  
 Glory thy shroud, thy throne the cloud,  
 Which circles o'er thy breast.

The blushing flower will own thy power ;  
 It blooms alone for thee ;  
 And though so frail, oh hear my wail,  
 My blessed guardian be !

When the first ray of brilliant day  
 Illumes the hill, the plain,  
 The songsters raise a hymn of praise,  
 Oh, listen to my strain.

When thy loved form, which braves the storm,  
 In ocean disappears,  
 One mournful cry ascends on high,  
 The night is spent in tears.

But lest we mourn for thy return,  
 And pine away in grief,  
 The orb of night supplies thy light,  
 And gives us sweet relief.

Then on my head, Eternal ! shed  
 Thy warmest, purest beam,  
 And to my heart content impart,  
 With gratitude serene.

Then, when, at last, my sorrows past,  
 With thee in light I'll roam,  
 And by thy side securely ride,  
 Thy bosom for my home.  
 1833.

---

 ENIGMA.

SOMETIMES I grace the maiden's brow,  
 And lend her cheek a brighter glow;  
 Or grim and strong, secure the wall  
 Of many a castle gate from all.  
 The palace boasts me always there,  
 To guard the walls and bless the fair;  
 The meanest cot I ne'er disdain,  
 Yet guard the portals of the brain.—LOCK.

---

 TO A LITTLE COUSIN AT CHRISTMAS.

My dear little George, oh did you but know  
 How delighted I'd be could I meet with you now;  
 Oh could I but print on your forehead a kiss,  
 To thy Margaret the moment were unalloy'd bliss.  
 Thy flowers and acorns I've cherished with care,  
 And to me they have seem'd more than lovely and fair,  
 For thoughts of the friends I have left far behind,  
 And sweet recollections will crowd on my mind,  
 As I gaze on the tokens presented by you,  
 And the sweet little letter you've written me too;  
 I fancy I see thee on bright Christmas day,  
 With Kitty and mother all sportive at play,  
 Admiring the bounty St. Nicholas gave  
 To the boy who was worthy his counsel so grave.  
 Oh could I but join thee, my beautiful boy,  
 In thy holiday pastimes and innocent joy!  
 Is "Auntie" still working on bonnets and capes?  
 Or examining flowers of all sizes and shapes?  
 Does Aiken's Collection still lie on her lap,  
 While her fingers are plaiting some ruffle or cap?  
 Is thy "dear little mother" still lively and gay,  
 Pleasing and pleased, as when I came away?  
 And Annie and Kitty, and grandfather too?  
 But 'tis time, my dear George, I bade you adieu.  
 Tell uncle, and brother, and all whom I love,  
 My letters alone my affection must prove.

1833.

## MISS MARGARET DAVIDSON.

## ON READING CHILDE HAROLD.

THE rainbow's bright and varying hue,  
 Mix'd with the soft celestial blue,  
 The brightest, fairest stars of night,  
 Which shed their radiance pure and bright,  
 If mingled in a wreath, would be  
 Too poor an offering for thee.

The morning sun should deck thy brow,  
 Now dazzling bright, and softening now;  
 But night's dark veil too oft doth cloud  
 The brow which genius should enshroud,  
 For vice has set her impress there,  
 Mingled with virtues pure and fair.

1833.

## INVOCATION.

OH, thou almighty Lord of heaven and earth!  
 From whom the world and man derive their birth,  
 My youthful heart with sacred love inspire,  
 And fill my soul with wild poetic fire.

And oh, thou pure, transcendent muse of heaven,  
 Descend upon an airy cloud of even,  
 With thy bright fingers touch the trembling chord,  
 And let it echo to my Saviour, Lord.

1833.

## CHRISTMAS HYMN.

HAIL to salvation's brilliant morn,  
 Hail to the dawn of joy and peace,  
 When God's supreme, almighty power,  
 Bade all our pains and sorrows cease.

Ye angels, sing your sweetest songs,  
 And strike anew each golden lyre;  
 Let him to whom the praise belongs  
 The sacred strain inspire.

The day the star of promise shone  
 Bright in yon eastern sky,  
 It bore redemption in its light,  
 A herald from on high.

It led a wise and chosen band,  
 Who writhed beneath the rod  
 Of Herod's proud and kingly hand,  
 To seek their infant God.

From his high throne in realms of bliss,  
 Where love was in every breast,  
 From his glorious home he came to this,  
 And in his descent we are blest.

For man's unconquerable pride,  
 That we salvation might obtain,  
 This blessed Saviour bled and died,—  
 And has the sacrifice been vain?

Oh Jesus, fill'd with sacred fire,  
 May I devote this life to thee;  
 May love my youthful heart inspire,  
 And glow to all eternity!

1833.

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EVENING.

'Twas evening, and the sun's last ray  
 Was beaming o'er the azure sky;  
 Earth bade farewell to cheerful day,  
 Which sinks beneath the mountains high.

Those cloud-tipp'd mountains soared afar  
 In that bright heaven of blue,  
 And seem'd to reach yon eastern star,  
 Which glittering you might view.

Between its banks yon rippling stream  
 Unruffled glides along,  
 In curling eddies onward flew  
 Rocks, branches, trees among.

Beyond it raged the troubled sea,  
 Which drew aloft its wave,  
 And ever furious, ever dark,  
 The Sky it seem'd to brave.

How strangely, sweetly blended there  
 The beautiful and grand,  
 The awful with the prospect fair,  
 The terrible and bland!

Behold that tall majestic rock,  
 O'erhanging yonder stream;  
 See, at its frowning foot is seen  
 The pale moon's silvery beam.

1833.

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ENIGMA.

In nature it holds a conspicuous part,  
 It lives in the ocean, and softens the heart;  
 The supporter of angels, in heaven it dwells,  
 And the number of demons reluctantly swells,  
 'T is a part of our faith, and it lives with the dead,  
 'T is devoid of religion, yet always in dread;  
 In the wavering candle all brightly it glows,  
 And with the meandering streamlet it flows.

Without it the name of the warrior were lost,  
 And the seaman would sink, on the wide ocean tost.  
 And now, my dear friend, if you guess what it means,  
 You may have the enigma for nought but your pains.

1833.

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 TO THE DEITY.

ALMIGHTY God! Father of heaven and earth,  
 Who form'd, from 'midst the vast expanse of chaos,  
 This spacious world—omnipotent and holy!  
 Before thee angels bow!—the countless host  
 Of those that praise thee, and that hover round  
 Thy sacred throne, shrink from the blaze of light,  
 And shadow with their wings their beaming brows,  
 Lest, on their senses thy transcendent glories  
 Burst with a stunning power, and absorb them  
 In one full flood of brilliance.  
 Oh thou! whose ever-seeing eye can pierce  
 The misty shades of night, and penetrate  
 The deep recesses of the human heart;  
 Parent of earth! how glorious are thy works!  
 Look on yon orb, whose ever-open eye  
 Sheds at his glance a pure, resplendent light,  
 Dispensing good. Night throws her sable veil  
 O'er hill and rock, o'er rivulet and ocean:  
 Then chaste Diana sheds her silver ray  
 O'er all: her throne, the fleecy cloud that floats  
 Over the vast expanse of heaven above us;  
 Her bright attendants are the brilliant stars,  
 That seem like guardian angels, who attend,  
 In virgin purity, to keep from ill  
 Our ever-rolling orb: beauty reigns over all,  
 And tinges nature with her softest touch.  
 If scenery so bright as this be *here*,  
 Oh, how can fancy paint the joys of heaven,  
 That pure and holy place, region of bliss!  
 There glides an amber stream, diffusing sweets,  
 And every tiny wave, which o'er the sands  
 Of purest gold rolls backward, washes up  
 Some pearl or diamond, gem of dazzling beauty,  
 While ambrosial zephyrs fan the air.  
 See, yonder angel, resting on the cloud,  
 His beaming eye upturn'd with holy awe.  
 Oh list! he chaunts his great Creator's praise;  
 His golden harp is never hush'd by wo;  
 There music holds her sweet, harmonious reign.  
 How pure the being who calls forth that lay:  
 Such clear, melodious symphony  
 Might well awake the dead from their last sleep.

1833.

## TO MY SISTER LUCRETIA.

THOUGH thy freshness and beauty are laid in the tomb,  
 Like the flow'ret, which droops in its verdure and bloom;  
 Though the halls of thy childhood now mourn thee in vain,  
 And thy strains will ne'er waken their echoes again;  
 Still o'er the fond memory they silently glide;  
 Still, still, thou art ours and America's pride.  
 Sing on, thou pure seraph, with harmony crown'd,  
 O'er the broad arch of heaven thy notes shall resound,  
 And pour the full tide of thy music along,  
 While a bright choir of angels re-echoes the song.  
 The pure elevation which beam'd from thine eye,  
 As it turn'd to its home, in yon fair azure sky,  
 Told of something unearthly,—it shone with the light  
 Of pure inspiration and holy delight.  
 "Round the rose that is wither'd a fragrance remains,  
 O'er beauty in ruins the mind proudly reigns."  
 Thy lyre has resounded o'er ocean's broad wave,  
 And the tear of deep anguish been shed o'er thy grave,  
 But thy spirit has mounted to regions on high,  
 To the throne of its God, where it never can die.

1833.

## WRITTEN WHEN BETWEEN ELEVEN AND TWELVE.

## PROPHECY.

FAIR mortal, I linger to tell thee thy fate,  
 Like an angel above thy bright fortunes I wait:  
 Thy heart is a mixture of tender and sweet,  
 And thy bosom is virtue's own sacred retreat.  
 Simplicity soft and affection combine  
 To render thee lovely and almost divine.  
 Devoid of ambition, rest, dear one, secure,  
 For with thoughts so refined, and with feelings so pure,  
 What mortal would injure, what care would pursue  
 A being protected by heaven like you?  
 Bright beauty thou hast not, but something so fair  
 It may serve to protect thee from sorrow and care.  
 I pierce the light veil which would darken thy fate,  
 And angels of happiness round thee await;  
 I see a bright cherub supporting thy head,  
 While around thee the smiles of affection are shed;  
 I see thy aged arms around him prest,  
 Thy grey locks waving o'er his youthful breast—  
 I see thee on his tender bosom lay,  
 In silent pleasure breathe thy life away.  
 My tale is told—dear one, I linger now  
 To kiss with fervent love thy own fair brow.

1833.

## ENIGMA.

On the brow of the monarch in triumph I stand,  
 I govern each measure, I rule each command;  
 Without me, his kingdom to atoms would fall,  
 But I share not his crown, and I rule not his hall.  
 I dance in the meadow, and play on the stream,  
 And I glimmer obscurely in Luna's pale beam.

I dwell in thy bosom, I'm part of thy form,  
 But I ride on the tempest, and guide the fierce storm;  
 With the sea-nymph I rest on the moss-cover'd cliff,  
 And I weep with the mourner that life is so brief.  
 O'er the grave of the mighty in sorrow I bow,  
 And I rest in thy mind as thou 'rt watching me now.

Go look on the pillow of sorrow and care,  
 On the brow that is wither'd by darkest despair,  
 Stern affliction will meet you, but I am not there.  
 In the heart of the rich man, the court of the prince,  
 In the mariner's vessel, the warrior's lance,  
 In the tumult of war, on the brow of the fair,  
 Though millions surround them still I am not there.

In the home of the noble, the virtuous, the great,  
 In thy own lovely bosom, rejoicing I wait.  
 I wish I might dwell in that beautiful eye;  
 I wish I might float on yon pure azure sky;  
 I would lead you in triumph wherever I stray'd,  
 Where the sunbeam had lit, or the pale moon had play'd.

1834.

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 ESSAY ON THE SACRED WRITINGS.

THE Bible!—what is it?—every heart which has read and justly appreciated that inestimable volume cannot fail to exclaim, “This is the work of a God!” Who is there that will not admire, (although he read with a doubting mind,) its force, dignity, beauty, and simplicity? Principles so pure, precepts so sublime, and thoughts so refined, who could have formed them but one inspired by a God, or God himself? ‘Tis our guide, our star to lead, the herald to usher us into a glorious eternity. When the mind is overwhelmed with care, what power can soothe like this sacred volume? Its pages beaming with truth and mercy, will shed a holy light over the troubled landscape, and impart a softer swell to the billows of adversity. It is the lighthouse by whose beams we should direct our path over the gloomy waves of life. Then why neglect it? Some may think it derogatory to their earthly dignity —“What will the world say?” Read it, and learn from its sublime precepts to stem the tide of worldly opinion. When all else fails you, this will remain the supporter of your rights; here is *real* dignity and grandeur, but it is the dignity of the *soul*, the grandeur of virtue, the dignity arising from a close alliance with the *Deity*. If He who

thundered on Mount Sinai, and caused the silver founts to flow from rocks of adamant, will deign to approach so near us, is it for us to stand aloof, wrapped in the mantle of our own insignificance, and brave the tempest of life alone? Oh! how depraved that heart must be, which such condescension will fail to affect! and how happy the bosom for ever confiding in its God! calm in the midst of afflictions, resigned while the torments of grief pour on the soul; which, though borne down by sorrow, is fortified by virtue, and looks calmly and steadily forward to the calamities which it is certain will terminate in an endless communion with its Maker.

February 2d, 1834.

### THE DESTRUCTION OF SODOM AND GOMORRAH.

Oh tremble, ye proud ones! oh tremble with fear!

For Jehovah has come in his wrath;

Stern vengeance is throned on his terrible brow,

And lightning attends on his path.

Oh shrink from the glance of his soul-quenching eye,  
As he treads on the whirlwind, and comes from on high!

Oh, burst the dark shackles of sorrow and sin!

Before his dread presence in penitence bow;

Oh, dash the bright wine-cup in terror away,

And dare not to gaze on his broad flaming brow,

For the angel of mercy no longer is there,

To quiet your conscience, or soothe your despair.

The spirit of death o'er your city has pass'd,

His broad flaming weapon is waving on high;

Your sentence is heard in the whirlwind's rude blast,

'T is written in fear on yon lightning-crown'd sky;

Oh, powerless your arm, and unwielded your lance,

As he cometh with vengeance and fire on his glance.

The bride at the altar, the prince on his throne,

The warrior secure in his strongly-built tower,

For the soft voice of music hear sorrow's deep moan,

And shrink 'neath the hand of their God in his power;

The smile on the cheek is transform'd to a tear,

But repentance is lost in bewailing and fear.

Oh, turn to your God, in this moment of dread,

For mercy may rest 'neath the frown on his brow.

Oh, haste ere each fast-failing hope shall have fled,

Oh, haste in repentance and terror to bow.

The moment of grace and repentance has pass'd,

Your entreaties for pardon are useless and vain;

The sword of destruction is levell'd at last,

And Gomorrah and Sodom are ashes again.

1834.

## VERSIFICATION FROM OSSIAN.

Oh thou, who rollest far above,  
 Round as my father's shield in war!  
 From whence proceed thy beams, oh sun,  
 Which shine for ever and afar?

All cold and pale, the feeble moon  
 Shrinks back, eclipsed beneath thy power;  
 The western wave conceals its light  
 At morning's bright resplendent hour.

But thou, unchanging, mov'st alone!  
 Oh who may thy companion be?  
 The rugged rocks, the mountain's fall,  
 But who may stand in might like thee?

The ocean shrinks and grows again,  
 All earthly things will fade away,  
 But thou for ever art the same,  
 Rejoicing in thy brilliant ray;  
 Rolling and rolling on thy way,  
 Enlightening worlds from day to day.

When o'er yon vault the thunders peal,  
 And lightning in its pathway flies;  
 When tempests darken o'er the world,  
 And cloud the once resplendent skies,  
 Thou rear'st on high thy noble form,  
 And laughest at the raging storm.

But now thou look'st to me in vain,  
 For I behold thy beams no more;  
 I languish here in darkness now,  
 On Erin's green and fertile shore.

I know not if thy yellow hair  
 Is floating on the western clouds,  
 Or if the fleecy veil of morn  
 Thy brilliant beauty lightly shrouds;  
 But thou, great sun, perhaps, like me,  
 Shall days of rest and silence see.

Amid the clouds thy form may sleep,  
 Regardless of the morning's voice;  
 Exult then, mighty orb of day,  
 And in thy vigorous youth rejoice.

1834.

## TO MY DEAR MAMMA.

ON RETURNING FROM A LONG VISIT TO NEW YORK.

THOUGH my lyre has been silent, dear mother, so long  
 That its chords are now broken, and loose, and unstrung,  
 If 't will call but one smile of delight to thy cheek,  
 I will waken the notes which so long were unsung.

My lyre has been thrown all neglected aside,  
 And other enjoyments I've sought for a while;  
 But though lured by their brilliance, still none can compare  
 With my dear little harp and my mother's sweet smile.

With joy I return to my books and my pen,  
 To my snug little home and its inmates so dear,  
 For while scribbling each thought of my half-crazy brain  
 I can chase every sorrow and lull every fear.

Oh excuse my poor harp, if the lines do not rhyme,  
 'Tis so long since it warbled aught breathing of sense,  
 That the chords, though I'm striving to tune them aright,  
 Still warble of folly and pleasure intense.

1834.

#### ON THE DEATH OF MRS. F. H. WEBB.

In vain I strike my youthful lyre,  
 Some gayer music to impart,  
 And dissipate the gloom which hangs  
 Too sadly round my mourning heart.

Oh, I would wish its low deep tones,  
 Some gentler, sprightlier strains to borrow;  
 But still they only can respond  
 The plaintive voice of heartfelt sorrow.

For she, the young, the bright, the gay,  
 Has left us here to weep,  
 While cover'd with her parent clay,  
 And wrapt in death's long sleep.

But memory still can paint the scenes  
 Of past, but ne'er forgotten joy,  
 When we have sported wild and free,  
 No sorrow pleasure's tide to cloy.

Thy form, as it was wont to be,  
 Still mingles with each thought of home;  
 My earliest sports were join'd by thee,  
 When graced by beauty's brightest bloom.

Again I view that hazel eye,  
 With life and pleasure beaming;  
 Again I view that fair, white brow,  
 Those dark locks o'er it streaming.

Again I view thy blushing cheek,  
 The glow of love and pride,  
 When, 'mid the throng of smiling friends,  
 A blooming, happy bride.

But more than these, the angel mind  
 Should all our thoughts engage;  
 Oh, 't was unsullied and refined  
 As is this spotless page.

How changed the scene ! the star of hope  
Has set in clouds of darkest night,  
And she, the lovely and the gay,  
Is laid in the grave with her beauty and light.

Oh, where shall the mother, all mourning and sad,  
Oh, where shall she look for the child she adored !  
And where shall the husband, half frantic with grief,  
Find the wife in whose bosom his sorrows he pour'd !

How lonely and silent each well-beloved scene,  
Each garden, each grove, which she loved to frequent ;  
The sweet flowers she nurtured so fondly and long,  
In sorrow their heads to the damp ground have bent.

But a flow'ret more lovely, more tender and pure,  
Is languidly drooping, no mother to guide ;  
The fond kiss of a mother it never can feel,  
And to her the warm prayer of a mother's denied.

But the spirit we mourn has ascended on high,  
And there it will watch o'er its little one's fate ;  
In whispers her voice will be heard from the sky,  
With a mother's affection which ne'er can abate.

1834.

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#### TO THE EVENING STAR.

Though you broad vault of heavenly blue  
Is spangled o'er with gems of light ;  
Though veil'd beneath its azure hue  
Is glittering many a star so bright ;

Though thousands wait around the throne  
Of yon cold monarch, proudly fair ;  
Though all unite their dazzling powers  
To vie with Luna's brilliance there ;

Each star which decks her cloud-veil'd brow,  
Or glitters in her snowy car,  
Would shrink beneath thy dazzling ray,  
Sweet little sparkling evening star !

No twinkling groups around thee throng,  
Thy path majestic, lonely, bright !  
A radiant softness shades thy form,  
First wanderer in the train of night !

While gazing on thy glorious path,  
It seems as though some seraph's eye  
Look'd with angelic sweetness down,  
And watch'd me from the glorious sky.

As the dim twilight steals around,  
And thou art trembling far above,  
I think of those no longer here,  
Dear objects of my earliest love.

And the soft ray which beams from thee,  
 A soothing calmness doth impart;  
 And from each poignant sorrow free,  
 A sweet composure fills my heart.  
 Oh! then shine on thus pure and bright,  
 Pour on each mourning soul thy balm!  
 Soothe the sad bosom's rankling grief,  
 And fill it with thy heavenly calm!  
 Till meek, submissive, and resign'd,  
 It seeks above a purer joy;  
 And stays the fickle, wayward mind  
 On pleasures which can never cloy.

1834.

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 TO MY FATHER.

Oh, how I love my father's eye,  
 So tender and so kind!  
 Oh, how I love its azure dye,  
 The index of his mind!  
 Oh, how I love the silver hair  
 Which floats around his brow!  
 I love to press my father's form,  
 And feel his cheek's warm glow.  
 Oh what is like a parent's love?  
 What heart like his will feel,  
 When sorrow's waves are raging round,  
 And cares the thoughts congeal?  
 Would he not die his child to save?  
 Would not his blood be shed  
 That yet one darling might remain  
 To soothe his dying bed?  
 Oh, what is like a parent's care  
 To guard the youthful mind?  
 Oh, what is like a parent's prayer,  
 Unbounded grace to find?  
 Ah, yes! my father is a friend  
 I ever must revere,  
 And, if I could but cease to love,  
 His virtues I would fear.

1834.

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 ON NATURE.

"How beautiful is Nature!" Every soul,  
 Beating with warm and gentle feeling,  
 Must repeat with me these heartfelt words,  
 "How beautiful is Nature!" In the dark

Awful waving of the sky-crown'd forest,  
Her gentle whisper, like an angel's voice,  
Still breaks upon the stillness ;—in the stream  
Which ripples past, is heard her low, sweet murmur ;  
While on the varied sky, the frowning mount,  
Her chainless hand majestic is laid !  
What voice so sweet as hers ? what touch so soft,  
So delicate ? what pencilling so divine ?  
Oh, can the warmest fancy ever picture  
To the rapt soul, a scene more beautiful !  
Say, can imagination, light as air,  
Capricious as each varying wind which blows,  
Create a model of more perfect loveliness,  
More grace and symmetry ? Can thought present  
A tint more light, and yet more gorgeous,  
Hues more sweetly mingled, one dim shadow,  
Blending in grace more lovely with another ?  
Ah no ! but 'tis the sin which dwells within  
That casts a dark'ning shade o'er Nature's face—  
Nought can there be more beauteous and divine ;  
But to the eye of discontent and wo,  
Her gentle graces seem to mix with sorrow ;  
And to the chilling glance of stern despair,  
Her sweetest smile is but a threatening cloud ;  
Just as the mind is turn'd she smiles or frowns,  
And to each eye a different view appears.  
The cheerful, happy heart, devoid of guilt,  
Like a white tablet, opens to receive  
Each passing hue, and as the colours flit  
Over its surface, it becomes more tranquil,  
And fit to take once more the forms of joy,  
Which ever, as they glide so sweetly by,  
Tinge the fond soul with happiness serene.  
If dark, degrading sin had never cast  
Its shade of gloom o'er Nature's lovely brow,  
This world had been an earthly paradise.  
An all-presiding God has deck'd our globe  
With grace, and life, and light ; each object glows  
With heavenly tints, and every form  
Contains some hidden beauty, which, to minds  
Unburden'd with a consciousness of guilt,  
Proclaims the power of Him who rules o'er all.  
The falling snow-flake, or the humming bee,  
Small though they seem, may still contain a world  
Of knowledge and of skill, which human wisdom,  
Mix'd with human guilt, can never fathom.  
The smallest item in this wondrous plan,  
Replete with grace, and harmony, and light,  
Would form employment for a fleeting life ?  
Oh, 't were a home for angels ! and a home  
No angel might despise, if human guilt  
Had never stain'd it with its crimson glow.  
Our earth was once an Eden, and if sin

Had never tinged with blood its rippling streams,  
 And ne'er profaned its broad luxuriant fields  
 With scenes of wickedness and thoughts of woe,  
 Had thus remain'd; each heart o'erflowing  
 With delight and love; each bosom fill'd  
 With heavenly joy. How awful is the change!  
 And how tremendous the effect of sin  
 On nature and on man! The wayward soul,  
 Once open'd to degrading guilt, is deaden'd  
 To her beauty; and all the glowing charms  
 Which waken'd it to love and happiness,  
 Ere thus ensnared, are pass'd unnoticed now!  
 Oh, could we purify our souls from sin,  
 Would we desire a brighter heaven than this?  
 More glorious, more sublime, more varied,  
 Or more beautiful? The softly rippling stream,  
 The rising mountain, and the leafy wood,  
 Combine their charms to grace the splendid scene!  
 The light-crown'd firmament, the tinted sky,  
 And all the sweetly varying graces  
 Which bedeck the queenlike brow of nature,  
 Serve but to show the power of nature's God,  
 The mighty Lord of this immense creation!  
 The heavenly Maker of our lovely world.

1834.

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 TO THE INFIDEL.

BEHOLD, thou daring sinner! canst thou say,  
 As rolls the sun along its trackless course,  
 A God has never form'd that orb of day,  
 Of life, and light, and happiness the source?  
 Who made yon dark blue ocean? Who  
 The roaring billow and the curling wave,  
 Dashing and foaming o'er its coral bed,  
 Of many a hardy mariner the grave?  
 Who made yon dazzling firmament of blue,  
 So calm, so beautiful, so brightly clear,  
 Deck'd with its stars and clouds of fleecy white,  
 Like the bright entrance to another sphere?  
 Who made the drooping flow'ret? Who  
 The snowy lily and the blushing rose —  
 Emblem of love, which sheds its fragrance round,  
 As with the tints of heaven it brightly glows?  
 Who raised the frowning rock? Who made  
 The moss and turf around its base to grow?  
 Who made the lofty mountains, and the streams  
 Which at their feet in rippling currents flow?  
 Say, was it not a God? and does not all  
 Bear the strong "impress of his mighty hand?"  
 Oh yes — his stamp is fix'd on all around —  
 All sprang to being at our Lord's command.

Oh, ask the mind! — oh, ask the immortal mind,  
 And this will be stern reason's firm reply —  
 'T will echo over ocean's swelling tide:  
 The hand that form'd us was a *Deity*!

1834.

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 ON THE MIND.

How great, how wonderful the human mind,  
 Which, in each secret fold, conceals some dread,  
 Mysterious truth; which spurns the fetters  
 Binding it to earth, yet draws them closer  
 Round it; which, yearning for a world more pure,  
 And more congenial with its heavenly thoughts,  
 Confines its soaring spirit to the region  
 Of death and sin! But oh, how glorious  
 The sublime idea, that though this frame,  
 Corrupt and mortal, mingle with the dust,  
 There is a spark within, which, while on earth,  
 Gives to the clay its energy and life,  
 And when that clay returneth to the dust  
 From whence it came, may rise triumphant  
 From the senseless clod, and soaring, mount on high,  
 To dwell with beings holy and divine;  
 And there, with its ever-growing ken,  
 Clasp the great universe; with angels there  
 To expand those heaven-born powers, which here  
 Were fetter'd with the earthly chains that bind  
 Misguided man—pride, sorrow, discontent,  
 And cold ambition, foolish and perverted—  
 But destined there to burn in all its light,  
 And urge the enfranchised on to seek  
 Glories still undiscover'd, wonders  
 As yet unknown. And can it be? Does this  
 Weak, trembling frame conceal within itself  
 A soul ethereal and immortal?  
 A glorious spark, sublime and boundless,  
 "Struck from the burning essence of its God,"  
 The great I AM, the dread Eternal?  
 Oh, how tremendous is the awful thought!  
 The soul shrinks back alarm'd, too weak to gaze  
 On its own greatness, or rather on the greatness  
 Of that God who made it! Yes! 'tis his work!  
 The moulding of his mighty hand! How dread,  
 How peerless, how incomparably great  
 The Governor and Former of this vast machine!  
 Who watches from on high its slightest thought,  
 And omnipresent and unbounded, sways  
 Each feeling and each impulse! and whose touch,  
 However slight, may turn its passions from  
 Their common channel, and whose breath can tune  
 Aright those delicate and hidden fibres,  
 Which, rudely touch'd, would yield their finest chords,  
 And thus destroy the harmony of all,

Leaving a blank and darken'd chaos  
 Where once was harmony and joy !  
 Oh ye that seek to guide perverse mankind,  
 Tamper not lightly with the human mind ;  
 But when an erring friend from virtue strays,  
 Gently reprove, and do not seek to guide  
 Those hidden springs which God alone can fathom.  
 Oh 'tis a fearful thing to see the mind,  
 Derived from such a pure and holy source,  
 Debased by sin, by dark, offensive crime,  
 And render'd equal with the beasts that roam ?  
 To see the wreck of all that once was good,  
 The shrinking remnant of a noble soul,  
 Like the proud ship, which for a while may stem  
 The roaring ocean, but o'ercome by storms,  
 With half its voyage done, is torn apart—  
 The sails, the stately masts, and, last of all,  
 The guiding helm—until the shatter'd hulk  
 Lies undefended from the sweeping blasts,  
 Threaten'd by frowning rocks ;—but as some  
 Friendly hand may snatch from death's embrace  
 The shuddering crew, so may a Saviour's love  
 Redeem from endless woe the trembling sinner,  
 And lead his shrinking spirit up to heaven !  
 The mighty God who saw him err, can change,  
 Within the twinkling of an eye, his wayward heart,  
 And give to his apostate soul those pure  
 And blessed dreams of heaven,  
 Those hopes of immortality, which soothe  
 The dying Christian ; and when his spirit  
 Ascends to dwell with Him it once despised,  
 Through the bright merits of our heavenly Lord,  
 It there may join in love and hope with all  
 The angel band, in singing praises  
 To their glorious King, the great Jehovah !  
 Oh that we too might cherish every virtue,  
 Prepare our minds for immortality,  
 Where undisturb'd they may expand,  
 And reach perfection in a future world.

1834.

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#### ON THE HOPE OF MY BROTHER'S RETURN.

WHY rejoices my heart at the passage of time,  
 As it sweeps on the wind o'er the fast-rolling year,  
 And bounds as the sun to his broad couch declines,  
 His bed in the ocean, majestic and clear ?  
 I pause not to question if wise it may be,  
 But faster I'll hurry old Time on his way ;  
 And while hours unnumber'd shall rapidly flee,  
 I'll laugh as they fade from the fast-closing day

When the icy-cold spell of stern winter shall break,  
 And the snow shall dissolve like the dewdrops of morn;  
 When spring from his death-like embraces shall wake,  
 And verdure and brilliance her brow shall adorn;  
 To my fancy the woodlands more sweetly will smile,  
 The streamlets unshackled more tranquilly glide;  
 More softly shall nature each sorrow beguile,  
 And disperse every thought which with grief may be dyed.

I will watch the bright flowers with their delicate bloom,  
 Aroused, as by magic, from winter's cold tomb,  
 For my heart will be gladden'd as near and more near  
 The period approaches when he will be here.  
 Oh June! how resplendent thy flowers shall appear,  
 The loveliest, the sweetest which bloom in the year!  
 For with me a fond brother your grace shall admire,  
 And each word from his lips shall new rapture inspire.  
 But these dreams, though enchanting, may prove to be vain,  
 He never may visit the loved scene again;  
 On his home the dread weight of affliction may rest,  
 And the cold hand of sorrow may chill the warm breast;  
 Or death from its bosom some dear one may sever  
 And stop the warm current of life-blood for ever.  
 But love will illumine the future with light,  
 And tinge every cloud with a colour as bright  
 As hope in her own sanguine bosom has planted,  
 Or fancy with all her illusions has granted.

1834.

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#### TO MY MOTHER.

THE spring of life is opening  
 Upon my youthful mind,  
 And every day the more I see,  
 The more there is to find.  
 The path of life is beautiful  
 When sprinkled o'er with flowers,  
 And I ne'er felt affliction's touch,  
 Or watch'd the weary hours.  
 To guard my youthful couch from wo,  
 An angel hovers near,  
 Watches my bosom's every throe,  
 And wipes each childish tear.  
 It is my mother—and with her  
 Through life I'd sweetly glide,  
 And when my pilgrimage is o'er  
 I'd moulder at her side.  
 To her I dedicate my lay,  
 'T is she inspires my song;  
 Oh that it might those charms possess,  
 Which to the muse belong.

1834.

## BOABDIL EL CHICO'S FAREWELL TO GRANADA.

THE youthful lyre would shrink from tales of woe,  
 Would tune with hope and love each quivering string;  
 But when truth bids the sorrowing numbers flow,  
 Its mournful chords responsive notes must ring.  
 'T is sweet to tell of laughing mirth and glee;  
 Its chords would vibrate but to purest joy;  
 And when deep anguish pours unmix'd and free,  
 Would haste with hope the sinking heart to buoy.

But faithful history still the page unfolds  
 Of war and blood; of carnage fierce and dark;  
 Of savage bosoms, cast in giant mould,  
 And hearts unwarm'd by pity's gentle spark.  
 Then cast your garb of merry music by,  
 Assume the mantle of unbrighten'd woe;—  
 A cloud is gathering o'er the peaceful sky,  
 And the warm sunbeams hide their golden glow.

Robed in a mantle of unrivall'd light,  
 The glorious sun was sinking o'er the plain,  
 And tinging, with a glow of radiance bright,  
 The towering domes and palaces of Spain.  
 Between the lofty mounts which rise around,  
 And form the deep ravine or shady dell,  
 Granada's towers in mighty grandeur stood,  
 And on the plain their darkening shadows fell.

The beams were gilding all her lofty towers,  
 As on Nevada's side Alhambra stood,  
 And o'er her spacious halls, her laurel bowers,  
 Her marble courts, they pour'd a dazzling flood.  
 Her gothic arches glitter'd in the ray,  
 While many a gushing fountain cool'd the air,  
 And o'er the blushing flowers diffused their spray,  
 Which bloom perennial in a world of care.

The golden lute upon the grape-vine hung,  
 O'er sparkling waves the fragrant orange rose,  
 And o'er the gilded roofs the sunbeams flung  
 A dazzling light, as when the diamond glows.  
 And can it be!—can scenes so fair as this  
 Know aught but joy unclouded, purest bliss?  
 Will heaven's bright orb its dazzling brilliance shed,  
 As if in mockery, upon sorrow's head?

Will skies of azure pour their softest light  
 On hearts which grief has sear'd, and woe doth blight?  
 Will earth rejoice, while earthly hearts are riven,—  
 While man, oppress'd, to dark despair is driven?  
 Retire, oh sun! reserve thy cheering rays  
 For calmer hours, for brighter, happier days!

When the icy-cold spell of stern winter shall break,  
 And the snow shall dissolve like the dewdrops of morn;  
 When spring from his death-like embraces shall wake,  
 And verdure and brilliance her brow shall adorn;  
 To my fancy the woodlands more sweetly will smile,  
 The streamlets unshackled more tranquilly glide;  
 More softly shall nature each sorrow beguile,  
 And disperse every thought which with grief may be dyed.  
 I will watch the bright flowers with their delicate bloom,  
 Aroused, as by magic, from winter's cold tomb,  
 For my heart will be gladden'd as near and more near  
 The period approaches when he will be here.  
 Oh June! how resplendent thy flowers shall appear,  
 The loveliest, the sweetest which bloom in the year!  
 For with me a fond brother your grace shall admire,  
 And each word from his lips shall new rapture inspire.  
 But these dreams, though enchanting, may prove to be vain,  
 He never may visit the loved scene again;  
 On his home the dread weight of affliction may rest,  
 And the cold hand of sorrow may chill the warm breast;  
 Or death from its bosom some dear one may sever  
 And stop the warm current of life-blood for ever.  
 But love will illumine the future with light,  
 And tinge every cloud with a colour as bright  
 As hope in her own sanguine bosom has planted,  
 Or fancy with all her illusions has granted.

1834.

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#### TO MY MOTHER.

The spring of life is opening  
 Upon my youthful mind,  
 And every day the more I see,  
 The more there is to find.  
 The path of life is beautiful  
 When sprinkled o'er with flowers,  
 And I ne'er felt affliction's touch,  
 Or watch'd the weary hours.  
 To guard my youthful couch from wo,  
 An angel hovers near,  
 Watches my bosom's every throe,  
 And wipes each childish tear.  
 It is my mother—and with her  
 Through life I'd sweetly glide,  
 And when my pilgrimage is o'er  
 I'd moulder at her side.  
 To her I dedicate my lay,  
 'Tis she inspires my song;  
 Oh that it might those charms possess,  
 Which to the muse belong.

1831.

His weeping bride press'd trembling near his form,  
While sobs convulsive heaved her snowy breast;  
But proud Ayxa bade their sorrows cease,  
With scornful glances which she scarce repress.

"Chide me not, mother," cried the mourning son,  
"Nor charge me with unmanly weakness now;  
I grieve that Spain the royal prize has won,  
That proud Granada to her kings should bow."

He paused, and turn'd aside his glowing cheek;  
His wandering eyes Alhambra's palace met:  
Those splendid domes, those towers for ever lost,  
Lost, when the sun of Moorish glory set.

"Yes! yonder towering spires are seized by Spain,  
Their king an exile from his native land;  
Shall I ne'er view thy princely courts again,  
But yield resistless to the victor's brand?  
Yes, thou art gone! thine ancient splendours fled!  
O'er thy gay towers the shroud of slavery thrown;  
Thy proudest chiefs, thy noblest warriors dead,  
And all thy pride and all thy glory gone.

"Farewell to Alhambra, dear home of my childhood!  
Farewell to the land I so proudly have cherish'd;  
Farewell to the streamlet, the glen, and the wild-wood,  
The throne of my fathers whose glory has perish'd!  
'Neath the crest of Nevada the bright sun is setting,  
And tinging with gold yonder beautiful river,  
And his rays seem to linger, as if half-regretting  
They must leave the clear waves where so sweetly they quiver.

"Farewell, thou bright valley! I leave thee with sorrow;  
Thou wilt smile as serene 'neath the sun of the morrow;  
But thine ill-fated monarch shall view thee no more,  
He ne'er shall revisit thy beautiful shore."  
He paused; and the accents of heart-rending grief  
Were borne by the wind past each murmuring leaf.  
Cease, cease these vain wailings!" Ayxa replied,  
"Nor languish and weep like thy timid young bride;

Why mourn like a maid, who in sorrow will bend,<sup>3</sup>  
For what as a man thou couldst never defend!  
Then cease these vain wailings, which womanlike pour,  
Or Ayxa la Horra will own thee no more;  
Granada has fallen, her glory has fled,  
Her warriors and chieftains now sleep with the dead;  
But who has surrender'd her walls to our foe,  
And branded her honour with shame's crimson glow?"

The tear to his eyelid unconsciously sprung,  
But back the intruder he eagerly flung,  
And cried, in a tone which with frenzy might blend,  
"Defamed by my country, and scorn'd by my friend!"  
They slowly ascended a rock towering high,  
Which long shall re-echo Boabdil's last sigh;<sup>3</sup>

No prospect of beauty his mourning heart cheers,  
And he murmurs farewell on the dark bill of tears.<sup>4</sup>

Though grief and remorse with terrors oppress'd him ;  
Though peace and affection ne'er tranquilly blest him ;  
Though his kingdom was captured, his warriors were dying,  
Himself from the fury of Ferdinand flying ;  
Through the tumult of feeling his pride had sustain'd him,  
Had his griefs but a mother's fond sympathy gain'd him ;  
But the pride of a princess affection o'ercame  
And with basest dishonour she branded his name.

Reproachful invectives unthinking she shower'd,  
" His country was fallen, its monarch a coward ?"  
The proud Ayxa loved her yielding son,  
And would have died had death his glory won ;  
But she had hoped his rising fame to see,  
Had long'd to view his vanquish'd foemen flee.

This cherish'd object of each glowing thought  
Stern disappointment now had torn away,  
And left a gaping wound, with frenzy fraught ;  
For hope and fancy pour'd no cheering ray.  
The mother was forgot in stately pride,  
While bitter anguish drew the trembling tear ;  
He claim'd her pity—she could only chide,  
And laugh to scorn his cowardice and fear.

But the fair Zorahayda his beautiful bride,  
To soothe his affliction, remain'd at his side ;  
Each thought found an answering chord in her bosom,  
Which glow'd with affection's first beautiful blossom :  
'Twas warm as the sunbeam, and bright as its glance ;  
'Twas clear as the ripples which fairy-like dance ;  
Each thought and each feeling which dwelt in her soul  
Her eye and her countenance told him the whole.

Yes, she, the young, the beautiful, the gay,  
To sorrow's dread abode love call'd away !  
From her dark eye she wiped the starting tear,  
And by his side repress'd each rising fear ;  
Though dark despair should dim each future day,  
And even hope refuse her cheering ray,  
Her fairy form would bless his wandering eyes,  
Like some pure spirit from the glowing skies.

Reposing 'mid Alhambra's shady bowers,  
She cheer'd his lonely and his weary hours ;  
But when, alas ! his brow no longer wore  
The crown, which proudly grac'd his front before,  
When fickle Moors forsook his tottering throne,  
When, glory, power, and kingly state were gone,  
And threatening clouds were seen around to lower,  
Then, then he felt the more her witching power.

Vanquish'd at last upon the battle field,  
And forced Granada's lofty towers to yield,

Still the fair bud of promise brightly glow'd,  
 From her heart's depths the warm affections flow'd ;  
 She sweetly soothed his cares, she blest his name,  
 And sorrow fann'd to light the kindling flame  
 Which burn'd within that tender, faithful mind,  
 To all his faults, and all his errors blind.

How sweet the communion of kindred minds,  
 When sorrow each hope hath blighted ;  
 When the heart which is bursting with agony finds  
 One face with pure sympathy lighted.  
 And must he from the fair Zorahayda be banish'd,  
 Must the charm of existence for ever be broken ?  
 Has every fond dream of prosperity vanish'd,  
 Must he sigh over love's wither'd token ?

In the tower of Gomares he gather'd a few,  
 And his warriors, still faithful, he rallied,  
 The broad Moorish banner far over them flew,  
 And forth to the battle he sallied.  
 He return'd—and his eye was cast down in despair,  
 The glow on his cheek was still deeper ;  
 " Farewell to Granada ! our foemen are there "—  
 Loudly echoes the voice of the weeper.

" Come, wife of my bosom ! together we'll wander,  
 The storm of affliction together we'll brave ;  
 And perchance in some distant and desolate region,  
 We may find a lone shelter, a home, and a grave,  
 I would not my spirit should quit its sad mansion  
 'Mid the taunts and revilings of conquering Spain,  
 Where the foot of the victor would tread o'er my ashes,  
 And reproach and dishonour would tarnish my name.

" Oh, gaze on yon parapets towering on high,  
 Those pillars of pride were but yesterday mine ;  
 But to-day we are doom'd from their splendours to fly—  
 Weep not for my sorrows, I mourn but for thine ;  
 Those halls shall re-echo the loud voice of grief,  
 Those fountains in murmurs respond to our sorrow,  
 But ne'er can they waken the bright smile again,  
 Which woe from gay pleasure a moment would borrow.

" Around those gay mansions and beautiful bowers  
 The foot of the stranger contemptuous shall press ;  
 Unmark'd the bright fountains, uncultured the flowers,  
 No fair hand to cherish, no soft voice to bless,  
 Ill-fated Boabdil ! thy name shall be hated !  
 The babe shall repeat it with moaning and tears,  
 And the eye which was sparkling, with pleasure elated,  
 Indignant shall glance on thy cowardly fears."

He paused, and led away his mourning bride,  
 In grief his solace, and in joy his pride.  
 But whither do his weary footsteps bend ?  
 What clime his broken heart one joy can lend ?  
 Where can he now from shame despairing fly,—  
 Beneath what golden sun, what beaming sky ?

On Afric's arid plains and yellow sands,  
 Leagued with the Moslem's wild and ruthless bands,  
 With desperate force he grasp'd the fatal lance,  
 And shrank not at the scimitar's broad glance;  
 Fighting for strangers' rights he bravely fell,  
 While his own land was sunk in slavery's spell;  
 Far from affection's soft and soothing hand,  
 Interr'd by strangers in a foreign land.

How strange the structure of the human heart,  
 Which springs anew 'neath sorrow's quivering dart;  
 Bursting from wild despair, from sullen gloom,  
 And fired by frenzy, hastening to the tomb.  
 Reckless of danger,—rushing to the strife,—  
 For strangers bleeding,—yielding even life,—  
 Thus did Boabdil sink on Afric's plain,  
 His name dishonour'd in his own bright Spain!

## NOTES TO BOABDIL EL CHICO.

## NOTE I.

"Behold yon gate! the ancient sages say."

On the keystone of the arch is engraven a gigantic hand; within the vestibule on the keystone of the portal is engraven in like manner a gigantic key. Those who pretend to some knowledge of Mahometan symbols affirm, that the hand is an emblem of doctrine, and the key of faith. The latter, they add, was emblazoned on the standard of the Moslems, when they subdued Andalusia, in opposition to the Christian emblem of the cross. According to Mateo, it is a tradition handed down from the oldest inhabitants, that the hand and key were magical devices, upon which the fate of the Alhambra depended.—The Moorish king who built it was a great magician, and, as some believe, had sold himself to the devil, and had lain the whole fortress under a magical spell. This spell, the tradition went on to say, would last till the hand on the outer arch should reach down and grasp the key, when the whole pile would tumble to pieces, and all the treasures buried beneath it by the Moors would be revealed.—*Irving*.

## NOTE II.

"Why mourn as a maid, who in sorrow will bend."

It was here, too, his affliction was embittered by the reproaches of his mother *Ayza*, who had often assisted him in times of peril, and had vainly sought to instil into him a portion of her own resolute spirit—"Why mourn as a woman, for that which as a man you could not defend?"—*Irving*.

## NOTE III.

"Which long shall re-echo Boabdil's last sigh."

Beyond the embowered regions of the Vega, you behold a line of arid hills. It was from the summit of one of these that the unfortunate Boabdil cast back his last look on Granada, and gave vent to the agony of his soul. It is the spot famous in song and history as "The Last Sigh of the Moor."—*Irving*.

## NOTE IV.

"And he murmur'd farewell on the dark hill of tears."

Another name given to the hill on the summit of which he bade farewell to Granada.

## NOTE V.

"But whither do his weary footsteps bend?"

After leaving the Alpuxarra mountains he proceeded to Africa, and died in defence of the territories of Muley Aben, King of Fez. On leaving Spain, a band of faithful followers and the members of his household collected on the beach, to bid him farewell. As the vessel in which he had embarked was slowly floating onward, they shouted, "Farewell, Boabdil! Allah preserve thee, El Zogaybi!" (or the *unlucky*.) The name thus given him sank so deeply into his heart, that he burst into a flood of tears, and was unable to speak from emotion.

## THE SHUNAMITE.

THE sun had gently shed his twilight beams  
 O'er Shunam's graceful waving harvest fields,  
 And with his golden rays each object tinged,  
 Imparting to all nature hues of joy :  
 The western sky had caught his parting ray,  
 And with reflected glory shone above,  
 In all the lovely varied hues which deck  
 A summer sky ; masses of floating cloud  
 Hung gorgeous in the clear, blue firmament,  
 Brilliant as are the fairest rainbow's hues ;  
 While round them spread the light and silver haze,  
 Beyond whose fold the eye could just discern  
 The pure transparence of the azure heaven.  
 The scene was beautiful ! A tranquil sleep  
 Seem'd on the brow of nature lightly resting !  
 It was an hour when the pure soul might rise  
 And dwell in sweet communion with its God,  
 And contemplation and unmingled love  
 Find for a while repose and silence there.  
 But where is she, the gentle, lovely mother,  
 Whose soul delighted in an hour like this ?  
 Oh, why does not her footstep softly shake  
 From the moist grass the drops of pearly dew ?  
 Say, have the glittering charms of wealth and pride  
 Allured her from the sweetest charms of nature ?  
 Have the gay baubles she was wont to scorn  
 Enticed her from this lovely scene away ?  
 It cannot be ; perchance amid the sick  
 Or suffering poor, her pitying spirit  
 Finds sweet employment, while her liberal hand  
 Offers relief to the sad prisoners  
 Who on her bounty live. No ! while her heart  
 Was free from care and racking anguish,  
 She could soothe another's grief ; but *now*—  
 Alas ! how alter'd now—her darling child,  
 The laughing, sprightly boy, who at her side  
 Was wont in childish frolic to remain—  
 Where is he now ? The tones of his soft voice  
 Would soothe a mourner's heart, however sad,  
 Much more the mother's, who so dearly loved him—  
 Ay, *loved* him ! for she now hath nought to love  
 Save the cold remnant of what once was life !  
 Yes ! in the splendid mansion which but seems  
 To mock her heartfelt agony, she weeps,  
 And weeping, watches o'er the lifeless corpse  
 Of her adored, her beautiful, her boy.  
 Perhaps just heaven removed this cherish'd flower,  
 That her own heart, bereft of earthly joy,  
 Might cling more closely to her God and Maker.  
 I know not—but the blow was keenly felt,  
 And deeply, truly mourn'd.

The spacious room  
 With rich embroider'd tapestry was hung.  
 And, mingled with the massy, crimson folds,  
 Shone many a gem of burning lustre.  
 The floor was paved with polish'd marble,  
 And the lifeless form which lay before her  
 Was array'd in costly garments; but she,  
 Vainly communing there with icy death,  
 If at her feet lay all the wealth of nations,  
 One speaking glance of life from those sweet eyes  
 Now closed for ever, had been worth it all.  
 The boy lay gently cradled on the knee  
 Of the fond mother, and her crimson robe  
 Around his form was wrapt; while on one arm  
 His fair young head was pillow'd, and her brow,  
 Her aching brow, reclined upon the other.  
 The auburn curls around his temples clung,  
 Clustering in beauty there, and the blue veins,  
 So clearly seen 'neath the transparent skin,  
 Seem'd flowing still with life-blood; the long lash  
 Of his blue, half-closed eye appear'd to tremble  
 On his fair cheek, while the fast-rolling tears  
 Which from his mother's darker orbits fell,  
 Droop'd from his snowy brow, as they had rested  
 Upon a marble statue.

#### Her grief

Burst forth awhile in sobs and bitter groans;  
 But when the view of death had for a time  
 Met her dull vision, and the sight of sorrow  
 Grew more familiar, then her full heart  
 Burst forth in words, simple but plaintive.  
 Sweetly pathetic were the gentle tones  
 Of her melodious voice; no ear  
 Could listen but to pity, and no eye  
 That saw her but must gaze and weep.

#### L A M E N T .

And art thou gone, my beautiful, my boy,  
 Thy sorrowing father's pride, thy mother's joy!  
 I had not thought, my child, to view thee so,  
 In death's cold clasp laid motionless and low!  
 I had not thought to close thy beaming eyes,  
 To hear thy dying groans, thy feeble cries.  
 Alas! that thus for thee my tears should flow!  
 I thought not that this form, so fair and bright,  
 Death with his chilling arrows e'er could blight;  
 And oh, my child, my child, it cannot be  
 That his cold hand bath rested upon thee!  
 That this fair form, so active but to-day,  
 Is now a senseless, lifeless mass of clay—  
 Dust of the earth, fit subject for decay!  
 How white thy brow! how beautiful thy skin!  
 The spirit must be resting still within!

The pure, warm blood thy lip is tinging still,—  
 The purple current seems each vein to fill!  
 Oh no, it cannot be! My boy, awake!  
 Rouse from this slumber, for thy mother's sake!  
 Rouse, ere that mother's mourning heart shall break!

It is not so! my boy is gone for ever,  
 And I shall view his face again, oh never!  
 Ah, my sweet boy, I've watch'd thine infant years  
 With joy and grief, alternate hopes and fears.  
 For many a night I've borne thee on my knee,  
 Full many an hour of care I've spent for thee;  
 Thy joy would glad me, and thy grief bring tears.

Fond fancy pictured thee a noble man,  
 The fairest work in nature's wondrous plan;  
 The foremost leader in each patriot band,  
 Redeeming Syria from her foeman's hand;  
 Fearless in battle, swiftest in the race,  
 Replete with courage, virtue, strength, and grace;  
 I saw thee generous, noble, active, mild,  
 And blest the hero as my darling child!

But oh, my God! these hopes were crush'd by thee;  
 How shall I murmur at thy dread decree!  
 Hush, rebel spirit! whispering conscience tells  
 I should not vent each troubled thought which swells  
 In my torn heart—my woes I'll speak no more,  
 Nor each vain thought which there impatient dwells,  
 Waiting for utterance at my bosom's door.  
 Rouse, dormant soul! nor sleep when needed most,  
 While thy frail bark on adverse seas is tost,  
 And all thy comfort, all thy hope is lost!  
 I'll hie me to the prophet's mountain home,  
 He shall redeem my darling from the tomb,  
 Or teach me how, resign'd, to bear my doom.

She ceased;  
 A glance of hope o'er her pale features flash'd,  
 And with unwonted energy she raised  
 Her feeble hands in prayer to heaven.  
 Once more she press'd her pallid lips upon  
 The marble forehead of her lovely boy,  
 Then rising, laid the cold and lifeless load  
 From off her bosom, strong in her despair;  
 Then wildly throwing back the silken folds  
 Which droop'd upon the wall, she rush'd along,  
 Through many a corridor and hall, illumed  
 With glittering lamps and gems of burning lustre.  
 Her sandall'd feet glanced lightly on the floor,  
 And her soft tread no answering echo gave;  
 But heavier far her footstep would have been,  
 Beneath the galling burden on her heart,  
 If all had been despair; but the small grain of hope  
 Which linger'd still within, her onward course

Served but to quicken ; something in her soul  
 Seem'd battling with its sorrow, and a spark,  
 Lighted by hope, within, a tiny star,  
 Shone o'er the almost desert gloom of woe.  
 She hasted on ; and soon her form was lost,  
 In its dim outline, amid the windings  
 Of her noble mansion. Where hath she gone ?  
 Why at this moment leave her lifeless son ?  
 What human voice can yield her heart relief ?  
 What hand redeem her loved one from the dust ?  
 Return, frail mourner ! and indulge thy grief,  
 Where none are nigh to view its heartfelt pangs ;  
 Return, nor seek one sympathetic heart  
 In the cold world around thee : thou wilt see,  
 Since rankling sorrow hath oppress'd thy soul,  
 All who with smiles attended thee before  
 Will gaze on thee in scorn, and mock thy tears,  
 Nor heed thy bitter groans. Oh better far  
 In thine own heart to hide each torturing grief,  
 And meet thy sorrow here. But she hath gone !  
 Twilight is stealing on, and she hath gone !  
 And where ! — Gaze on yon rugged path, which leads  
 Far onward to the mountain's brow, and there  
 Behold her toiling on her weary way !  
 The thorny brambles meet along her path,  
 And close around o'ershadowing thickets grow —  
 But still she rushes on — the piercing thorn  
 Or fallen bough, alike unheeding all,  
 And with despairing heart and weary step  
 Reaches the mighty prophet's mountain home.

\* \* \* \* \*

The last faint day-streak gleams on Carmel's brow,  
 And lights the tearful traveller on her way,  
 As with the holy man of God she turns  
 Her sorrowing footsteps backward to her home —  
 They enter, and once more she stands beside  
 The silent couch of her unconscious boy.  
 There, overcome by speechless, mute despair,  
 Her agony how great ! — Cold, deathlike drops  
 Hang on her snowy brow, and, half-distracted  
 With o'erwhelming grief, she turns her from the sight  
 Of the dear object of her fondest love.

\* \* \* \* \*

Behold the prophet ! Lo ! the man of God  
 Is lowly bending o'er the couch of death —  
 His long, dark mantle floating loosely round  
 His tall, majestic form ; his silver locks  
 Parted far backward on his noble brow,  
 And his full, piercing eye upraised to heaven ! —  
 His hands are clasp'd — the feeble fingers  
 Trembling with emotion, and from his lips  
 Bursts forth an ardent prayer. He ceased,  
 And on the body stretch'd his aged form,

Press'd his warm lips upon the marble brow,  
 And chafed the infant limbs.  
 'Tis done! — behold, the sleeping child awakes,  
 And sweetly smiles upon the holy man!  
 And lo! the weeping mother clasps her boy  
 Again, redeem'd from the embrace of death,  
 And strains him to her throbbing heart, as though  
 She fear'd the ruthless tyrant yet once more  
 Might snatch him from her arms!  
 While the dread prophet stands aloof from all,  
 And views the object of his fervent prayer  
 Restored again to love, and light, and life!

1834.

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 BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

Through proud Belshazzar's lofty halls  
 A wavering light is streaming,  
 And o'er his heaven-defying walls,  
 The blaze of torches gleaming.  
 Hark! the voice of music breaks  
 Softly on the midnight air,  
 Each boisterous shout of laughter speaks  
 Of hearts untouch'd by woe or care.

The sounds of joy harmonious floating  
 O'er Euphrates' silver tide,  
 Which flows in ripples, gently passing  
 Near many a tower of stately pride.  
 With mirth, Belshazzar's halls resound,  
 Joy spreads each smiling feature o'er,  
 And laughing hundreds gather round  
 The red libations, as they pour

From silver cup, and golden urn,  
 Once mantling with the holy wine,  
 By impious hands in frenzy torn  
 From great Jehovah's sacred shrine.  
 Surrounded by each smiling guest,  
 In regal pomp and splendid state,  
 With all save God's approval blest,  
 The warrior king serenely sate.

Their hearts demoniac pleasure found,  
 Exulting triumph swell'd their strain,  
 While Israel's children, captive, bound,  
 Were groaning 'neath their weight of pain:  
 Bright lamps o'erhung the festive scene,  
 Diffusing soften'd brilliance round,  
 While mocking Israel's mighty Lord,  
 They dash'd his wine-cups to the ground.

Served but to quicken ; something in her soul  
 Seem'd battling with its sorrow, and a spark,  
 Lighted by hope, within, a tiny star,  
 Shone o'er the almost desert gloom of woe.  
 She hasted on ; and soon her form was lost,  
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 Parted far backward on his noble brow,  
 And his full, piercing eye upraised to heaven ! —  
 His hands are clasp'd — the feeble fingers  
 Trembling with emotion, and from his lips  
 Bursts forth an ardent prayer. He ceased,  
 And on the body stretch'd his aged form,

Well might they shrink before the man,  
 Whose gaze had reach'd the realms of bliss,  
 Whose eye had pierced a brighter world,  
 Whose spotless soul had soar'd from this.

Oh, hark ! his firm and manly voice  
 Is heard within that princely hall ;  
 No more the impious crowds rejoice,  
 But thrilling silence spreads o'er all.  
 " Oh king ! in wealth, and pride, and power,  
 At God's great footstool humbly fall,  
 That God hath seal'd thy doom this hour,  
 'Tis stamp'd on yonder fated wall.

" Thy stubborn knee was never bent,  
 Thy earthly heart was humbled never  
 Before the throne of Israel's God,  
 Of life, of breath, of power the giver.  
 Against the Lord of heaven thy hand  
 In bold impiety is raised,  
 And vessels sacred to his name  
 The feasts of idol gods have graced.

He, in whose balance lords of earth  
 With justice, mercy, power, are tried,  
 Hath weigh'd thine errors and thy worth,  
 But virtue is o'ercome by pride.  
 From death thou art no longer free,  
 Thy sun of glory shall decline ;  
 The golden crown no more shall bind  
 That proud, ambitious brow of thine.

" The Medes and Persians shall possess  
 That which so lately was thine own ;  
 God will e'en now our wrongs redress,  
 And hurl thee from thy tottering throne."  
 He ceased,—an awful silence reign'd,  
 And chain'd each scarcely throbbing breast.  
 Where were the passions once so rude ?—  
 Lull'd by the prophet's voice to rest ?

Gaze on Belshazzar's pallid brow,  
 And trace the livid horror there ;  
 Big drops o'erhang its surface now,  
 And backward starts the clustering hair ;  
 His eyeballs strain'd, and wildly staring  
 Upon the spot which bears his doom,  
 Seem like a frighted lion glaring  
 Through the dark forest's lonely gloom.

\* \* \* \* \*

Morn hath brighten'd o'er Chaldea,  
 Morning, lovely, fragrant, bright,  
 Glory crowns a night of terror,  
 Deeds of darkness view her light.

Euphrates' waves are brightly sparkling  
 Beneath Aurora's rosy beam,  
 As though the night had never darken'd  
 Above its broad and rapid stream.

The close of evening view'd it smiling,  
 Deck'd with barks and forms of light,  
 The weary moments still beguiling,  
 Sporting on its bosom bright.  
 Where are all its beauties banish'd ?  
 Why its banks so lone and still ?  
 Have all its pride and glory vanish'd,  
 All save desolation chill ?

The Mede and Persian have been here,  
 Heaven's just vengeance to fulfil ;  
 Proud Belshazzar reigns no more,  
 God has wrought his sovereign will.

1834.

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#### TO MY MOTHER ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

WHEN last this morning brightly shone  
 Around my youthful head,  
 Inspiring love and joy and glee,  
 Dismissing fear and dread,

I thought not I should see thee here  
 Reclining on thy Margaret's breast ;  
 I thought that in a brighter sphere  
 Thy weary soul would sweetly rest.

But since the mighty God above  
 Has granted this my fervent prayer,  
 My heart is fill'd with joy and love  
 For all his kindness and his care.

Oh, may his guardian wings o'erspread,  
 To guard from sorrow, pain, or harm,  
 My mother's weary aching head,  
 And every rising fear disarm.

May sweet reflections soothe thy cares,  
 And fill with peace thy beating heart,  
 And may the feast which love prepares  
 A sweet security impart.

When He, who warm'd thy gentle soul,  
 And planted every virtue there,  
 Shall snatch thee hence to realms of bliss,  
 And free from earthly sin and care,

Oh, may a daughter's tender hand  
 The pillow of affliction smooth,  
 Teach every grief to lose its pang,  
 And every sorrow fondly soothe.

1834.

## ON VISITING THE PANORAMA OF GENEVA.

Oh, if a painter's touch can form thee thus,  
 So bright with all an artist's hand can give,  
 How passing beautiful those scenes must be,  
 Which *here* inanimate, *there* sweetly live!

Each verdant shrub, which here inactive bends,  
 So gently waving o'er the placid stream,  
 And the sweet brook, which winds so silent now,  
 Reflecting back the sun's effulgent beam.

Look, where the mighty torrent of the Rhone,  
 Far, far beyond my wandering eye extends,  
 And see yon crumbling fort, with moss o'ergrown,  
 O'er whose high walls the weeping willow bends.

Mark on the right, yon broad expanse of blue,  
 Lake Leman, placid, beautiful, and fair,  
 So gently murmuring, as it flows along,  
 Of peace and happiness implanted there.

And towering far above, the mighty Alps  
 Rear their tall heads terrific and sublime,  
 Each snow-capp'd summit mingling with the clouds,  
 Seems to defy the ravages of time.

It seems as though the glowing canvass moved,  
 Each figure fill'd with life and joy and love,  
 As if the dark blue waters at my feet  
 Would break the chain which binds them there, and move.

Each hill, each rock seem bursting into life,  
 The painter mock'd reality so well;  
 It seems as if those shadowy forms would speak,  
 Could they but break the artist's magic spell.

185.

## THE FUNERAL BELL.

HARK! the loudly pealing bell  
 Rises on the morning air;  
 Its tones subdued and sadly swell,  
 For death, un pitying death is there!—  
 Hark! again it peals aloud,  
 Bearing sorrow on its tone;  
 While from the sad assembled crowd,  
 Is heard the echoing sob and groan,  
 Yes, in that solemn note is heard  
 A voice proclaiming woe and death;  
 A voice which tells of endless time,  
 Of sorrow's desolating breath.  
 To the warm fancy it would say,  
 In words which strike the heart with fear;

All potent Fancy ! deign to bend  
 One glance upon thy suppliant here !  
 Thy glowing car in kindness send,  
 And bear me to thy beauteous sphere.

Believe me, thou hast ever been  
 The cherish'd monarch of my heart !  
 There's not one thought, one hope, one scene,  
 In which thy vagaries have no part.

Then deign to look with pitying eye  
 Upon thy votary's bended form ;  
 Disperse each cloud from yonder sky,  
 And clasp me in thy guardian arm.

1835.

#### INVOCATION TO SPRING.

BEND down from thy chariot, oh beautiful Spring,  
 Unfold like a standard thy radiant wing,  
 And beauty and joy in thy rosy path bring !  
 We long for thy coming, sweet goddess of love,  
 We watch for thy smile in the pure sky above,  
 And we sigh for the hour when the wood birds shall sing,  
 And nature shall welcome thee, beautiful Spring !  
 How the lone heart will bound as thy presence draws near,  
 As if borne from this world to some lovelier sphere !  
 How the fond soul to meet thee in raptures shall rise,  
 When thy first blush has tinted the earth and the skies.  
 Oh, send thy soft breath on the icy-bound stream,  
 'T will vanish, 't will melt, like the forms in a dream,  
 Released from its chains, like a child in its glee,  
 'T will flow in its beauty, all sparkling and free.  
 It will spring on in joy, like a bird on the wing,  
 And hail thee with music, oh beautiful Spring !  
 But tread with thy foot on the snow-cover'd plain,  
 And verdure and beauty shall smile in thy train.  
 Only whisper one word with thy seraph-like voice,  
 And nature to hear the sweet sound shall rejoice !  
 Oh, Spring ! lovely goddess ! what form can compare  
 With thine so resplendent, so glowing, so fair ?  
 What sunbeam so bright as thy own smiling eye,  
 At whose glance the dark spirits of winter do fly ?  
 A garland of roses is twined round thy brow,  
 Thy cheek like the pale blush of evening doth glow ;  
 A mantle of green o'er thy soft form is spread,  
 And the zephyr's light wing gently plays round thy head.  
 Oh, could I but mount on the eagle's dark wing,  
 And rest ever beside thee, Spring, beautiful Spring !  
 Methinks, I behold thee ! I hear thy soft voice !  
 And in fulness of heart I rejoice ! I rejoice !

But the cold wind is moaning, the drear snow doth fall,  
 And naught but the shrieking blast echoes my call.  
 Oh, heed the frail offering an infant can bring!  
 Oh, grant my petition, Spring, beautiful Spring!

1835.

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FROM THE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-NINTH PSALM.

WHERE from thy presence shall I flee?  
 Where seek a hiding-place from thee?  
 If the pure breath of heaven I share,  
 Lo! I shall find thy spirit there!  
 If wandering to the depths of hell,  
 I trust in secrecy to dwell,  
 Behold! in all thy power and might,  
 Thou, Lord, shalt pierce the veil of night.  
 If on the radiant wings of morn  
 To unknown lands I'm gently borne;  
 There, even there thy hand shall lead  
 Thy voice support my sinking head.  
 If to my inmost soul I say,  
 Darkness and night shall shroud my way,  
 That darkness shall dissolve in light,  
 And day usurp the throne of night.  
 No power can dim thy searching eye,  
 Or bid thy guardian spirit fly.  
 Thou knowest well each infant thought,  
 Which passion, pride, or sin has taught;  
 And doubts and fears, but half express'd,  
 To thee, Almighty, stand confess'd.  
 Plain as the waves of yonder sea,  
 Man's subtlest thoughts are known to thee.  
 From the small insect tribe, which plays  
 Within the sun's enlivening rays,  
 To the broad ocean waves, which rise  
 In heaving billows to the skies.  
 Or great or small, each work of thine,  
 It whispers of a hand divine.  
 Each breeze which fans the twilight hour,  
 Speeds onward, guided by thy power;  
 Each wind which wildly sweeps abroad,  
 Is teeming with the voice of God.

1835.

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STANZAS.

THE power of mind, the force of genius,  
 Oh, what human heart can tell,  
 Or the deep and stirring thoughts,  
 Which in the poet's bosom dwell!

The high and holy dreams of heaven,  
Which raise the soul above  
This world of care, this sphere of sin,  
To realms of light and love.

Oh who can tell its energy ?  
The spirit's power and might,  
When genius, with sublimest force,  
Appoints its upward flight,—

And lifts the struggling soul above  
The prison-house of clay,  
To roam amid the fancied realms  
Of glory and of day !

And breathes immortal vigour  
To sustain it through this life,  
The index of a higher world,  
With power and beauty rife.

Oh, how sublime the very thought,  
That this frail form of mine  
Contains a spirit destined soon  
In purer worlds to shine.

To unfold its infant energies,  
In an immortal clime,  
And far more glorious become  
Each passing hour of time.

That it contains the heavenly germ  
Of future being now,  
Created there to beautify,  
Where clearer waters flow.

And there expand the glowing bud,  
'Mid worlds of light and love,  
Through the bright realms of ether,  
In glory still to rove.

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#### LETTER TO A POETICAL CORRESPONDENT,

WRITTEN DURING MY ILLNESS, IN ANSWER TO ONE IN WHICH SHE DESCRIBES PEGASUS AS BLIND, HALT, AND LAME, AND ENDEAVOURS TO CHEER ME WITH THE PROSPECT OF SPEEDY RECOVERY.

Now, my dear Cousin Maggy, behold me again,  
Relieved in a measure from sickness and pain ;  
With a well-sharpen'd phiz, and a cap on my head,  
Just bidding farewell to the irksome sick bed,  
And endeavouring to tune my enfeebled young lyre  
To a theme which was wont its wild notes to inspire.

'Tis long since the muse to my aid has descended,  
 Or smiling and pleased, her poor votary befriended;  
 Now tired of entreaties, I'll court her no more,  
 But alone and unaided her realms I'll explore;  
 So, dear cousin Maggy, condemn not my muse,  
 If my verse all its rhyme and its harmony lose,  
 For, vex'd with refusals so frequent and long,  
 Without her I've dared to engage in a song;  
 And shielded and guided by *Clio* no more,  
 To meet thy Pegasus I tremblingly soar.  
 While confined by the shackles of sickness and pain,  
 For many a day on my couch I had lain,  
 And in seeking for rest, to my weak frame denied,  
 Was tossing fatigued on each sore, aching side,  
 There came down a tall spirit of light (as it were,)

From the realms of the sky and the regions of air;  
 He dispell'd from my bosom its gloom and its dread,  
 And kindled the torchlight of hope in their stead.  
 Ah! then, my dear friend, so great was his power,  
 He could lighten my pain, and soothe solitude's hour;  
 Ah why then, my cousin, thus brand him with shame  
 Ah why then describe him as "sightless and lame?"  
 All noble and lovely he seem'd to mine eye,  
 And when ceasing to view him I ceased with a sigh!  
 His wings were expanded, his eyebeam was fire!  
 And that heart had been old *he* could fail to inspire.  
 But alas! I should fail, did I strive to portray  
 But one half of the graces which round him did play,  
 And held captive my soul with their wildering sway;  
 So no more I'll contemplate his charms or thine own,  
 But try to inform you how *we're* getting on.  
 Dear mother still sits on her old rocking-chair,  
 Either thinking, or smiling, or silent with care;  
 Then plying her needle with industry still,  
 Or scribbling and wearing some tarnish'd goosequill.  
 Dear Matty is thinking of railroads again,  
 And longs to get hold of the *rod* and the *chain*.  
 He talks of embankments, canals, and high-bridges,  
 Of steam-cars and tunnels, of swamps and of ditches.  
 While dear little *Kent*, with his well-finger'd book,  
 Sits gazing around him with complacent look;  
 But alas! my dear coz, the poor fellow has lost  
 The frequent amusement he valued the most;  
 For know, in the midst of our sickness and cares,  
 The glass in our parlour was carried up stairs,  
 (Other furniture changed—here was station'd a bed.)  
 So a mirror much smaller was placed in its stead,  
 And my hapless young brother is able no more  
 To admire his own beauty and grace as before;  
 He looks at the tempter all rueful and sad,  
 And in vain the attempt to attain it is made,  
 And with long, disappointed, and sorrowful mien,  
 He retires from the spot to conceal his chagrin.

Oh ! join, my dear cousin, with me, and bewail  
 That his sources of pleasure thus early should fail.  
 Old *Leo*, tired out with his frolic and play,  
 Lies quietly sleeping the rest of the day;  
 While pussy is purring contentedly near,  
 Devoid of all care and unconscious of fear.  
 But enough of this nonsense ! I fain would request  
 That my cousin again may be honour'd and blest  
 By receiving thy musical Nag as a guest :  
 His arrival I'll welcome with heartfelt delight,  
 And gaze on his beauties from morning till night.  
 Dear uncle and cousins I ne'er can forget,  
 With sweet little Georgie, his Aunty, and Kate,  
 Give our love to them all, and yourself must receive  
 My warm and my lasting affection. Believe,  
 I shall ever remain as I now am to thee,  
 Your dear little cousin, and

MARGARET M. D.

Ballston, 1835.

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STANZAS.

Though nought but life's sunshine has spread o'er my path,  
 Though no real distress has e'er clouded my brow :  
 Though the storms of affliction around me have past,  
 And shed o'er me nought save the rainbow's bright glow ;

Though nursed from the cradle with tenderest care,  
 Though shelter'd from all that might grieve or distress ;  
 Though life's pathway has blush'd with the fairest of flowers,  
 And my heavenly Father has ceased not to bless ;

Though the chillness of want and the darkness of woe  
 From my joyous young spirit have rapidly fled :  
 Though the presence of all whom I cherish and love  
 Has not fail'd its sweet influence around me to shed ;

Still, still there are moments of darkness and grief,  
 Which steal o'er my soul like the spirit of woe ;  
 I know not their coming, I feel not their cause,  
 But o'er my rapt spirit they silently flow.

I feel for a while as some terrible blow  
 Had deprived me of comfort, of friends, and of home ;  
 Then depart they as silent, and leave my freed soul  
 Again in the bright path of pleasure to roam.

Like clouds in the sky of enjoyment they pass,  
 And shed o'er my heart a sensation of sadness ;  
 Like clouds do they glide o'er the surface of light,  
 And leave me again to the spirit of gladness.

1835.

## VERSES WRITTEN WHEN THIRTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

## VERSIFICATION FROM OSSIAN.

WHERE the stream in its wildness was rushing below,  
 And the oak in its greatness was bending above,  
 Fell Cathba the brave by the hand of his foe,  
 By the hand of Duchomar, his rival in love.

Duchomar repair'd to the cave of the wild,  
 Where dwelt in her beauty the star of his breast,  
 Where she wander'd alone, nature's sensitive child,  
 Knowing little of life but its love and its rest.

"Oh, beautiful daughter of Cormac the proud!  
 Oh Morna, thou fairest that earth can bestow!  
 Why dwellest thou here, 'neath the dark, angry cloud?  
 Why dwellest thou here where the wild waters flow?"

"The old oak is murmuring aloud in the blast,  
 Which ruffles the breast of the far distant sea,  
 The storm o'er the heavens his thick veil hath cast,  
 And the sky in its sternness is frowning on thee!"

"But thou art like snow on the black, wither'd heath,  
 Thy ringlets are soft as the mist of the night,  
 When it winds round the broad hill its delicate wreath,  
 By the sun at its parting made gorgeously bright."

"Whence comest thou, man of the fierce-rolling eye?"  
 Said the beautiful maid of the dark flowing hair;  
 "Oh proud is thy bearing, and haughty, and high,  
 And thy brow, there is darkness and gloominess there."

"Perchance thou hast heard from our foeman of blood;  
 Doth Swaran appear on the broad-heaving sea,  
 Doth he pour on our coast like the deep raging flood?  
 What tidings from Lochlin, Duchomar, for me?"

"No tidings from Lochlin, oh Morna, I bring,  
 I come from the chase of the fleet-footed deer;  
 My arrows have sped like the eagle's swift wing,  
 And the scatheless have fled from my presence for fear."

"Three deer at my feet in the death-pang have laid,—  
 Fair daughter of Cormac, one perish'd for thee;  
 As my soul do I love thee, oh white-handed maid!  
 And queen of my heart ever more shalt thou be!"

"Duchomar!" the maiden with firmness replied,  
 "No portion of love do I cherish for thee;  
 For thy bosom is dark with its passions and pride,  
 And fickle thy heart as the wide-rolling sea.

"But Cathba! thou only shall Morna adore,  
 Thine image alone this fond bosom shall fill;  
 Oh bright are thy locks as the sunbeams of day,  
 When the mists of the valley are climbing the hill.

"Hast thou seen him, Duchomar, young Cathba the brave?  
 Hast thou seen the fair chief on his pathway of light?  
 The daughter of Cormac the mighty is here  
 To welcome her love when he comes from the fight."

"Then long shalt thou tarry, oh Morna!" he cried,  
 And fiercely and sullenly gazed on the maid,  
 "Then long shalt thou tarry, oh Morna! for here  
 Is the blood of thy chief on Duchomar's dark blade.

"Cold, cold is thy hero, and slain by my hand,  
 His tomb will I rear upon Cromla's dark hills;  
 Oh turn on Duchomar thy soft-beaming eye,  
 For his arm is like lightning, which withers and kills."

"Has he fallen in death, the brave offspring of Torman?"  
 The maiden exclaim'd in the accents of woe,  
 "The first in the chase, and the foremost in battle,—  
 Oh sad is my bosom, and dark was the blow!

"And dark is Duchomar, and deadly his vengeance,  
 He hath blasted each hope which was bright in the bud;  
 Fell foe unto Morna, oh lend me thy weapon,  
 For Cathba I loved, and I still love his blood."

He yielded the sword to her mourning and sighs, —  
 She plunged the red blade in his fast-heaving side;  
 And he lay by the stream, as the blasted oak lies,  
 Till raising his hand he indignantly cried,

"Daughter of blue-shielded Cormac! thy blow  
 Hath cut off my youth from the fame I love best;  
 My glory hath fled like a pale wreath of snow,  
 And Morna! thy weapon is cold in my breast.

"Oh give me to Moina, the maiden of beauty,  
 Her dreams in the darkness are fraught with my name,  
 My tomb she will raise in the caves on the mountain,  
 That hunters may welcome the mark of my fame.

"She will hang o'er my grave like the mists of the morning,  
 And dwell on my memory with fondness and pride, —  
 But my bosom is cold, and the lifeblood is ebbing,  
 Oh Morna, draw forth the cold blade from my side."

Slowly and sadly she came at his bidding,  
 And drew forth the sword from his fast-bleeding breast,  
 But he plunged the red steel in her own lovely bosom,  
 And laid her fair form on the damp earth to rest.

Her tresses dishevell'd around her were flowing,  
 The blood gurgling fast from the wide-gaping wound,  
 And the eye that was bright, and the cheek that was glowing,  
 In dimness and pallor and silence were bound.

Oh Morna ! be thou as the moon, when its light  
 Shines forth from her throne on the light fleecy cloud,  
 To watch o'er the grave of thy lover at night,  
 And wrap his cold tomb in thy silvery shroud.

1835.

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#### TO THE MUSE, AFTER MY BROTHER'S DEATH.

Ah, where art thou wandering, sweet spirit of song,  
 Who once bore my rapt fancy on bright wings along ?  
 That soaring from earth, with its cares and its pains,  
 It might bathe in the light of thy seraph-like strains ?

Ah, whither art fled in thy beauty and gladness ?  
 Why leave me in silence thy loss to bewail ?  
 Dost thou shrink from the heart that is tinctured with sadness,  
 The eye that is dimm'd, or the cheek that is pale ?

Since last waved around me thy pinions of light,  
 The chillness of sorrow hath breathed o'er my home,  
 For one joyful young spirit hath taken its flight,  
 One icy-cold form has been borne to the tomb,

Like a flow'ret of summer, he wither'd and died  
 In the springtime of beauty, of youth, and of pride ;  
 In the freshness of hope he was borne to his tomb,  
 And the home of his kindred is shadow'd with gloom.

Then return to my bosom, thou waker of joy,  
 Oh touch with thy fingers my drooping young lyre !  
 Awake it to pleasures time ne'er can destroy,  
 And its chords with a heavenly calmness inspire.

1836.

## LINES,

ON HEARING SOME PASSAGES READ FROM MRS. HELMANS'S  
"RECORDS OF WOMAN."

Oh, pause not yet, for many an hour  
I'd lend a raptured ear,  
The thrilling, melting sweetness  
Of that seraph strain to hear.

Dispel not yet the soften'd joy  
Those gentle tones impart,  
While painting in such vivid hues,  
The worth of woman's heart.

Priestess of song ! could we but feel  
The value of thine own,  
How many a soul would bow before  
Thy spirit's lofty throne.

How many new elated  
With the muse's faintest smile,  
Would turn them to thy radiant shrine,  
And worship there awhile.

With softest touch thy magic hand  
Awaked the sleeping lyre,  
To all a woman's tenderness,  
And all a poet's fire.

And proudly soar'd thy lofty mind  
Each earthly thought above,  
And vainly sought thy woman's heart  
For something more to love.

1836. [Unfinished.]

## AN APPEAL FOR THE BLIND.

THOUSE thousands pass the mourners by,  
And scorn the suppliant's bended knee,  
"Hope springs exulting" to the eye,  
When sorrow turns its glance on thee.

For soft compassion's slumbering ray,  
And pity's melting glance is there,  
To chase the sufferer's fears away,  
And soothe to calmness wild despair.

Oh fan to life the kindling spark,  
 Till brightly burns its radiant flame,  
 For thou art fortune's favour'd child,  
 And I would plead in mercy's name.

Scan the dark page of life, and say  
 If there thy searching eye can find  
 A woe more keen, a fate more sad,  
 Than that which marks the helpless blind.

Launch'd forth on life's uncertain path,  
 Its best and brightest gift denied,  
 No power to pluck its fragrant flowers,  
 Or turn its poisonous thorns aside ;

No ray to pierce the gloom within,  
 And chase the darkness with its light ;  
 No radiant morning dawn to win  
 His spirit from the shades of night.

Nature, whose smile, so pure and fair,  
 Casts a bright glow o'er life's dark stream,  
 Nature, sweet soother of our care,  
 Has not a single smile for him.

When pale disease, with blighting hand,  
 Crushes each budding hope awhile,  
 Our eyes can rest in sweet delight  
 On love's fond gaze, or friendship's smile.

Not so with *him*—his soul, chain'd down  
 By doubt, and loneliness, and care,  
 Feels but misfortune's chilling frown,  
 And broods in darkness and despair.

Favour'd by heaven! oh haste thee on,—  
 Thy blest Redeemer points the way,—  
 Haste o'er the spirit's gloom to pour  
 The light of intellectual day.

Thou canst not raise their drooping lids,  
 And wake them to the noonday sun ;  
 Thou canst not ope what God hath closed,  
 Or cancel aught His hands have done.

But oh ! there is a world within,  
 More bright, more beautiful than ours ;  
 A world which, nursed by culturing hands,  
 Will blush with fairest, sweetest flowers.

And thou canst make that desert mind  
 Bloom sweetly as the blushing rose ;

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 Will blush with fairest, sweetest flowers.

And thou canst make that desert mind  
 Bloom sweetly as the blushing rose;

Thou canst illumę that rayless void,  
Till darkness like the day-beam glows.

Thou canst implant the brilliant gem  
Of thought, in each benighted soul,  
Till back from radiance so divine  
The clouds of ignorance shall roll.

Thus shalt thou shed a purer ray  
O'er each beclouded mind within,  
Than pours the glorious orb of day  
On this dark world of care and sin.

Prize you a self-approving mind ?  
Then lay thine offering here ;  
The clouded orbits of the blind  
Shall yield a grateful tear.

Would'st thou the blessings of that band  
Should crowd thy path below ?  
That hearts, enlighten'd by thy hand,  
With gratitude should flow ?

And would'st thou seek the matchless love  
To God's own children given,  
A conscience calmly resting 'neath  
The fav'ring smiles of Heaven ?

Then speed thee on in mercy's cause,  
And teach the blind to see ;  
"Hope springs exulting" in the eye  
That sorrowing turns to thee.

And warmest blessings on thy head,  
Full many a voice shall call ;  
And tears upon thy memory shed,  
Like Hermon's dew shall fall !

And when the last dread day has come,  
Which seals thy endless doom ;  
When the freed soul shall seek its home,  
And triumph o'er the tomb ;

When lowly bends each reverend knee,  
And bows each heart in prayer,  
A band of spirits, saved by thee,  
Shall plead thy virtues there !

## THE SMILES OF NATURE.

**T**HERE'S a smile above, and a smile below,  
 In the clouds that roll, and the waves that flow :  
 Is the heart unchain'd by sorrow's thrall,  
 There's a smile of joy and of peace in all !  
 There's a smile on the brow of the waken'd day,  
 When he gilds the east with his glowing ray,  
 And a smile on his brow when he sinks to rest,  
 Like the saint who expires on his Maker's breast.  
 There are pensive smiles on the evening sky,  
 Which raise the thoughts to the pure and high,  
 Which speak to the soul of its glad release,  
 And tune its quivering chords to peace.  
 The flow'rets ope with the rising sun,  
 And wither and die ere his race is run ;  
 Yet a smile is shed o'er their transient bloom,  
 Adorning the path to their early tomb.  
 There's a smile on the brow of the gorgeous spring,  
 When she spreads o'er the valley her radiant wing ;  
 As she calms the wild winds with her fragrant breath,  
 And decks the glad earth in her beautiful wreath.  
 There's a smile on the rose, though 't will cease to bloom ;  
 There's a smile on the stream, though the storm may come ;  
 There's a smile in the sky, though the clouds may roll  
 Like sin o'er the depths of the human soul !  
 Thus, all that is lovely is form'd for decay,  
 But the pure beams of heaven are shed o'er the way.  
 There are varied smiles on a mortal's brow,  
 Which speak of the soul from its depths below ;  
 But they too vanish, when brightest they beam,  
 And bury their light in the world's dark stream.  
 For the heart of man is the throne of guile,  
 And sin can shadow each mortal smile ;  
 And the blossoms of light which are planted there,  
 Are weaken'd by passion, or wither'd by care.  
 There's a haughty smile on the conqueror's brow,  
 As the nations of earth at his footstool bow ;  
 But that smile is chill as the frozen stream  
 Which glitters pale in the moon's cold beam ;  
 It speaks of ambition, of pride, and of sin,  
 Which rankle and swell the dark bosom within.  
 There's a smile on the brow of aspiring man,  
 As he pauses the works of his hand to scan,  
 And gazes far up to that gorgeous height  
 Which is guarded by danger, and terror, and night ;  
 But 't is cold as the bosom from whence it came,  
 And is lost in the splendours of grandeur and fame.  
 There's a beaming smile upon beauty's brow,  
 As the young and the gay at her altar bow ;  
 'T is brilliant, 't is dazzling, 't is passing fair,  
 But the heart in its freshness is wanting there.

There's a sunny smile on the infant's lip,  
As he pauses the cup of enjoyment to sip;  
But a moment more shall have hurried by,  
And that smile will fade from his clouded eye;  
Some childish sorrow, or childish sin,  
Shall cast its shade o'er the depths within.  
Then where shall we seek for a perfect smile,  
If beauty hath sorrow, and youth hath guile?  
If the clouds of pride and ambition roll  
O'er the inmost depths of the deathless soul?  
Oh Nature! the soul is a spark divine,  
But I turn from its light for a smile of thine;  
The soul in its greatness must ever endure,  
But thou, in thy freshness, art holy and pure!  
Oh, give me the beams of the summer sky,  
Which gladden the bosom and rapture the eye;  
Though transient the radiance, though fleeting the smile,  
They speak not of sorrow, they breathe not of guile!  
But light up the tremulous chords of the soul,  
Its virtues to heighten, its sins to control:  
For the soft smiles of nature around us are cast,  
To light, with their brilliance, the world's weary waste.  
To call the lone heart from its sadness away,  
And shed o'er its darkness a magical ray!  
When oppress'd with the cares and sorrows of life,  
The spirit turns back from its turmoil and strife,  
When it longs to be happy, and sighs to be free,  
Oh nature, 'tis cheer'd by communion with thee.  
Though the waters may rise, and the sky be o'ercast;  
Though rages the tempest, and whistles the blast;  
Though thy brow may be shaded in darkness and fear,  
He can read there a lesson to solace and cheer,  
As the soft rays of sunshine succeed to thy frown;  
As the rainbow encircles thy brows like a crown;  
As the tempest rolls off which had reigned there awhile,  
And bursts forth in radiance the light of thy smile,  
So gently the shadows of sorrow depart,  
And hope dawns again on the desolate heart,  
And points from thy glories to glories more pure  
From thy fast-fading beauties to charms which endure,  
And leads the rapt soul from its sinful abode,  
To commune for awhile with its Maker and God.  
Oh Nature! what art thou?—a mighty lyre,  
Whose wings are swept by an angel choir;  
Whose music, attuned by a hand divine,  
Thrills a chord in each bosom responsive to thine,  
And whose gentle strain, as it softly swells,  
Soothes many a bosom where sadness dwells;  
While the joyous and happy, the youthful and gay,  
Pluck the flowers from thy garland and speed on their way.  
Oh, give me the beams of the summer sky,  
Which gladden the bosom, and rapture the eye,

Though fleeting the radiance, though transient the smile,  
 They speak not of sorrow, they breathe not of guile,  
 But light up the tremulous chords of the soul,  
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135.

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 ON A ROSE,

RECEIVED FROM MISS SEDGWICK.

AND thou art fading too, my rose,  
 Thy healthful bloom is fled,  
 From thy pale flower the leaves uncloze,  
 And bows thy pallid head.

I knew how quickly fades away  
 Each brighter, lovelier thing,  
 And did not deem that thou couldst stay,  
 Thou fairest rose of spring.

But I have watch'd thy varying hue,  
 As fading hour by hour,  
 And mourn'd that thou must perish too,  
 My lovely, cherish'd flower.

Oh, 'tis a mournful thing to see  
 How all that's fair must die;  
 How death will pluck the sweetest bud,  
 On his cold breast to lie.

'Tis sad to mark his icy hand  
 Destroy our all that's dear,  
 In silent, shivering awe to stand,  
 And know his footstep near.

Yet 'twere unmeet that thou shouldst live,  
 When man himself must die;  
 That death should cull each human form,  
 And pass the flow'ret by.

Why do I mourn for thee my rose,  
 When graven in my heart,  
 I read a deeper sorrow there  
 Than thou could'st e'er impart.

For one who came from heaven awhile  
 To bless the mourners here;  
 Their joys to hallow with her smile,  
 Their sorrows with her tear;

Who join'd to all the charms of earth  
The noblest gifts of heaven ;  
To whom the Muses, at her birth,  
Their sweetest smiles had given ;

Whose eye beam'd forth with fancy's ray,  
And genius pure and high ;  
Whose very soul had seem'd to bathe  
In streams of melody,—

Was all too like to thee, my rose,  
As fragile and as fair ;  
For, while her eye most brightly beam'd,  
The mark of death was there.

The cheek which once so sweetly bloom'd,  
Grew pallid with decay ;  
The burning fire within consumed  
Its tenement of clay.

Death, as if fearing to destroy,  
Paused o'er her couch awhile ;  
She gave a tear for those she loved,  
Then met him with a smile.

Oh, who may tell what angel bands  
Convey'd that soul away ;  
And who may tell what tears were shed  
Above that lifeless clay.

They laid her in the silent grave,  
The moist earth for her bed !  
And placed the rose and violet  
To blossom o'er her head !

But though unseen by mortal eye,  
She seem'd not to depart,  
Her memory linger'd still below  
In every kindred heart ;

As if her pure unfetter'd soul  
Return'd to earthly things,  
And spread o'er all her cherish'd scenes  
The shadow of her wings.

Still thou art like to her, my rose,  
Though bending in decay ;  
The tyrant death can never take  
Thy fragrant breath away.

Like thee, my rose, she bloom'd and died,  
Like thee, her life was brief ;  
And to her name remembrance clung,  
Like perfume to thy leaf.

But when the torch of memory burn'd  
 With fainter, feebler flame,  
 The pen of Sedgwick spread anew  
 A lustre round her name.

For this our daily gratitude  
 In raptures shall ascend;  
 For this a sister's blessings  
 And a mother's prayer shall blend.

And if the Lord of heaven permits  
 His sainted ones to know  
 The varied scenes of joy and grief  
 Which mark the world below;

Then she will bend her angel form,  
 With heavenly raptures fired,  
 And bless the hand which penn'd the tale,  
 The genius which inspired.

1837.

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#### THE CHURCH-GOING BELL.

How sweet is the sound of the church-going bell  
 When it bursts on the ear with its full rich swell,  
 So slow and so solemn it peals through the air,  
 It seems as if calling the soul to prepare  
 To meet in his temple, so holy and pure,  
 The Saviour, whose presence shall ever endure;  
 To unburthen the conscience—devoutly to kneel—  
 To pray for the pardon of sins which we feel;  
 Before our almighty Preserver to bow,  
 With a purified soul, and a heart humbled low.

1837.

[Unfinished.]

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#### FRAGMENT.

Oh, for a something more than this,  
 To fill the void within my breast;  
 A sweet reality of bliss,  
 A something bright, but unexpress'd!

My spirit longs for something higher  
 Than life's dull stream can e'er supply;  
 Something to feed this inward fire,  
 This spark, which never more can die.

I'd dwell with all that nature forms  
 Of wild or beautiful or gay,  
 Bow, when she clothes the heaven with storms,  
 And join her in her frolic play.

I'd hold companionship with all  
 Of pure, of noble, or divine;  
 With glowing heart adoring fall, !  
 And kneel at nature's sylvan shrine.

My soul is like a broken lyre,  
 Whose loudest, sweetest chord is gone;  
 A note, half trembling on the wire,  
 A heart that wants an echoing tone.

Where shall I find this shadowy bliss,  
 This shapeless phantom of the mind?  
 This something words can ne'er express,  
 So vague, so faint, so undefined?

Language! thou never canst portray  
 The fancies floating o'er my soul!  
 Thou ne'er canst chase the clouds away  
 Which o'er my changing visions roll!

1837.

#### FRAGMENT.

Oh, I have gazed on forms of light,  
 Till life seem'd ebbing in a tear—  
 Till in that fleeting space of sight  
 Were merged the feelings of a year.

And I have heard the voice of song,  
 Till my full heart gush'd wild and free,  
 And my rapt soul would float along  
 As if on waves of melody.

But while I glow'd at beauty's glance,  
 I long'd to feel a deeper thrill:  
 And while I heard that dying strain,  
 I sigh'd for something sweeter still.

I have been happy, and my soul  
 Free from each sorrow, care, regret;  
 Yet ever in those hours of bliss  
 I long'd to find them happier yet.

Oft o'er the darkness of my mind  
 Some meteor thought has glanced at will;  
 'T was bright—but ever have I sigh'd  
 To find a fancy brighter still.

Why are these restless, vain desires,  
Which always grasp at something more  
To feed the spirit's hidden fires,  
Which burn unseen, unnoticed soar ?

Well might the heathen sage have known  
That earth must fail the soul to bind ;  
That life, and life's tame joys, alone,  
Could never chain the ethereal mind.

1837.

WRITTEN WHEN BETWEEN FOURTEEN AND FIFTEEN.

ON RETURNING TO BALLSTON,

AFTER THE DEATH OF A LITTLE BROTHER.

Yes ! this is home ! the home we loved before,  
The dear retreat we hope to leave no more !  
Since first we mourn'd thy calm enjoyments fled,  
Two weary years with silent steps have sped ;  
And ah ! in that short space what scenes have past !  
Death has been with us since we saw thee last !  
Yes ! robed in gloom he came, the tyrant Death,  
To blight our fairest with his chilling breath.  
He stole along beneath the smiles of spring,  
When youthful hearts to life most fondly cling ;  
The loveliest flowers were blushing 'neath his tread ;  
He stole the sweetest of them all, and fled !  
In vain, my brother, now we look for thee,  
Thy form elastic, and thy step of glee ;  
In vain we strove our thoughts from thee to win,  
Our hearts recoiling feel the void within.  
Alas ! alas ! thou dear and cherish'd one,  
How soon on earth thy tranquil course was run !  
Like some bright stream that pours its waves to-day,  
Glides gently on, and vanishes away !  
A brief, brief time has pass'd with giant stride,  
And thou hast lived, hast suffer'd, and hast died !  
Memory, unmindful of the lapse between,  
Paints forth in vivid hues that closing scene ;  
The more we gaze, we feel its truth the more,  
And live in thought those painful moments o'er.  
We see his form upon its couch of pain,  
We hear his soft and trembling voice again ;  
Grief forcing from our lips the shuddering groan,  
And sweet composure breathing from his own.  
The earth was clothed in spring's enlivening hue,  
The faded buds were bursting forth anew,  
The birds were heard in sweet, melodious strain,  
And Nature woke to radiant life again,

While he, too fragile for this world of strife,  
 Prepared to blossom in a holier life,  
 The glowing spring of heaven's eternal year  
 Was usher'd in by all that's loveliest here;  
 Earth, robed in Nature's fairest, best array,  
 Led on his fluttering soul to purer day.  
 The soft winds fann'd him where his couch was laid,  
 On his hot brow the cooling breezes play'd,  
 And in his hand (fit type of early death,)  
 Was clasp'd a faded flower, a wither'd wreath.  
 Hush'd was each bursting groan, each tumult wild,  
 Around the death-bed of that darling child;  
 O'er each sad heart an awful trembling crept;  
 E'en grief, o'erpower'd, a solemn stillness kept.  
 His soul, beyond the grasp of care and strife,  
 Stood on the confines of a deathless life;  
 His gaze was fix'd upon \* \* \*  
 The lapse between eternity and time;  
 His eye was beaming with intenser light,  
 As broke new glories on his fading sight.  
 Oh, who may tell that hour of thrilling dread,  
 That midnight vigil by his dying bed!  
 When his young spirit left its shrine of clay,  
 And sped through worlds unknown its pathless way!  
 Methinks e'en now I see his speaking face,  
 Death on his brow, and in his bosom peace,  
 When soft he whisper'd, while the accents fell  
 Like the soft murmurings of the passing gale,  
 While his cheek glow'd with death's intensest bloom,  
 "Mother! dear mother! the last hour has come!"  
 Yes! thy last hour of pain, thou darling boy,  
 The opening scene to endless years of joy!  
 Oh, never more, till memory's sun shall set,  
 Can I that thrilling scene of death forget!  
 His earnest gaze, his bright and glowing cheek  
 Beaming with thoughts his tongue no more could speak,  
 His soul just hastening to the realms on high,  
 While all earth's love was kindling in his eye.  
 Alas! it fades, that deep, unearthly glow,  
 And the cold drops stand quivering on his brow.  
 Death has o'ercome! 't is nature's closing strife,  
 The last, last struggle of departing life!  
 List to that sigh! the poison'd shaft has sped,  
 And his young spirit to its home hath fled.  
 The silver chord is broke, dissolved the tie!  
 Alas! alas! how all that's fair must die!  
 Hark to that heavenly strain, so loud, so clear,  
 Rising so sweet on fancy's listening ear!  
 Hark! 't is an angel's song, a voice of glee,  
 A welcome to the soul, unchain'd and free!  
 On, on it flows in ceaseless tides again,  
 Till the rapt spirit echoes to the strain,

Till on the wings of song it soars away,  
 To track its kindred soul through realms of day !  
 Hark to that lyre, more sweet than all beside ;  
 Mother ! 't is hers ! oh, weep not that she died !  
 Hark to that voice, so melting and so clear,  
 The same, my father, thou wert wont to hear !  
 And mark that train of infant spirits come  
 To lead their brother to his glorious home !  
 All, all are yours ! and all shall gather there,  
 To lead your spirits from this world of care ;  
 Then weep no more ; your darling son is blest,  
 And his young soul has enter'd into rest.

1837.

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 TWILIGHT.

TWILIGHT ! sweet hour of peace,  
 Now art thou stealing on ;  
 Cease from thy tumult, thought ! and fancy, cease !  
 Day and its cares have gone !  
 Mysterious hour,  
 Thy magic power  
 Steals o'er my heart like music's softest tone.

The golden sunset hues  
 Are fading in the west ;  
 The gorgeous clouds their brighter radiance lose,  
 Folded on evening's breast.  
 So doth each wayward thought,  
 From fancy's altar caught,  
 Fade like thy tints, and muse itself to rest.

Cold must that bosom be,  
 Which never felt thy power,  
 Which never thrill'd with tender melody  
 At this bewitching hour ;  
 When nature's gentle art  
 Enchains the pensive heart ;  
 When the breeze sinks to rest, and shuts the fragrant flower.

It is the hour for pensive thought,  
 For memory of the past,  
 For sadden'd joy, for chasten'd hope  
 Of brighter scenes at last ;  
 The soul should raise  
 Its hymn of praise,  
 That calm so sweet on life's dull stream is cast.

Wearied with care, how sweet to hail  
 Thy shadowy, calm repose,  
 When all is silent but the whispering gale  
 Which greets the sleeping rose ;  
 When, as thy shadows blend,  
 The trembling thoughts ascend,  
 And borne aloft, the gates of heaven unclosè.

Forth from the warm recess  
 The chain'd affections flow,  
 And peace, and love, and tranquil happiness  
 Their mingled joys bestow ;  
 Charmed by the mystic spell,  
 The purer feelings swell,  
 The nobler powers revive, expand, and glow.  
 1837.

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## ON THE DEPARTURE OF A BROTHER.

BROTHER ! I need no pencill'd form  
 To bring back glowing thoughts of thee ;  
 Love's pencil, bathed in hues of light,  
 Shall trace the page of memory.

There they shall live, each look or smile,  
 Each gentler word, or look, or tone ;  
 Fancy shall view love's work the while,  
 And add rich colouring of her own.

How throb'd my heart with sweet delight,  
 When hope beheld thy near return !  
 Nor thought that day precedes the night,  
 And hearts the happiest soonest mourn.

Why knew I not that joy like mine  
 Was never, never formed to last ?  
 That pleasures only live to die,  
 And, ere we feel them, ours are past ?

Oh ! turn not from my strain away,  
 Nor scorn it, simple though it be !  
 It is a sister's sorrowing lay,  
 A token of her love for thee.

Oh ! that a prophet's eye were mine,  
 To read the shrouded future o'er !  
 Oh ! that the glimmering lamp of time  
 Could cast its mystic rays before !

Then would I trace thy devious way  
 Along the chequer'd path of life ;  
 Discern each pure, reviving ray,  
 And mark each changing scene of strife.

Oh ! if a sister's partial hand  
 Could weave the web of fate for thee,  
 Pleasure should wave her mystic wand,  
 And all thy life be harmony.

Peace, foolish heart ! a wiser Power  
 Thy hand shall guide, thy footsteps lead ;  
 Each bitter grief, each rapturous hour  
 By His unerring will decreed.

Farewell, my brother ! and believe,  
 Through every scene of weal or woe,  
 A sister's heart with thine shall grieve,  
 With thine in rapturous joy shall glow.

Each morn and eve a mother's prayer  
 With mine shall seek the courts above :  
 A mother's blessing rest on thee,  
 Embalm'd in all a mother's love.

1837.

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### LINES

WRITTEN AFTER READING ACCOUNTS OF THE DEATH OF MARTYRS.

SPEAK not of life, I could not bear  
 A life of foul disgrace to share !  
 Wealth, fame, or honour's fleeting breath,  
 What are they to this glorious death ?  
 Think ye a kingdom back could win  
 My spirit to this world of sin !  
 Think ye a few more years of strife  
 Could draw me from eternal life ?—  
 Dark is the path to Canaan's shore,  
 But Jesus trod the path before !  
 He hath illumed the grave for me,—  
 My Saviour ! I will die for thee !  
 Yes ! lead me forth ; in faith secure,  
 The keenest anguish I'll endure !  
 And while my body feeds the flame,  
 My soul its bright reward shall claim !  
 Soon shall these earthly bonds decay,  
 This trembling frame return to clay,  
 And earth, enrobed in clouds of night,  
 Shall fade for ever from my sight.  
 But who would mourn a home like this,  
 When gather'd to that home of bliss ?  
 But there is many a tender tie  
 Would shake my firm resolve to die ;  
 Cords which entwine my longing heart  
 Affection's death alone can part.  
 Jesus, forgive each faltering thought,  
 Which weaker, earlier love hath taught ;  
 Forgive the tears which struggling flow  
 To view a mother's, sister's woe.  
 Forgive this grief, though weak it be,  
 Nor deem my spirit turn'd from thee !  
 Raise my unworthy soul above  
 The tempting wiles of earthly love !  
 Soon shall each torturing pang be o'er,  
 And tears like these shall flow no more ;

And those I love so deeply here  
 Shall meet me in yon heavenly sphere.  
 Love! what have I, compared to thine!  
 Love, pure, ineffable, divine!  
 Love which could bring a God below  
 To taste a mortal's cup of woe;  
 To weep in agony, to sigh,  
 To bear a nation's scorn—to die!  
 Oh, love! undying, godlike, free,  
 All else is swallow'd up in thee.  
 Soon shall I also soar above,  
 To dwell with thee, for "*God is love.*"  
 Yes! pile the blazing fagots high,  
 Till the bright flames salute the sky!  
 From each devouring pile you raise,  
 Shall soar a hymn of love and praise,  
 And the firm stake you rear for me,  
 The gate to endless life shall be.  
 But oh, ye frail, deluded train,  
 How will ye meet your Lord again!  
 "Father! their crimes in mercy view!  
 Forgive, they know not what they do!"

1837.

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 ON READING COWPER'S POEMS.

CHARM'D with thy verse, oh bard, I fain would raise  
 A feeble tribute teeming with thy praise;  
 For thee, oh Cowper, touch the trembling string,  
 And breathe the thoughts the muse inspires to sing;  
 For thee, whose soul delighted oft to roam  
 O'er the pure realms of thine eternal home;  
 Who, scorning folly's smile, or fancy's dream,  
 Made truth thy guide and piety thy theme;  
 Who loved to soar where heaven's own glories shine,  
 And tuned the lyre to harmonies divine!  
 Whose strains, when pour'd by faith's directing voice,  
 Made doubt recede, and certainty rejoice;  
 Whose lofty verse, by sterner justice led,  
 Made unbelievers, trembling, shrink with dread.  
 Oh that each bard, from earthborn passions free,  
 Might tread the path thus nobly mark'd by thee,  
 And teaching song to plead in virtue's cause,  
 Might win, like thee, a grateful world's applause!  
 Knowing from whence thy matchless talents came,  
 Thou fann'd'st to purer life the kindling flame,  
 And breathing all thy thoughts in numbers sweet,  
 Laid them adoring at thy Maker's feet.  
 Thus teaching man that all his nobler lays  
 Should rise o'erflowing with that Maker's praise;

That his enraptured muse should firmly own  
 The claims of truth, and faith, and love alone!  
 That he, who feels within the fire divine,  
 Should nurse the flame to grace God's holy shrine.  
 Let those who bask in passion's burning ray,  
 Who own no rule but fancy's changeful sway,  
 Who quench their burning thirst in folly's stream,  
 And waste their genius on each grosser theme,  
 Let them turn back on life's tumultuous sea,  
 And humbly gazing, learn this truth from thee;  
 That virtue's hand the poet's lamp must trim,  
 And its clear light, unwavering, point to *Him*,  
 Or all its brilliance shall have glow'd in vain,  
 And hours misspent shall win him years of pain.

1837.

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 STANZAS.

Oh, who may tell the joy, the bliss,  
 Which o'er the realm of fancy streams;  
 The varied streams of light and life,  
 Which deck the poet's world of dreams?

The ransom'd soul may speed its flight,  
 To live and grow in realms above;  
 May bathe in floods of endless light,  
 And live eternal years of love.

But oh, what voice hath e'er reveal'd  
 The glories of that blest abode,  
 Save the faint whisperings of the soul,  
 The mystic monitors of God?

Thus may the poet's spirit dance  
 And revel in his world of joy,  
 May form creations at a glance,  
 And myriads at a word destroy.

But mortal ear can never hear  
 The music of that seraph band;  
 Nought save the faint, unearthly tones  
 Just wasted from that spirit-land.

None but the poet's soul can know  
 The wild and wondrous beauty there;  
 The streams of light, which ever flow,  
 The ever music-breathing air.

His spirit seeks this heaven awhile,  
 Entranced in glowing dreams of bliss  
 Lives in the muses' hallow'd smile,  
 And bathes in founts of happiness.

Then, when he sinks to earth again,  
 His hand awakes the trembling lyre,  
 He strives to breathe a burning strain,  
 Kindled at fancy's altar-fire.

But oh, how frail the trembling notes,  
 Compared       \*       \*       \*       \*

1837.

## FRAGMENT.

'Twas the song of the evening spirit! it stole,  
 Like a stream of delight, o'er the listening soul,  
 And the passions of earth—joy, or sorrow, or pain—  
 Were absorb'd in the notes of that heavenly strain.  
 My heart seem'd to pause as the spirit came nigh,  
 And, array'd in its garment of music pass'd by!  
 "I am coming, oh earth! I am hasting away,  
 With my star-spangled crown and my mantle of gray;  
 I have come from my bower in the regions of light,  
 To recline on the breast of my parent, Night!  
 To soften the gloom in her mournful eye,  
 And guide her steps through the darken'd sky!  
 I come to the earth in my mystic array;  
 Rest, rest from the toils and the cares of the day!  
 I will lull each discordant emotion to sleep,  
 As I hush the wild waves of the turbulent deep,  
 And my watch o'er the couch of their slumbers I keep.  
 The streams murmur 'peace,' as I steal through the sky,  
 And hush'd are the winds, which swept fitfully by;  
 The bee nestles down on the breast of the rose,  
 And the wild birds of summer are seeking repose.  
 All nature salutes me, so solemn, so fair,  
 And a glad shout of welcome is borne on the air.  
 Now, now is the moment, and here is the way  
 For the spirit to mount from its temple of clay,  
 And soar on my pinions to regions sublime,  
 Beyond the broad flight of the giant-wing'd Time"

1837.

[Unfinished.]

## IMITATION OF A SCOTCH BALLAD.

SWEETS of the glowing spring  
 Float on the air;  
 Gaily the birdies sing,  
 Banishin' care.  
 Softly the burnies flow,  
 Gently the breezes blow,  
 I to my Jeanie, oh,  
 Gaily repair.

Fair as the simmer flower  
 Sipp'd by the bee;  
 Blithe as the weenie birds  
 Singin' their glee;  
 Fresh as the drappin' dew,  
 Pure as the gowan's hue,  
 Ever gay an' ever true,  
 Is Jeanie to me.

Bright as the gowden beam  
 Gildin' the morn;  
 Sweet as the simmer's wind  
 Wavin' the corn;  
 Sic is my Jeanie, oh,  
 Stainless as winter snow,  
 Given to the world below  
 Life to adorn.

Joy to thee, bonnie lass,  
 Gently an' braw,  
 Thou, 'mang the fairest,  
 Art fairer than a';  
 Still mayst thou gladsome be,  
 Ever from sorrow free,  
 Blessings upon thine e'e  
 Numberless fa'.

Grief may bedim the while  
 Joy's glowing flame;  
 Sorrow may steal the smile  
 From its sweet hame;  
 But the sweet flow'ret love,  
 Native of heaven above,  
 In the dark storm shall prove  
 Ever the same.

#### ERE THOU DIDST FORM.

Ere thou didst form this teeming earth,  
 Or gave these mighty mountains birth;  
 Ere mortal pressed this yielding sod;  
 From everlasting thou art God!

Thousands of years, when passed away,  
 Seem, in thy sight, one fleeting day;  
 Ages, where man may live and die,  
 An hour to thy eternity!

Years roll on with a rolling stream,  
 They fade like shadows in a dream!  
 Like grass, which springs at morning light,  
 And withers ere the close of night!

For thou art mighty in thine ire—  
 Thy wrath consumes like flaming fire;  
 And, spread before thy searching eye,  
 Our sins in dreadful order lie.

1837.

[Unfinished.]

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### A FRAGMENT.

I ~~see~~ her seraph form, her flowing hair,  
 Her brow and cheek so exquisitely fair;  
 Her smiling lips, her dark eye's radiant beam—  
 A dream?—this is not, cannot be a dream!  
 They tell me 't is some wild and phrensied thought,  
 Some glowing spark from fancy's altar caught;  
 Some glowing spirit, fancied and unknown,  
 Which reigns supreme on Reason's vanquish'd throne.

1837.

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### FRAGMENT OF THE SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM.

Thus thought I, while in pensive mood,  
 Beneath a frowning cliff I stood,  
 And mark'd the autumn sun decline  
 Above the broad and heaving Rhine!  
 Oh, 't was a rich and gorgeous sight,  
 But all too solemn to be bright.  
 A saddening hue was o'er it cast,  
 Which seem'd to tell of glories past,  
 Of summer ripen'd to decay,  
 Of ancient splendours past away.  
 The parting monarch's dying glow  
 Fell on the restless waves below,  
 As if an angel's hand had dyed  
 With hues from heaven the sparkling tide.  
 The fleeting ray an instant beam'd,  
 O'er hill, and dale, and rock it stream'd,  
 Till the dark, time-defying cliff,  
 Seem'd glowing, melting into life,  
 And the broad scene, so sad and wild,  
 Beneath its gentle influence smiled,  
 As care lifts up its sorrowing eye,  
 When hope has cast a sunbeam by;  
 Then swiftly fading, glided o'er,  
 And left it lonely as before.  
 The distant hills of sombre blue,  
 Tinged with that rich and varying hue,  
 Now darker and more mingled grew,  
 While nearer rose so wild and bold  
 The rugged cliffs of Odenwald.

The Rhine, enrobed in shadows gray,  
 Roll'd on its giant path,  
 Lashing the rocks which barr'd its way,  
 Now curling graceful, as in play,  
 Now roaring, as in wrath.  
 The forests murmur'd, bow'd, and slept,  
 But on the mighty river swept,  
 As in impatient haste to gain  
 The gentler waters of the Maine,  
 Which flow'd along in stately pride,  
 To mingle with its parent tide.  
 But where the kindred waters meet,  
 A rugged cliff there stood;  
 It rose above the eddying waves,  
 With hanging rocks and yawning caves,  
 The guardian of the flood;  
 Fit haunt it seem'd for giant forms  
 Of wild, unearthly mould,  
 The spirits of the winds and storms  
 Their mystic rites to hold.  
 And o'er its rugged brow was spread  
 The forest moss and flower,  
 And, 'mid a grove of solemn firs,  
 Arose a ruin'd tower;  
 The ivied walls and turrets gray  
 Seem'd vainly struggling with decay,  
 Still frowning o'er the restless tide,  
 An emblem of unyielding pride.  
 All, all was desolate and lone;—  
 Beside its walls of crumbling stone  
 A giant beech its arms had thrown,  
 And ivy on its threshold grew;  
 The shouts of mirth, the cries of strife,  
 The varied sounds of bustling life,  
 Its walls no longer knew;  
 The moaning winds rush'd fitful by,  
 Blent with the owlet's dismal cry,  
 And every sad and mournful blast  
 Seem'd sadly wailing for the past!  
 Scarce could the wandering eye discern  
 In that rude pile, so dark and stern,  
 The remnants of its lofty wall,  
 The area of its spacious hall,  
 Or trace in masses rude and steep,  
 What once was barbacan and keep.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 "Roll back, thou tide of time!" and bring  
 The faded visions of the past,  
 And o'er the bard's enchanted string  
 Thy veil of shadowy softness cast!  
 Fancy, unfold thy swiftest wing!  
 Thou dreary present, be no more!  
 And I will tune my heart to sing  
 In simple strains the days of yore!

These ruin'd walls again shall rise  
In all their ancient pride and power,  
Again the gorgeous banner float  
In triumph from the stately tower!  
The moss, the thorn, the poisonous weed  
Shall vanish from the cheerful hearth,  
And the rude hall again resound  
With shouts of revelry and mirth!  
Again beside that ruin'd gate  
The guard shall pace his weary round,  
Again the warder's midnight cry  
Within its massive turrets sound;  
Again the bright convivial band  
Shall close around its joyous hearth,  
Again the vaulted halls return  
The shouts of revelry and mirth.  
Oh, I could tell of thrilling scenes  
Enacted in that lone retreat;  
How its paved courts have echoed back  
The clanking tread of armed feet;  
How savage chiefs and knights of old,  
With forms and souls of iron mould,  
Have gather'd round this mountain hold,  
And form'd their councils here,  
Then rush'd upon the field below,  
With clashing sword and spear;  
And I could tell of princely dames,  
Of powerful lords and highborn peers,  
Who dream'd not that their honour'd names  
Could perish in the lapse of years,  
Or only live at times to aid  
The wandering minstrel's random song;  
An old traditionary tale  
To float on memory's tide along;  
And I could sing full many a strain  
Would call the life-blood from the cheek,  
What fancy's eye would shrink to see,  
And boldest tongue would fear to speak.  
But I will leave to nobler hands  
The framing of those mystic lays,  
And only weave a simple tale  
Of later and of gentler days,  
When daring souls of daring deeds  
Gave place to peaceful knights and squires,  
And warlike gatherings on the field  
To feastings round their evening fires;  
When nought remain'd of olden times,  
Of strife and rivalry and blood,  
Save where some sterner barons held  
The remnants of an ancient feud.  
'T was morning, and the shades of night  
Roll'd backward from her brow of light,

As with majestic step she came,  
 With dewy locks and eyes of flame,  
 Her wreath of dancing light to twine  
 On the broad bosom of the Rhine.  
 The scene beneath her spread was rife  
 With sights and sounds of bustling life,  
 Of joyful shouts, and glad halloo,  
 And quick steps running to and fro.  
 The castle walls, so dark and gray  
 Tinged with the morning's cheerful ray,  
 Seem'd revelling their gloom away,  
 While from the court came, long and loud,  
 The shouts of an assembled crowd,  
 And on the mountain echoes borne,  
 Peal'd out the huntsman's mellow horn.  
 The clanking drawbridge fell across  
 The sparkling waters of the foss,  
 And servants hurried here and there  
 With bustling and important air;  
 Oft from the forest would appear  
 A group that bore the slaughter'd deer,  
 And distant shouts would faintly tell  
 As some new victim bleeding fell.  
 Light skiffs were floating down the Rhine,  
 Laden with casks of choicest wine,  
 And oarsmen bore the precious freight  
 For entrance to the postern gate.  
 Oft on the noisy tide along  
 The minstrel pour'd his careless song,  
 And all without was bustling glee.

\* \* \* \*

Within, the castle hall was graced  
 With oaken tables, closely placed,  
 In preparation for a feast;  
 The ancient armour on the wall  
 Was cleansed, and gilt, and burnish'd all;  
 And helm, and casque, and corslet shone  
 Like mirrors in the morning sun;  
 Oh, could the warlike forms which wore  
 Those garments grim in days of yore,  
 Come to their mountain home once more,  
 How would they frown on scene so gay,  
 And sigh for spirits past away!

Beside the hearthstone of his hall,  
 The lord and master of them all,  
 The owner of this proud domain,  
 Stood, gazing on his menial train.  
 His ample robes were rich and gay,  
 His locks were slightly tinged with gray,  
 His eye, beneath its darker shroud,  
 Glanced, like a sunbeam from a cloud.

Hope realized and love's warm glow  
 Seem'd mingling o'er his furrow'd brow,  
 And smiles of pleasure told in part  
 The inward gladness of his heart.  
 But ever and anon there stole  
 Some softer feeling o'er his soul,  
 And something like a tear would roll  
 Unnoticed down his furrow'd cheek,—  
 The child of thoughts he could not speak.  
 Why rings the old castle with gladness this morn ?  
 Why echoes the wood with the blithe hunter's horn ?  
 Why standeth their lord with his train at their side,  
 And his eye beaming lightly with gratified pride ?  
 This day it shall close o'er his doubts and his fears,  
 It shall witness the realized wishes of years,  
 And his name shall be join'd, by the dearest of ties,  
 To the only one worthy so brilliant a prize.  
 Whose fathers of old were his fathers' allies.  
 Why stealeth the teardrop so sad to his eye ?  
 Why bursts from his bosom the half-smother'd sigh ?  
 Alas, for that father ! this day he must part  
 From the pride of his household, the joy of his heart ;  
 No more may he gaze on his beautiful child,  
 Whose step ever bounded, whose lip ever smil'd ;  
 Who cast such a charm o'er his wild mountain life  
 As the sunbeam may throw o'er the dark frowning cliff.  
 Now read ye the cause of the joyful array ?  
 'Tis to welcome the lord of this festival day ;  
 For he comes with his glittering train by his side,  
 To claim of her father his beautiful bride.

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1837.

#### ELEGY UPON LEO, AN OLD HOUSE-DOG.

Thou poor old dog ! too long affection's tongue  
 Hath left thy merits and thy death unsung ;  
 Too long the muse hath sought for themes of fame,  
 And left untold thy well-remember'd name ;  
 And though that name hath lived on memory's leaf,  
 Has touch'd for thee no thrilling chords of grief.  
 Thou dear old dog ! thou joy of childish years !  
 Here let me shed for thee my heartfelt tears ;  
 Here let me turn from life's cold cares aside,  
 And weep that thou, my faithful friend, hast died.  
 Oh that no tears less pure might e'er be shed,  
 Than those which mourn a loved companion dead !  
 This is a world where faithful hearts are few,  
 Where love too oft is vain, too oft untrue ;  
 And when some cherish'd form to earth is borne,  
 O'er fond affection's sever'd chain we mourn ;

Thus I for thee, that one more friend hath gone,  
 Who, though a dog, could love for love alone.  
 Thou dear old friend! on memory's starlit tide,  
 Link'd with a sister's name thy name shall glide;  
 And when for her our tears flow fast and free,  
 Our hearts shall breathe a ling'ring sigh for thee;  
 For thee, that sister's dearest, earliest pet,  
 Whom even when dying she remember'd yet,  
 Thou wast her playmate in each childish hour,  
 When her light footsteps sprang from flower to flower;  
 When not a cloud on life's fair surface lay,  
 And joys alternate chased the hours away;  
 When her young heart beat high with infant glee,  
 And fondly sought to share those joys with thee.  
 And when youth's star arose on childhood's morn,  
 And loftier thoughts on time's dark wing were borne;  
 When hope look'd forward with exulting eye,  
 And fear, the coward, still crouch'd trembling nigh;  
 When long had pass'd those hours of infant glee,  
 Still, still she loved, and still would sport with thee.

1837.

[Unfinished.]

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MORNING.

How calm, how beautiful a scene is this!  
 When nature, waking from her silent sleep,  
 Bursts forth in light, and harmony, and joy!  
 When earth, and sky, and air are glowing all  
 With gaiety and life, and pensive shades  
 Of morning loveliness are cast around!  
 The purple clouds, so streak'd with crimson light,  
 Bespeak the coming of majestic day;  
 Mark how the crimson grows more crimson still,  
 While ever and anon a golden beam  
 Seems darting out its radiance!  
 Herald of day! where is that mighty form  
 Which clothes you all in splendour, and around  
 Your colourless, pale forms spreads the bright hues  
 Of heaven? He cometh from his gorgeous couch,  
 And gilds the bosom of the glowing east.

1837.

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LINES

WRITTEN AFTER SHE BEGAN TO FEAR THAT HER DISEASE WAS PAST REMEDY.

I ONCE thought life was beautiful,  
 I once thought life was fair,  
 Nor deem'd that all its light could fade  
 And leave but darkness there.

But now I know it could not last—  
 The fairy dream has fled!  
 Though *thirteen summers* scarce have past  
 Above this youthful head.

Yes, life—'twas all a dream—but now  
 I see thee as thou art;  
 I see how slight a thing can shade  
 The sunshine of the heart.

I see that all thy brightest hours,  
 Unmark'd, have pass'd away;  
 And now I feel how sweet they were,  
 I cannot bid them stay.

In childish love or childish play  
 My happiest hours were spent,  
 While scarce my infant tongue could say  
 What joy or pleasure meant.

And now, when my young heart looks up,  
 Life's gayest smiles to meet;  
 Now, when in youth her brightest charms  
 Would seem so doubly sweet;

Now fade the dreams which bound my soul  
 As with the chains of truth;  
 Oh that those dreams had stay'd awhile,  
 To vanish with my youth!

Oh! once did hope look sweetly down,  
 To check each rising sigh;  
 But disappointment's iron frown  
 Has dimm'd her sparkling eye.

And once I loved a brother too,  
 Our youngest and our best,  
 But death's unerring arrow sped,  
 And laid him down to rest.

\* \* \* \* \*

But now I know those hours of peace  
 Were never form'd to last;  
 That those fair days of guileless joy  
 Are past—for ever past!

January, 1837.

## TO MY OLD HOME AT PLATTSBURG.

THAT dear old home, where pass'd my childhood's years,  
 Where fond affection wiped my infant tears;  
 Where first I learn'd from whence my blessings came,  
 And lisp'd, in faltering tones, a mother's name;  
 That cherish'd home, where memory fondly clings,  
 Where eager fancy spreads her soaring wings;  
 Around whose scenes my thoughts delight to stray,  
 And pass the hours in pleasing dreams away.  
 Oh! shall I ne'er behold thy waves again,  
 My native lake, my beautiful Champlain?  
 Shall I no more above thy ripples bend  
 In sweet communion with my childhood's friend?  
 Shall I no more behold thy rolling wave,  
 The patriot's cradle and the warrior's grave?  
 Thy banks, illumined by the sun's last glow,  
 Thine islets mirror'd in the waves below?  
 Back, back, thou present—robed in shadows lie!  
 And rise the past before my raptur'd eye!  
 Fancy shall gild the frowning lapse between,  
 And memory's hand shall paint the glowing scene;  
 And I shall view my much-loved home again,  
 My native village and my sweet Champlain,  
 With former friends retrace my footsteps o'er,  
 And muse delighted on thy verdant shore.  
 Alas! the vision fades, the dream is past;  
 Dissolved the spell by sportive fancy cast!  
 Why, why should thus our brightest dreams depart,  
 And scenes illusive cheat the sorrowing heart?  
 Where'er through future life my footsteps roam,  
 I ne'er shall find a spot like thee, my home!  
 With all my joys the thoughts of thee shall blend,  
 And join'd with thee shall rise my childhood's friend!

1837.

## FAME.

## A FRAGMENT.

On Fame! thou trumpeter of dead men's deeds!  
 Thou idol of the heart, thou empty flatterer,  
 That, like the heathen of the Nile, embalmest  
 Those that thou design'st to love, and ever hiding  
 Their vices and their follies with a veil  
 Of soft concealment, doth exalt them high  
 Above the common crowd, crown'd with thy might,

That future years may copy and admire.  
 Thou bright, alluring dream! thou dazzling star!  
 Where shall we find thee? Thou art call'd  
 Fickle and vain, and worthless of pursuit,  
 Yet \* \* \* \*

1838.

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 ON MY MOTHER'S FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY.

Yes, mother, fifty years have fled,  
 With rapid footsteps o'er thy head;  
 Have pass'd with all their motley train,  
 And left thee on thy couch of pain!  
 How many smiles, and sighs, and tears,  
 How many hopes, and doubts, and fears,  
 Have vanish'd with that lapse of years!  
 Though past, those hours of pain and grief  
 Have left their trace on memory's leaf;  
 Have stamp'd their footprints on the heart,  
 In lines which never can depart;  
 Their influence on the mind must be  
 As endless as eternity.  
 Years, ages, to oblivion roll,  
 Their memory forms the deathless soul;  
 They leave their impress as they go,  
 And shape the mind for joy or woe!  
 Yes, mother, fifty years have past,  
 And brought thee to their close at last.  
 Oh that we all could gaze, like thee,  
 Back on that dark and tideless sea,  
 And 'mid its varied records find  
 A heart at ease with all mankind,  
 A firm and self-approving mind!  
 Grief, that had broken hearts less fine,  
 Hath only served to strengthen thine;  
 Time, that doth chill the fancy's play,  
 Hath kindled thine with purer ray;  
 And stern disease, whose icy dart  
 Hath power to chill the shrinking heart,  
 Has left thine warm with love and truth,  
 As in the halcyon days of youth.  
 Oh turn not from the meed of praise  
 A daughter's willing justice pays;  
 But greet with smiles of love again  
 This tribute of a daughter's pen.

1838.

## THE STORM HATH PASSED BY.

THE storm hath pass'd by, like an angry cloud  
Which sweeps o'er the brow of the azure heaven;  
The sun and the earth to its sway hath bow'd,  
And each radiant beam from the scene been driven.

All hail to the smile of the cloudless sky!  
All hail to the sun as he rides on high!  
All hail to the heavens' ethereal blue,  
And to nature, when deck'd in her own lovely hue!

It hath pass'd! the storm, like a giant form,  
Which summons the winds from their tempest cave;  
Which opens a grave in each ocean wave,  
And wraps the world in its shroud of gloom.

Oh! welcome the smile of the gladden'd earth!  
And welcome the voice of the wood-bird's mirth!  
And welcome these varying hues which delight  
Like dawn at the close of a wearisome night.

The clouds have pass'd, with the shadows they cast,  
And hush'd is the sound of the wind-god's power,  
And his deep, wild blast, as the tempest pass'd,  
Which rang on the ear at the midnight hour.

Oh! welcome the soft, balmy zephyrs of spring!  
And welcome the perfumes they silently bring!  
And the rosy-tinged cloudlets that gracefully glide  
O'er the fair brow of heaven in beauty and pride!

It hath fled in its night, the dark spirit of night,  
Which cast such a shade o'er the light of the soul;  
It hath fled and died, while the sunset beam  
From its surface triumphantly backward shall roll.

Oh! welcome the smiles of a gladden'd heart!  
And welcome the joy which those smiles impart!  
And welcome the light of that sparkling eye  
Which tells that the storm in its dread hath pass'd by!

Ballston, 1838.

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 EPITAPH ON A YOUNG ROBIN.

DESPITE the curling lip, the smile of scorn,  
Thine early fate, oh! hapless bird, we mourn;  
Too soon withdrawn thy scanty store of breath,  
Too soon thy sprightly carols hush'd in death!  
Here let us lay thee on thy mother's breast,  
Where no rude steps shall come, no cares molest,  
No cruel puss disturb thy silent rest.

Saratoga, 1838.

## TO A MOONBEAM.

As, whither art straying, thou spirit of light,  
From thy home in the boundless sky?  
Why lookest thou down from the empire of night,  
With that silent and sorrowful eye?

Thou art resting here on the autumn leaf,  
Where it fell from its throne of pride;  
But oh, what pictures of joy or grief,  
What scenes thou art viewing beside!

Thou art glancing down on the ocean waves,  
As they proudly heave and swell;  
Thou art piercing deep in its coral caves,  
Where the green-hair'd sea-nymphs dwell!

Thou art pouring thy beams on Italia's shore,  
As though it were sweet to be there;  
Thou art lighting the prince to his stately couch,  
And the monk to his midnight prayer.

Thou art casting a fretwork of silver rays  
Over ruin, and palace, and tower;  
Thou art gilding the temples of former days,  
In this holy and beautiful hour.

Thou art silently roaming through forest and glade,  
Where mortal foot never hath trod;  
Thou art lighting the grave where the dust is laid,  
While the spirit hath gone to its God!

Thou art looking on those I love! oh, wake  
In their hearts some remembrance of me,  
And gaze on them thus, till their bosoms partake  
Of the love I am breathing to thee.

And perchance thou art casting thy mystic spell  
On the beautiful land of the blest,  
Where the dear ones of earth have departed to dwell,  
Where the weary have fled to their rest.

Oh yes! with that soft and ethereal beam,  
Thou hast look'd on the mansions of bliss,  
And some spirit, perchance, of that glorified world  
Hath breathed thee a message to this.

'T is a mission of love, for no threatening shade  
Can be blent with thy spirit-like hues,  
And thy ray thrills the heart, as love only can thrill,  
And while raising it, melts and subdues.

And it whispers compassion; for lo, on thy brow  
Is the sadness of angels enshrined;  
And a misty veil, as of purified tears,  
Round thy beautiful form is entwined.

Hail, beam of the blessed ! my heart  
 Has drunk deep of thy magical power,  
 And each thought and each feeling seems bathed  
 In the light of this exquisite hour !  
 Sweet ray, I have proved thee so fair  
 In this dark world of mourning and sin,  
 May I hail thee more bright in that pure region, where  
 Nor sorrow nor death enter in.

1838.

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EVENING.

O'er the broad vault of heaven, so calmly bright,  
 Twilight has gently drawn her veil of gray,  
 And tinged with sombre hue the golden clouds,  
 Fast fading into nothing : o'er the expanse  
 Are swiftly stealing hues, which mildly blend  
 And shadow o'er the pure transparence  
 Of the azure heaven. Now is night array'd  
 In all her solemn livery, and one by one  
 Appear the sparkling gems which deck her robe.  
 Each glittering star shines brighter than its wont,  
 As though some brilliant festival were held,  
 Some joyful meeting in the courts above.  
 Now mark yon group of amber-tinted clouds,  
 Shrouding the silvery form of Luna ;  
 Their melting tints vanish away, and then  
 The pale, cold moon springs up unshackled  
 In her vast domain. Fair empress of the sky !  
 Chaste queen ! thy hallow'd beauty can impart  
 A soften'd radiance to each sombre cloud  
 Of melancholy night, and, like a noble mind,  
 Immersed in seas of darkness, thou canst cast  
 A portion of thy brilliant, mellow'd softness  
 Around the deepening gloom. While viewing thee  
 A sweet and pensive calm o'erspreads my soul,  
 And, conjured by thy gentle, melting rays,  
 Unerring memory hastens to my aid ;  
 With her, I view again my own dear home,  
 My native village, 'neath thy cloudless sky  
 Serenely sleeping : 't is as fair a picture  
 Of unsullied peace as ever nature drew.  
 Thy rays are dancing on the gentle river,  
 In one unbroken stream of molten silver,  
 And marking in the glassy Saranac  
 Thy graceful outline, while the fairy isles  
 Which on its bosom rest are slumbering  
 In thy light, while the fair branches, bending  
 O'er thy wave, turn their green leaves above,  
 And bathe in one celestial flood of glory.

There, on its banks, I view the dear old home,  
 That ever loved and blooming theatre,  
 Where those I most revere have borne their parts,  
 Amid its changing scenes. Before the threshold  
 Tower the lofty trees, and each high branch  
 Is gently rocking in the summer breeze,  
 And sending forth a low, sweet murmur,  
 Like the soft breathings of a seraph's harp.  
 Around its humble porch entwines the vine,  
 While the sweetbriar and the blushing rose  
 Now hang their heads in slumber, and the grass  
 And fragrant clover scent the loaded air.  
 Oh, my loved home, how gladly would I rove  
 Amid thy soft retreats, and from decay  
 Protect thy mouldering mansion, tend thy flowers,  
 Prune the wild boughs, and there in solitude  
 Listless remain, unknowing and unknown—  
 Oh no, not quite alone, for memory,  
 And hope, and fond delight shall mingle there.

1838.

[Unfinished.]

#### A POETICAL LETTER TO HENRIETTA.

ONCE more, Henrietta, I open your sheet  
 To glance at its contents so playful and sweet,  
 To admire the flow of its easy strain,  
 And pen you an answer in *nonsense* again.  
 Perchance you may turn from my page away,  
 And with scornful lip and expression say,  
 "I think she might better have spent her time,  
 Than in stringing such masses of jingling rhyme;"  
 And perhaps I might,—I admit the blame,  
 But like others, continue my fault the same.  
 However, I think such a *deacon* as you  
 May need the refreshment of nonsense too;  
 That a creature so sober as you are, my friend,  
 Her ear to the whisperings of folly may lend.  
 Never mind—'tis a fancy has cross'd my brain,  
 Right or wrong, good or evil, I'll finish my strain.  
 I wish you, my dear Henrietta, could know  
 How much I am grieved that I now cannot go,  
 That our dreams of enjoyment have vanish'd in smoke,  
 And the castles we builded on vapour are broke!  
 But such are the chances of life,—it is fit  
 That with stoical fortitude we should submit.  
 Am I not philosophic?—A fortnight pass'd by  
 With its fretting and grieving, its tear and its sigh;  
 Then— a month, peopled well with regretting by me,  
 And—behold me submissive as mortal can be!  
 But jesting aside—'tis a very sad thing  
 To be torn from hope's anchor, where fondly we cling.

I too had been cherishing feelings as vain,  
 Nursing hopes as delusive, as sweet in my brain;  
 I had waited in fancy your loved form to see,  
 With a heart just as happy as happy could be;  
 Had met you, embraced you, and welcomed you here,  
 When lo! the bright dream dissolved in a tear!  
 Like the gay, gorgeous bubble, which floats for awhile,  
 But departs ere you welcome its hues with a smile.  
 You were wishing for wings—I enclose you a pair,  
 Which I hope you will use with all possible care,  
 For they were not prepared in a mortal mould,  
 But were form'd by a fairy in purple and gold!  
 While riding one day by the green-wood side,  
 This fairy in beautiful garments I spied;  
 Her mantle with dew-drops was spangled o'er—  
 She had fairies behind her and fairies before,  
 And many and gay were the jewels she wore;  
 But the wings which she raised to her delicate brow  
 Were the purest of azure and white as the snow!  
 I bow'd at the foot of the fairy throne,  
 And begg'd of her beautiful wings like her own.  
 I sued for the favour in friendship's name;  
 She assented, and smiling, admitted the claim.  
 All sparkling and pure as the evening star,  
 I gather'd the wings from the fairy's bower,  
 And came home exulting, impatient to send  
 The gift in its freshness and glow to my friend.  
 Elated with pride I exposed them to view,  
 But the touch of a mortal had clouded their hue!  
 So marvel no more at their dimness—believe  
 That the very same wings are the wings you receive.  
 Should my story too wild and too fanciful seem,  
 Oh, call it no fiction, but name it—a dream.  
 I am reading “Josephus,” a famous old Jew,  
 Whose name is, I doubt not, familiar to you.  
 He begins with the world, and proceeds to relate  
 How the Jews from a nothing grew prosperous and great;  
 How Jerusalem reign'd as the Queen of the East,  
 Till her sacred religion was scorn'd and oppress'd;  
 Then murder, and rapine, and famine ensued,  
 Till the fields of Judea were streaming with blood.  
 How I wish you were reading it with me, my friend.  
 Your presence a charm to each sentence would lend.

Your father's return, you remark, is the time  
 To send you a budget of love and of rhyme;  
 The *love* be assured you will always possess,  
 And you'll have *rhyme* enough when you once have read *this*.  
 So you see what that *love* has induced me to do,  
 With it *maybe* a *fear* of your scolding too!—

It is evening—the close of a beautiful day,  
 And the last rays of sunset are fading away;

Till nothing remains but a faint rosy hue,  
 Just mingling in with a fainter blue.  
 The shadows of twilight are closing around,  
 Not a murmur is heard but the cricket's sound,  
 And pensive thoughts o'er my heart-strings creep  
 As the "unvoiced" breezes around me sweep.  
 'Tis a tranquil hour, and I lazily lie,  
 Gazing up at my ease on the delicate sky,  
 With the sombre light on my dim page playing,  
 And my pen through its numberless labyrinths straying.  
 How gentle the spell of this exquisite hour !  
 How soothing, how sweet its mysterious power !  
 It steals o'er my heart, like a breeze o'er the lake,  
 Each half-buried accent of music to wake.  
 The kitten beside me hath fled from its play,  
 And close in my bosom is nestling away ;  
 And the trembling leaf, and the bending flower,  
 And the insect millions acknowledge its power.  
 How the fancy *will* fly from the present, and roam  
 O'er each corner of earth 'neath heaven's high dome !  
 Perchance, like myself, you may cloud-gazing be ;  
 Perchance, my sweet friend, you are thinking of me,  
 And this scene, like a beautiful image of rest,  
 Has awakened the same delicate chords in *your* breast ;  
 And perchance—how provoking !—that twinkling lamp-night  
 Hath dissolved with its brilliance my dreams of delight,  
 Hath deepen'd to blackness the mantle of gray,  
 And chased all my beautiful visions away.  
 So it is—they have fled—and again I descend  
 To converse upon every-day themes with my friend ;  
 But the end of my paper convinces me still  
 That I soon must release thee, my trusty goosequill ;  
 Though my breast and my head are yet aching to write,  
 I must bid you, dear Hetty, a loving good night.  
 If your ears are not tired of the jingling of rhyme,  
 I will finish my musical letter next time ;  
 In the meanwhile, believe me sincerely to be  
 Your affectionate scribbler,

MARGARET M. D.

Ballston, 1838.

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 LINES

ON SEEING SOME FRAGMENTS FROM THE TOMB OF VIRGIL.

HAVE these gray relics, crumbling into dust,  
 Once rested 'neath Italia's burning sky ?  
 Has this cold remnant of what once was stone  
 Reflected back her warm cerulean dye ?  
 Have these white fragments rested o'er the sod  
 Hallow'd by virgil's ever-sacred clay ?  
 And have they mingled with the grass-grown mound  
 Which o'er the classic hero's bosom lay ?

Perhaps the crumbling stones beside me now  
 Fell from the mouldering marble at his head—  
 The icy tomb which hides his noble brow,  
 For ever hallow'd by the mighty dead.

In fancy o'er Italia's fields I roam,  
 In fancy view the poet's lowly grave,  
 Round which, as I in silent sorrow bend,  
 The flowering myrtle and the cypress wave.

1838.

[Unfinished.]

## A SHORT SKETCH

OF THE MOST IMPORTANT IDEAS CONTAINED IN COUSIN'S "INTRODUCTION  
 TO THE HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY."

ACCORDING to Cousin, there are three elements of consciousness, three first ideas of the infinite, the finite and their relations succeeding each other in the above order. He believes that as the history of an individual such is the history of mankind in general; that as there are three fundamental ideas there must be three epochs of the world to develop those ideas. As the first idea is that of the infinite, the first age of the world will express this idea in its laws, its arts, its religion, and its philosophy: this will predominate. When fully developed, the idea of the finite will succeed; action, variety, and liberty will take the place of slavery and immobility; man will begin to find *himself*. All the elements of his nature will be brought into action, although still subjected to the predominating principle. When *this* is exhausted, in its turn the idea of the relations between the finite and the infinite will come; man will join these two great principles; every element will assume its proper station without asserting undue authority over the others; man will at once generalize and particularize; and as this is the highest development of the ideas of humanity, this epoch will be the last. After giving this expansive view of man and his destination, he proceeds to show that different climates and countries are destined for the development of different ideas; that the idea of the infinite must necessarily prevail in a large continent surrounded by vast seas, traversed by inaccessible mountains, and divided by immense deserts, with a burning and enervating climate, where every thing leads to and expresses the idea of the vast, the absolute, the infinite: such a country is Asia. On the contrary, the idea of the finite will occupy a smaller country, intersected by rivers affording every facility of inland communication and commerce, surrounded by small seas, inviting the inhabitants to intercourse with neighbouring nations, and filled with beautiful and diversified scenery, *all bearing* the impress of the finite, urging to action and enterprise, and devoid of that solemn and sombre unity of expression which prevailed in its parent epoch: such a country is Greece. That position of the world destined for the development of the last and most perfect epoch, must unite the two great external features of the former countries, as it is to assist in expressing the two great ideas in perfect unison with each other. It must combine the sublime with the beautiful, every advantage of internal commerce and high civilization with a manifest appearance of magnitude and duration; it must possess a perfect and minute individuality with a great and striking general character; a vast continent surrounded with vast oceans, containing mighty rivers and inland seas, broad prairies, and long

ranges of mountains, together with fertile valleys and streams, and all the minor qualities of a rich and magnificent country, containing facilities for the minutest internal improvements, guided and governed by a lofty and abstract spirit of generalization—thus uniting the relative and the absolute, the finite and the infinite! such a country is America. He then proceeds to speak of war, its causes, and its effects. He considers it not only beneficial but necessary. War is a combat of ideas. Underneath the great and prominent idea of an epoch there exist minor elements in a nation, as in an individual: one people expresses one element, one idea; another seizes upon and develops a second: these truths elevate themselves against each other and combat—hence war. When one of these ideas is exhausted, it is opposed and superseded by a newer and a better one—hence conquest. One idea and one nation make room for another idea and another nation; one epoch is destroyed, and another arises. Mark the benefits of war: had it never existed there had been but one era of the world, and humanity could never have progressed. He then proceeds to justify conquests. He considers that the event proves the right; that when a newer and nobler spirit rises against an exhausted one, that spirit must conquer, and ought to conquer. He does not believe in absolute error; he believes every error is a part of truth, and raised to an undeserved superiority among the elements of humanity.

1838.

[Unfinished.]

## BRIEF NOTES FROM COUSIN'S PHILOSOPHY,

MADE DURING THE WINTER OF 1838.

His first position is this: as soon as man receives consciousness he is surrounded by objects in a world hostile to himself, but by exertion and developement of his power, he has conquered and modified matter, and has, as it were, impressed with his image and rendered it subservient to his will. The first man who overcame any obstacles in the way of his desires created industry, and the first who measured the slightest space around him or united the objects before him, introduced the science of mathematics. All these, mathematics, physics, and political economy, have one object, utility or the useful; but there are other relations in which men stand to each other, besides those of *hurtful* or *useful*, the *just* and the *unjust*. Upon the idea of the useful, man altered the external appearance of nature; upon the idea of justice he created a new society, maintaining their own rights, and respecting the rights of others. But man goes further: besides the hurtful or the useful, the just or the unjust, he has inherent in his nature the idea of the beautiful and its opposite. Impressed with this idea, man seizes, develops, and purifies it in his thought, until he finds that thought superior to the object which presented it. Every thing that is beautiful in nature is also imperfect, and fades when compared with the idea it awakens. Thus, man not only reforms nature and society by industry and the laws of justice, but also remodels those objects which present to him the idea of beauty, and renders them more beautiful than ever. But man is not yet satisfied—he looks beyond the world of industry and arts, and conceives God. The idea of God as separate from the world, but scarcely himself in it, is *natural religion*; but he does not rest there; he creates another world, in which he perceives nothing but its relation to God, the world of \* \* \* he expands and elevates the sentiment of religion. Philosophy succeeds. Philosophy is the developement of thought; it may be good or bad, but in itself it is demanded by the mind as much as religion, the sciences, &c. Cousin proves this position by a rapid examination of the wants of man \* \* \*

## LENORE.

A POEM.

## INTRODUCTION.

WHY should I sing ? The scenes which roused  
 The bards of old, arouse no more ;  
 The reign of poesy hath pass'd,  
 And all her glowing dreams are o'er !

Why should I sing ? A thousand harps  
 Have touch'd the self-same chords before,  
 Of love, and hate, and lofty pride,  
 And fields of battle bathed in gore !

Why should I seek the burning fount  
 From whence their glowing fancies sprung ?  
 My feeble muse can only sing  
 What other, nobler bards have sung .

Thus did I breathe my sad complaint,  
 As, bending o'er my silent lyre,  
 I sigh'd for some romantic theme  
 Its slumbering music to inspire.

Scarce had I spoke, when o'er my soul  
 A low reproving whisper came ;  
 My heart instinctive shrank with awe,  
 And conscience tinged my cheek with shame.

" Down with thy vain, repining thoughts,  
 Nor dare to breathe those thoughts again,  
 Or endless sleep shall bind thy lyre,  
 And scorn repel thy bursting strain !

" What though a thousand bards have sung  
 The charms of earth, of air, or sky !  
 A thousand minstrels, old and young,  
 Pour'd forth their varied melody !

" What though, inspired, they stoop'd to drink  
 At Fancy's fountain o'er and o'er !  
 Say, feeble warbler, dost thou think  
 The glowing streamlet flows no more ?

" Because a nobler hand has cull'd  
 The loveliest of our earthly flowers,  
 Dost thou believe that all of bloom  
 Hath fled those bright, poetic bowers .

" Know then, that long as earth shall roll,  
 Revolving 'neath yon azure sky,  
 Music shall charm each purer soul,  
 And Fancy's fount shall never dry !

- "Long as the rolling seasons change,  
And nature holds her empire here;  
Long as the human eye can range  
O'er yon pure heaven's expanded sphere;
- "Long as the ocean's broad expanse  
Lies spread beneath yon broader sky;  
Long as the playful moonbeams dance,  
Like fairy forms, on billows high;
- "So long, unbound by mortal chain,  
Shall genius spread her soaring wing;  
So long the pure poetic fount,  
Uncheck'd, unfetter'd, on shall spring.
- "Thou say'st the days of song have past,  
The glowing days of wild romance,  
When war pour'd out his clarion blast,  
And valour bow'd at beauty's glance!
- "When every hour that onward sped,  
Was fraught with some bewildering tale;  
When superstition's shadowy hand  
O'er trembling nations cast her veil!
- "Thou say'st that life's unvaried stream  
In peaceful ripples wears away;  
And years produce no fitting theme  
To rouse the poet's slumbering lay.
- "Not so, while yet the hand of God  
Each year adorns his teeming earth;  
While dew-drops deck the verdant sod,  
And birds, and bees, and flowers have birth;
- "While every day unfolds anew  
Some charm to meet the searching eye;  
While buds of every varying hue  
Are bursting 'neath a summer sky.
- "'Tis true that war's unsparing hand  
Hath ceased to bathe our fields in gore;  
That hate hath quenched his burning brand,  
And tyrant princes reign no more.
- "But dost thou think that scenes like these  
Form all the poetry of life?  
Would thy untutor'd muse delight  
In scenes of rapine, blood, and strife?
- "No—there are boundless fields of thought,  
Where roving spirits never soar'd;  
Which wildest fancy never sought,  
Or boldest intellect explored!
- "Then bow not silent o'er thy lyre,  
But tune its chords to nature's praise;  
At every turn thine eye shall meet  
Fit themes to form a poet's lays.

"Go forth, prepared her sweetest smiles  
 In all her loveliest scenes to view ;  
 Nor deem, though others there have knelt,  
 Thou may'st not weave thy garland too!"  
 It paused—I felt how true the words,  
 How sweet the comfort they convey'd ;  
 I chased my mourning thoughts away—  
 I heard—I trusted—I obey'd.

## DEDICATION.

## TO THE SPIRIT OF MY SISTER LUCRETIA.

Oh thou, so early lost, so long deplored !  
 Pure spirit of my sister, be thou near !  
 And while I touch this hallow'd harp of thine,  
 Bend from the skies, sweet sister, bend and hear !  
 For thee I pour this unaffected lay,  
 To thee these simple numbers all belong ;  
 For though thine earthly form hath pass'd away,  
 Thy memory still inspires my childish song.  
 Then take this feeble tribute ! 'tis thine own—  
 Thy fingers sweep my trembling heartstrings o'er,  
 Arouse to harmony each buried tone,  
 And bid its waken'd music sleep no more !  
 Long hath thy voice been silent, and thy lyre  
 Hung o'er thy grave in death's unbroken rest  
 But when its last sweet tones were borne away,  
 One answering echo linger'd in my breast.  
 Oh thou pure spirit ! if thou hoverest near,  
 Accept these lines, unworthy though they be,  
 Faint echoes from thy fount of song divine,  
 By thee inspired, and dedicate to thee !

## CANTO FIRST.

'T was nightfall on the Rhine ! the day  
 In pensive glory stole away,  
 Flinging his last and brightest glow  
 Full on the restless waves below,  
 As if an angel's hand had dyed  
 With hues from heaven the sparkling tide !  
 The fleeting ray an instant beam'd,—  
 O'er hill and vale and rock it stream'd,  
 Till the dark, time-defying cliff,  
 Seem'd glowing, melting into life—  
 Then swiftly fading, glided o'er,  
 And left it lonelier than before.  
 The distant hills of sombre blue,  
 Tinged with that rich and varying hue,  
 Now darker and more mingled grew ;  
 The Rhine, enrobed in shadows gray,

Roll'd on its giant path,  
Lashing the rocks which barr'd its way,  
Now curling graceful, as in play,  
Now roaring as in wrath!  
While trembling in the tinted west,  
The fair moon rear'd her silver crest,  
And fleecy clouds, as snow-wreaths pale,  
Twined on her brow their graceful veil;  
And one by one, with tiny flame,  
Night's heavenly tapers softly came,  
And toward their mistress trembling stole,  
Like pleasing memories o'er the soul.  
And shade by shade her brilliance grew,  
As past away the sunset hue,  
Till o'er the heaving Rhine she stood,  
Bathing in light its sleeping flood;  
Pouring her full and melting ray  
Where rock and hill and forest lay,  
And where, in clust'ring trees embower'd,  
An ancient castle proudly tower'd:  
O'er the gray walls her glances play'd,  
O'er drawbridge, moat, and tower they stray'd,  
As striving with that holy light  
To pierce the works of earthly might,  
And cast one heavenly beam within  
The abode of human toil and sin.  
Can sin and sorrow and despair  
Be frowning 'neath a sky so fair?  
Can nature sleep while tempests roll  
Impetuous o'er the tortured soul?  
Mark yonder taper, dimly beaming,  
From the lone turret faintly streaming  
Casting athwart the brow of night  
Its wavering and uncertain light!  
Beside that torch sit guilt and care  
And dark remorse, and coward fear;  
And fever'd thought is borrowing there  
The haggard visage of despair!  
There, with his aged fingers prest  
In clasp convulsive to his breast,  
Bows, as with secret guilt and pain,  
The master of this broad domain.  
His ample robes around him stray,  
His locks are deeply tinged with gray,  
And his dark, low'ring brow is fraught  
With marks of avarice and thought.  
At every sound which meets his ear,  
He starts instinctive as with fear,  
And his keen eye roams here and there,  
With anxious and expectant air.  
His seem'd a mind of timid mould,  
Sway'd by some spirit, fierce and bold,

Which lean'd to virtue, but could yield  
 When vice to avarice appeal'd—  
 Which gazed on crime with shrinking eye,  
 But was too cowardly to fly.  
 He started—heard, with troubled air  
 A tread upon the turret stair;  
 Wiped from his brow the gathering dew,  
 And closer still his mantle drew,  
 When wide the massive portal flew !  
 As wondering at this entrance rude,  
 The aged host in silence stood ;  
 While with a stern unchanging look,  
 The stranger doff'd his ample cloak,  
 Unloosed his bonnet's clasping band,  
 And toward the baron stretch'd his hand.  
 His host the friendly gesture saw,  
 But shrank in hatred or in awe—  
 Then starting, as with eager haste,  
 The proffer'd hand he warmly prest,  
 And smiled a welcome to his guest.  
 The latter mark'd, with flashing glance,  
 That shrinking fear, this mean pretence  
 And then resumed the smile of scorn  
 His curling lip had lately worn.  
 Uninjured by the frosts of time,  
 He seem'd advanced in manhood's prime ;  
 His form was tall, his mien erect,  
 His locks, though matted by neglect,  
 Curl'd closely round his swarthy brow  
 While his dark orbits flashed below.  
 Nature, with fingers firm and bold,  
 Had made a form of finest mould,  
 And painted on his childish face  
 The outline of each manly grace ;  
 But pride and art, thoseimps of sin,  
 Had crept the empty shrine within ;  
 Had taught his heart each serpent wile,  
 And lent his lip its fiendish smile.  
 His brow was knit with thought and care,  
 And dark design was scowling there ;  
 His glance inspired both hate and fear—  
 Now withering with its biting sneer,  
 Now flashing like the mid-day sun,  
 Which scorches all it looks upon.  
 Boldness and artifice combined  
 To form the dark, perverted mind,  
 Within that goodly frame enshrined ;  
 And he, whose steps in early youth  
 Some kindly hand had led to truth,  
 With active brain, and heart that burn'd,  
 From that unpointed pathway turn'd,  
 Unwarn'd, unguided, plunged within  
 The blackening gulf of shame and sin.

On his dark face the baron's eye  
 Gazed anxious and inquiringly,  
 And when he mark'd his silent guest  
 Draw forth a casket from the vest  
 Which folded loosely on his breast,  
 With half-conceal'd, convulsive gasp,  
 He stretch'd his eager hand to clasp  
 The sparkling treasure in his grasp.

But with a smile, more full than speech,  
 The stranger drew it from his reach ;  
 On the rude bench the casket laid,  
 Beside his dagger's glittering blade ;  
 Drew near his host, who quaked with dread,  
 And thus, in low, stern accents said :

"Thou deemest right—that gem doth hold

A something dearer far than gold ;

To *thee*, more precious than thy life,

To *me*, the cause of toil and strife !

'T is *that*, which in another's hands,

Would tear thee from these goodly lands,

Send thee and thy fair daughter forth

From all thou thinkest life is worth,

From titles, honours, lands, and hall,

And to young Erstein yield them all,

Which in thine *own* will banish fear,

And make thee lord and master here,

Unchallenged by the rightful heir :

(Then in a low, impressive tone,)

But hold,—that prize is still *mine own* !"

"Villain !"—"Nay, curb that wrath of thine—

Hast thou forgot one word of mine

Could hurl thee from thy high estate,

To beggar'd infamy and hate ?

Could I not rend the shrouding veil,

And tell the wondering world the tale ;

How when thy kinsman died in Spain,

Thou seized upon his fair domain,

His titles, and his wealth ; despite

His heir, the youthful Erstein's right ?

Could I not tell, how many a year,

With artful wile and coward fear,

Thou sought'st with vain and mean pretence

These proofs of his inheritance,

That thou might'st thus for aye destroy

The claims of this romantic boy ?

Think'st thou I will this power forego,

Another's lands on thee bestow,

The rightful heir for thee despoil,

And gain but hatred, fear and toil ?

"Speak not, old man ! By heaven ! I swear,

Yon casket and its contents there

Were not more safe from grasp of thine,

Though buried in the heaving Rhine,

If thou grant not, unquestion'd, free,  
 The guerdon I shall claim of thee!"  
 Ask aught," the baron faltering cried;  
 "Leave me my gold! take aught beside!"  
 The stranger knit his swarthy brow,  
 "Old dotard! yes, thy gold and thou!  
 Swear by the God whom thou dost fear,  
 Swear by that gold thou dost revere,  
 My suit is granted!" and his eye  
 Flash'd on the baron fearfully.

"Herman, I swear!" he mutter'd low,  
 And the blood left his cheek and brow;  
 Scarce said he, ere his fearful guest  
 The casket's jewell'd lock had press'd,  
 And from its case of richest mould,  
 Drawn forth a written parchment fold,  
 With eager hands, and sparkling eyes,  
 The aged baron seized the prize,  
 Tore it in haste, and opening wide  
 The vine-wreath'd lattice at his side,  
 With fix'd, exulting gaze, consign'd  
 Its fragments to the midnight wind.

That scene and act, that form and face,  
 A painter's hand had loved to trace:  
 The moon, as if the scene to shroud,  
 Had sought the bosom of a cloud;  
 The murmuring waves, the rustling trees,  
 The fitful sighing of the breeze,  
 And the hoarse owl's distant tone,  
 Blent in one soft and wailing moan,  
 Disturb'd that midnight calm alone.

His brow with burning drops bedew'd,  
 The old man at his lattice stood,  
 And scann'd with sparkling, lingering eye,  
 Each fragment as it floated by;  
 And Herman mark'd his host the while  
 With sneering and contemptuous smile:  
 At length, with mien of joyous pride,  
 The baron hasten'd to his side,  
 And thus in tones of triumph cried:

"Now have they perish'd! all that might  
 Prove to the world young Erstein's right!  
 His claim is as it ne'er had been,  
 And these broad lands are mine again!  
 When first by youthful pride impell'd,  
 This princely barony I held,  
 I knew my kinsman lived, and knew  
 These fatal proofs existed too;  
 But all my cunning found not *where*.  
 Thus lived I years, in doubt and care,  
 In trembling terror, lest my name  
 Some evil chance should brand with shame;

Or more, lest all my hoarded gold  
Should vanish from my loosening hold.

"Blest be the day, good Herman, when  
Thou camest from thy mountain den,  
And said that thou thyself had known  
The secret which I deem'd mine own;  
Despair and anguish made me dumb;  
I thought the fatal hour had come.  
O'erwhelm'd in grief I little knew  
Thy heart, so noble and so true,  
Nor thought the object of my fears,  
Could crown the fruitless search of years!  
But knows young Erstein of his claim  
To Arnheim's barony and name?  
Will he behold his goodly lands  
Seized by a stranger's trembling hands?"

"He knows it not; romantic, gay,  
To distant lands he roam'd away,  
And sought adventure and renown  
In nobler countries than his own.  
One month return'd from foreign war,  
He lives within his lonely tower;  
Scouring the forest far and near,  
And hunting down the antler'd deer;  
But should he search the written past,  
And learn this fatal truth at last,  
His heart and arm are strong to fight  
In brave defending of his right."

"Ay, *should* he so, good Herman!"—Now  
A livid paleness robed his brow;  
But quick returning crimson spread,  
While thus his dark accomplice said:  
And canst thou not the path descry?  
Why then, good baron, *he must die*;  
This barrier in thy way *I hate*,  
And dark and wild shall be his fate.  
He scorn'd me, and I vow'd to seal  
My vengeance on this faithful steel,  
And happy shall that moment be  
Which bows his lofty crest to me.  
But night wears on—I must away—  
Thou hast the casket's price to pay."

The old man raised his troubled eye,  
As longing, fearing to reply,  
Then slowly gasp'd, with effort bold,  
"Ay, ay, what wouldst thou, land or gold?"  
"Thou hast a beauteous daughter—she  
The guerdon of my toil must be!  
Her hand must be unite with mine  
Before another sun decline  
On the broad bosom of the Rhine!"

With smother'd shriek and heaving breast  
 The father knelt before his guest.  
 "My child! my own Lenore! *thy bride!*—  
 Ask aught, ask every thing beside.  
 The dews which wet the summer flower  
 Are not more sinless than Lenore!  
 Through years of guilt and care, my child  
 Cheer'd my soul's darkness till it smiled!  
 Now that my locks are turned to gray  
 Thou *canst* not tear that child away!—  
 Her gentle purity hath been  
 A star on life's beclouded scene,  
 Music her voice, and heaven her eye,—  
 Oh leave her, leave her, or I die!"  
 With kindling glances Herman heard  
 Each smother'd groan, each anguish'd word,  
 And then replied in tones of scorn,  
 "Up from thy knees! hast thou not sworn  
 To grant my suit? dost thou forget  
 Thine *all* is in my clutches yet?  
 I swear that she, and only she,  
 Shall buy my bond of secrecy!"  
 "Forget! why can I not forget?—  
 Would we had never, never met!  
 Leave me, for God's sake, leave me now!—  
 Oh my torn heart, my burning brow!"  
 "Say thou wilt make thy daughter mine  
 Before another sun decline,  
 And I depart to come no more,  
 Until that joyous bridal hour!"  
 "Wretch! fiend! I will!"—The accents hung  
 As loth to leave his faltering tongue;  
 But ere had ceased that lingering tone,  
 He turn'd and found himself alone.  
 The taper's waving glimmer fell  
 On the rude pavement of the cell,  
 Where with his trembling fingers prest  
 Upon his heaving, labouring breast,  
 With air distracted, yet subdued,  
 That wretched, erring parent stood.  
 His eye was fix'd, and bent his ear,  
 His guest's retiring steps to hear,  
 Though like a quick and piercing dart,  
 Each sent a quivering through his heart;  
 When first that wild vibration ceased,  
 The floor with rapid steps he paced;  
 And thoughts of agonizing pain  
 Flitted like wild-fire through his brain.  
 How should he give his child, his pride,  
 To be a branded outlaw's bride?  
 How could her purity have part  
 In Herman's cold, perverted heart?—

Then rush'd back memories of youth,  
When earth was heaven, and man was truth,  
And *her* he loved, too pure for life,  
Too gentle for its toil and strife,  
She, who, unheeding slander's tongue,  
Still to her lord had fondly clung—  
Her, he had dared to scorn, deride,  
Her, who had suffer'd, wept, and *died*!

While o'er his mind these memories stole,  
He groan'd in agony of soul,

"My child! no—never shalt thou be  
Heir to thy mother's misery!  
These aged eyes had rather weep  
O'er thy dark bed of endless sleep."  
Then o'er these better feelings came

The ghosts of penury and shame;  
He saw his gold another's prey,  
His lands, his titles torn away,  
Himself the theme of public scorn,  
His daughter friendless and forlorn,  
And then he whisper'd, "I have sworn!"  
But why this picture longer view?  
Or why this painful theme pursue?

Oh! rather let us weep that he  
Who might allied to angels be  
Will sully thus the spark divine,  
Imprison'd in its earthly shrine,  
And in compassion drop the veil  
O'er this sad portion of our tale.  
Now let us seek the lonely bower  
Where at this silent midnight hour,  
So sweetly sleeps the fair Lenore.

A silver lamp, with flickering beam,  
Now dies, now starts with sudden gleam,  
Diffusing o'er the vaulted room  
Or wavering light, or partial gloom  
Near, on the oaken table, lie  
Her crucifix and rosary,  
And the small lute, whose golden string  
Hath echoed to her evening hymn.

Her head is resting on her hand,  
Her hair, escaping from its band,  
Falls in rich masses on her neck,  
Her fair white brow, and flushing cheek;  
The long, dark lashes of her eye  
On their fair pillow trembling lie,  
Her lips half part, and you can trace  
A smile of pleasure on her face.

She dreams—her soul hath pass'd away,  
Far from its lovely shrine of clay,  
Scenes of enjoyment to explore,  
Where waking fancies dare not soar.

She dreams—what soft, subduing thought  
 Hath her unfetter'd spirit caught?  
 She whispers "Erstein!"—ah! sweet one,  
 Thou know'st not what this hour hath done!  
 What cloud hath dimm'd thy fortune's star,  
 And *his* thou lovest dearer far!  
 Dream on! for thou wilt wake to weep,  
 When morn dispels that balmy sleep,  
 And in thy pilgrimage of pain  
 Thou ne'er may'st dream so sweet again.  
 Hark! 't is the night-breeze, as it twines  
 Round the tall lattice, wreath'd with vines.  
 Again! arouse thee, sweet Lenore,  
 A step is in the corridor.  
 It pass'd along the echoing floor,  
 And paused beside the maiden's door,  
 And from beneath, a brilliant stream  
 Of wavering light was seen to gleam.  
 The door unclosed—the torch's fire  
 Reveal'd its bearer—'t was her sire!  
 With trembling hand he strove to shade  
 The beams which through the apartment stray'd,  
 And o'er the placid sleeper play'd;  
 Then to her side he softly came,  
 And moved the shadow from its flame.

She woke—her night-robe closer drew,  
 A hurried glance around her threw;  
 Then, with a troubled, anxious gaze,  
 She scann'd each feature of his face.  
 "Why come at midnight to thy child,  
 With cheek so pale, and eye so wild?"  
 "My daughter, rise!—thou need'st not fear,  
 But *I* must speak, and *thou* must hear."

Then gave he to her listening ears  
 A tale of doubts and cares and fears;  
 Of future wretchedness and pain,  
 Of threaten'd penury and disdain,  
 An exile from their native hearth,  
 And how a generous friend stepp'd forth,  
 Turn'd from their heads this direful fate,  
 And freely ransom'd his estate.

And how, in an unguarded hour,  
 When gratitude alone had power,  
 He swore by every sacred name  
 To grant whatever he might claim;  
 How, while he listen'd in despair,  
 Did Herman claim his daughter fair;  
 And he was bound, by all that's dear,  
 That solemn promise to revere;  
 And then, with tears and sighs he said,  
 "If thou dost love this aged head,

Preserve my wealth, my peace, my life,  
 And be my kind preserver's wife."  
 With cheeks and brow as snow-wreath pale  
 His daughter heard this fearful tale.  
 So suddenly that dread blow came,  
 It struck like palsy on her frame.  
 Through her veins crept an icy chill,  
 As if her very heart stood still,  
 And nought was heard the calm to break,  
 When her old sire had ceased to speak;  
 But though her fix'd and glaring eye  
 No outward object could descry,  
 Before her spirit's glance, a throng  
 Of vivid pictures swept along.  
 She saw the shaded bower, the grove  
 Where first young Erstein "whisper'd love;"  
 She saw his dark, reproachful eye  
 Upraised to hers in agony;  
 And then a sterner vision came  
 Of him her fancy dared not name.  
 She saw his tall and muffled form,  
 She saw his withering smile of scorn,  
 She saw—"Lenore!"—her father spoke—  
 The spell which bound her tongue was broke.  
 She knelt his bending form beside,  
 And thus in faltering accents cried:  
 "My father! canst thou doom so sore  
 A trial to thine own Lenore?  
 Is there no spot of refuge still?  
 Is poverty so great an ill?  
 To pomp and wealth thy heart is cold—  
 Yield up to him thy hoarded gold!  
 What carest thou for state or pride,  
 If I am ever by thy side?  
 Give him thine all, and let us go  
 Far from this darkest, deadliest foe!  
 Thou shalt have peace, and I will be  
 A more than comforter to thee!"  
 "My child, I cannot change thy lot—  
 Thou speakest of thou know'st not what!  
 How wouldst thou hear thy father's name,  
 Branded with infamy and shame?"  
 To his dark mantle she had clung,  
 Now to her feet she swiftly sprung!  
 A tear had trembled in her eye,  
 But now she dash'd it firmly by;  
 Her cheek had blanch'd with fear before,  
 But now that paleness was no more!  
 With form erect, and glance of fire,  
 She gazed upon her cowering sire,  
 As though her piercing eye could see  
 His heart's remotest secrecy.

A dark and dread suspicion stole  
 Like burning lava o'er her soul.  
 "Why is that fear upon his face?  
 Why should my father dread disgrace?  
 He, I had thought, no shame could dim,  
 Why, why should shame descend on him?  
 What is this mystery, and how  
 Can I avert this dreaded blow?  
 I know not, and because mine eye  
 May not the source of ill descry,  
 Shall I the power of good forego,  
 And plunge him into deeper woe?"  
 Her pure affection answer'd "No!"  
 If he were noble, as she deem'd,  
 The path of right most open seem'd,  
 To chase each shadow from *his eyes*,  
 E'en at this fearful sacrifice;  
 If he deserved the meed of shame,  
 Was not that pathway still the same?  
 A moment's calm was in her brain,  
 She dared not pause for thought again,  
 But springing to her father's side,  
 She whisper'd, "I will be his bride!"  
 She heeded not his fond caressing,  
 She heeded not his parting blessing—  
 The die was cast!—and there she bent,  
 Fix'd as a marble monument,  
 Nought but her quick and gasping breath  
 Revealing there was life beneath.  
 Her father left that fatal spot—  
 She was alone, yet knew it not,  
 Till his quick footstep as it pass'd,  
 Dissolved the fearful charm at last,  
 And sent a wild and burning glow  
 Through the full arteries of her brow;  
 Then came affliction's sweet relief,  
 Weeping, soft child of stern-eyed grief,  
 That lulls the passions into rest,  
 And soothes the mourner's tortured breast.  
 When the first agony was past  
 Her gushing tears flow'd long and fast,  
 And with thanksgiving fervent, deep,  
 She own'd the privilege to weep.  
 Alas! frail flower! her life had been  
 One bright, unchanging, tranquil scene;  
 Loving and loved, as wild bird gay,  
 Her frolic childhood pass'd away;  
 And when her stronger mind could feel  
 More deep emotions o'er it steal,  
 When her pure heart look'd forth for one,  
 To rest her pure affections on,  
 Then did her trusting spirit find  
 An answering chord in Erstein's mind;

And childhood's laughing glance and tone  
Gave place to deeper joys alone.

And only would her cheek grow pale  
To hear some wild romantic tale ;  
And only for imagined woe  
Her sympathetic tear would flow—  
Her youthful heart had never known  
To sigh for sorrows of its own.

The past was all one vision bright,  
A storehouse of untold delight,  
To which her mind at will might stray ;  
And bear unnumber'd gems away ;  
With trusting hope and buoyant glee,  
She gazed into futurity,  
Nor thought that time's advancing wing  
A darker moment e'er could bring.

The dream now faded from her eyes,—  
She woke to life's realities !  
And feelings pure, and strong, and deep,  
Rose from their long, inactive sleep,  
And proudly did the maiden own  
A strength within, till then unknown,  
That which, secure in virtue, rose  
To combat with assailing foes.

Oft would her fearful fancy shrink  
Back from the gulf's tremendous brink,  
And oft to reason's glance would rise  
The madness of the sacrifice.  
But o'er her father's aged form  
There hung some dark, portentous storm !  
A daughter's choice, a daughter's will  
Could ward from him that nameless ill !  
And thus the hapless maiden sought  
To quell each wild, rebellious thought.

And morning came, and soft and still  
She dawn'd above the distant hill,  
Her wreaths of trembling light to twine  
On the blue waters of the Rhine.  
The mists which on his bosom lay,  
Pass'd like an infant's dream away,  
And left the sun's awakening beam  
To frolic with his mighty stream.

As though to greet the dawning day,  
The rolling billows curl'd in play ;  
And wild and murmuring tones were borne  
Forth on the balmy breeze of morn.  
The towering cliffs, so dark and wild,  
On its rude shores in masses piled,  
Touch'd by her gentle influence, smiled ;  
And the young flowers the rocks beneath  
Woke at the dawn's reviving breath,

And on their leaves, so soft and bright,  
Hung tears of worship and delight.  
When all is gay with nature's smile,  
Forgive me if I pause awhile,  
And turn from passion, grief, unrest,  
To muse upon her tranquil breast.

Nature! thou ever rollest on,  
With winter's blast and summer's sun,  
Untouch'd by passion's raging storm,  
Rearing on high thy mystic form,  
Springing anew to brighter life  
Amid the world's enduring strife!  
Man lives, and breathes his fleeting day,  
Now sinks 'neath sorrow's chilling way,  
Now basks in pleasure's golden ray,  
Then, like a snow-curl, melts away.  
The piles he rear'd in swelling pride,  
To strive with time's o'erwhelming tide,  
Proving the weakness of his trust,  
Sunk, like their builders, in the dust.

But while the fabrics, rear'd so high,  
In ruins on thy bosom lie,  
Thou, like some great and mystic page,  
Unfoldest still from age to age,  
Bearing in every line conceal'd  
The wisdom ages could not yield;  
Thy flowers shall bloom, thy mountains *soar*.  
Till rolling earth shall be no more;  
Thine ocean waves shall sink and rise  
Till Time himself exhausted dies;  
While on thy mighty bosom spread  
The crumbling relics of the dead!

How doth this sweet and solemn hour  
Hold o'er the heart its mystic power!  
Bidding each wilder tumult cease,  
To passion's whirlwind whispering "*Peace!*"  
Calming the frantic flights of joy,  
And bright'ning sorrow's downcast eye!

Oh! may it shed its influence o'er  
The tortured heart of poor Lenore!  
She who was wont at earliest dawn  
'To chase the wild bird o'er the lawn,  
While the young flowers their fragrance cast  
As on her fairy footstep past!  
Who now, unheeding bird or flower,  
Steals forth to seek her favourite bower,  
To bid each cherish'd scene farewell,  
And calm her heart's convulsive swell.

There, in her childhood's buoyant days,  
Oft had she sung her artless lays;

And still, as time roll'd onward, there  
At morn and evening would repair,  
To rear, in fancy, forms most fair,  
Nor dream that she could find them—air!

Once more, within her loved retreat,  
She lean'd upon its flowery seat,  
And mark'd the clustering vines, which sent  
A grateful perfume as they bent;  
Above the eastern hills of blue  
The sun's broad orb more brilliant grew,  
And many a rich and gorgeous ray  
Full on the glistening forests lay;  
But buried in her lonely bower,  
She heeded not the passing hour!

The vines beside her loudly stirr'd  
But not a sound her ear had heard;  
A step seem'd hast'ning to the spot,  
But still the maiden mark'd it not—  
And yet more near the intruder came;  
A well-known voice pronounced her name:  
She started lightly from her seat,  
And blush'd—'t was Erstein at her feet!

As the bright sun-hues of the west  
Fade from the snow-wreath's pallid crest,  
Flitted that blush her pale cheek o'er,  
And left it paler than before!  
Oh, had you seen his youthful form,  
Adorn'd with every manly charm,  
And known his heart so bold and warm,  
And, like Lenore, that heart had proved,  
You would not marvel that she loved.

Bred to a fierce and martial life,  
Nurtured for years on fields of strife,  
A spirit fiery, bold, and high,  
Was pictured in his flashing eye,  
And you might think its glance implied  
A soul of haughtiness and pride;  
But when some gentler feelings stole  
O'er the deep waters of that soul,  
Then fast that quick and burning ray  
Melted in tenderness away,  
And lovelier seem'd its gentle beam,  
Contrasted with that brilliant gleam.

When first a brave young soldier, come  
From clashing sword and pealing drum,  
O'er his own land once more to rove,  
Then first his soul awaked to love!  
And oh, what floods of pure delight  
Burst in upon his spirit's sight!  
What depths of joy, unknown before,  
Oped in the presence of Lenore!

Her gentle influence suppress'd  
 Each sterner passion in his breast,  
 And while controlling, quell'd, subdued  
 Each feeling, haughty, wild, or rude.  
 From her, unwitting, he could learn  
 Her father's temper dark and stern ;  
 And while had glided day by day  
 In tranquil happiness away,  
 He dared not break the magic spell  
 His ardent feelings loved too well,  
 By laying thoughts and hopes so bold  
 Before a sire so stern and cold,  
 Who would have deem'd it daring pride  
 To claim his daughter as a bride ;  
 He who had nought to aid his claim  
 But love, his honour, and his name.

Thus he was wont, when morning gray  
 Cast o'er the hills its earliest ray,  
 Clad in the huntsman's sylvan gear,  
 To chase ('t was said) the wild-wood deer ;  
 But ever, when his searching eye  
 The towers of Arnheim could descry,  
 Hé left his faithful steed to wait  
 Within the thicket's dark retreat,  
 And bounded lawn and streamlet o'er  
 To snatch one moment with Lenore.

This, morn with bosom bounding high,  
 With springing step and sparkling eye,  
 He came to seek her,—but in vain ;  
 He pass'd her favourite haunts again,  
 Till winding down a shaded way,  
 Which o'er the cliff's dark bosom lay,  
 He turn'd the castle's rearmost tower,  
 And found this lone, sequester'd bower.

I may not tune my youthful string  
 That scene of hapless love to sing ;  
 Song cannot well those thoughts reveal  
 The heart ne'er felt, and cannot feel ;  
 Let fancy then her garland weave,  
 And fill the trifling void I leave.

Suffice it that with bearing high,  
 And sad composure in her eye,  
 And throbbing nerves and bursting heart,  
 Well did that maiden act her part,  
 And gave a tale of grief and fear  
 To Erstein's wondering, listening ear.  
 Not so the youth,—a burning glow  
 Was mounting fiercely to his brow,  
 And grief and anger in his eye,  
 Were struggling for the mastery.  
 When Herman's name escaped her tongue,  
 Quick to his feet he wildly sprung.

"In foreign lands that wretch I met;  
 Fiend! sordid villain! lives he yet!  
 Oh! were the scoffer here to meet  
 From this strong hand his well-earn'd fate,  
 How few would be the moments given  
 To make his spirit's peace with heaven!  
 "But *thou*, Lenore! my steed is nigh,  
 And I *will* save thee!—Dearest, fly!"  
 "No! Erstein, no! I'd rather die!  
 My fate is fix'd, my lot is cast,  
 Its keenest bitterness is past;  
 Though her heart break, the poor Lenore  
 Must think of thee and love no more!  
 "Oh, leave me! 'tis my prayer, my will;  
 Make not my task more dreadful still:  
 Thou knowest more than I would tell,  
 Erstein, away! farewell, farewell!"  
 With trembling hand, the cavalier  
 Dash'd from his eye the starting tear,  
 Bow'd on her hand his burning head,  
 And ere her heart could throb, had fled.

## END OF CANTO FIRST.

The notes have paused—the song hath died away,  
 And wouldst thou wake the trembling tones again?  
 And while the minstrel pours his wandering lay  
 Bid thy warm heart re-echo to the strain?  
 Wouldst hear the sequel of this simple tale,  
 And list attentive to the voice of woe?  
 Weep with affection, or with fear turn pale,  
 And smile when riseth joy's triumphant glow?  
 Then will I touch the quivering harp once more,  
 While fancy spreads her rainbow-tinted wing,  
 O'er the dark vale of buried years to soar,  
 And back to life their faded shadows bring!  
 And thou must gently glance its errors o'er,  
 Should the untutor'd bard uncouthly sing.

## CANTO SECOND.

O'er, darkly the shadows of evening fell  
 On forest and mountain, on streamlet and dell,  
 And the clouds, in masses of sombre hue,  
 O'er the couch of the morning their draperies threw;  
 And their shade fell dark on the Rhine below,  
 Whose billows heaved proudly and slowly, as though  
 The giant heart of the tempest-god  
 Was beating strong 'neath its swelling flood.  
 Its voice came up with a sullen roar  
 As the waves dash'd fierce on the rock-bound shore,  
 And the wild-bird scream'd as he skimm'd them o'er,  
 While the vessel which flew o'er its surface that day,  
 With her white wings fur'd on its dark bosom lay,

Just kissing the foam with her bending side,  
As if owning the power of the lordly tide.

The morning rose meekly, and softly, and fair,  
But at evening the frown of the storm-god was there,  
And gladness and beauty fled back from his eye,  
Like the smile from the spirit when sorrows draw nigh.  
Where the sunbeams had wreathed round the mountain's tall crest  
Now floated a mantle of darkness and mist,  
And the wing of the tempest did fearfully fall  
O'er the arches and towers of that time-honour'd hall.

The portal was shut, and the drawbridge was raised,  
And no gleam of a torch from the banquet-hall blazed;  
But with faces of gloom, and steps measured and slow,  
The warders were pacing the gateway below,  
Now silently marking the clouds overhead,  
Now whispering in accents of sorrow and dread.

The hall was deserted; the court-yard alone  
Heard an echoing tread on its pavement of stone,  
And parties of menials were gathering there  
With faces of mystery, faces of care.  
Not a voice was heard but in murmurings low,  
Not a torch was seen with its cheerful glow,  
Save where a ray was streaming o'er  
The ancient chapel's massive door,  
And wandering with its glimmer faint  
O'er sculptured cherubim and saint.

'T was an ancient pile, and the creeping vine  
Had begun o'er its mouldering arches to twine,  
And the long bright grass unmark'd had grown  
On the broken pavement of crumbling stone;  
And the rude remains of a ruder day,  
Shatter'd and torn 'neath its vaulted roof lay.

'T was a solemn scene, when the ancient pile  
Was glittering bright in the morning smile.

And bold in nerve and in heart was he,  
Who would dare to walk in its haunted aisle!  
For oh, it was fearful there to be

When the night was falling gloomily;  
When the tempest shriek'd round its massive wall,  
And darkness enrobed it like a pall.

Why then doth light unwonted shine  
From the gilded lamps on the ruin'd shrine?  
And why o'er the rest of the baron's hall  
Is it darkness and silence and dreariness all?  
And why with that anxious and sorrowful mien,  
Do the menials gaze on the desolate scene?

Alas! those chapel walls this night  
Must witness a dark, unholy rite,  
And the gale, which shrieks in its fitful start,  
Must sing the wail of a broken heart!  
And on that sacred altar, where  
So soft the suppliant breathed his prayer,  
A young and ardent soul must lay  
A deeper sacrifice to-day—  
Upon its marble bosom fling  
The blushing flowers of life's warm spring,

And all the radiant garlands wove  
By buoyant hope and guileless love.

Alas, that man's unhallow'd hand  
The spirit's sacred veil should rend,  
And for his own dark purpose tear  
The warm and glowing treasures there;  
Then as in mockery dare to twine,  
Upon his Maker's holy shrine,  
Those pure and fond affections, given  
To make this weary earth a heaven.

When last those crumbling walls had heard  
Or muffled tread or whisper'd word,  
A funeral wail had fill'd the pile,  
A train of mourners fill'd the aisle,  
And there in solemn pomp interr'd  
A distant kinsman of their lord.

Thus still upon the shrouded wall  
Hung the black draperies, like a pall,  
In long unmoving masses, save  
When the chill wind its folds would wave,  
And swelling slow the dismal screen  
Betray the shatter'd stones between.

Tall torches burn'd the shrine before,  
Casting their rays the chapel o'er,  
And shedding pale and sickly light  
Upon the scowling brow of night!  
While, from each lofty arch, the eye  
Could mark the thick clouds passing by,  
In blackening masses, wildly driven  
Athwart the frowning face of heaven.

The vaulted ceiling echoed round  
Each clanking tread, or mutter'd sound,  
And the blast which crept o'er the pavements bare,  
And waved the torches' flickering glare,  
Wail'd in a sad and thrilling tone,  
Like a departed spirit's moan.

Beside the altar stood its priest,  
His wan hands folded on his breast,  
The quivering torchlight o'er him playing,  
His gray locks round his forehead straying.  
And his eye wandering here and there,  
With anxious and unsettled air;  
And ever, as its glance would fall  
On Herman's form, so grim and tall,  
He mutter'd, turn'd in shuddering haste,  
And sign'd the cross upon his breast.

Well might the priest instinctive turn,  
From gazing on a face so stern;  
For oh, it told of storms within,  
The strife of passion, pride, and sin;  
More fearful, more appalling far,  
Than the fierce tempest's raging war.

With hurried steps he paced awhile  
The grass-grown pavements of the aisle,

And on the open portal nigh  
His keen glance fell impatiently,  
Till his dark brow yet darker lower'd,  
And his hand fiercely grasp'd his sword.

"If he should dare deceive me! then  
He'll find the lion in his den!"  
Scarce were the startling accents o'er,  
When darkening shadows fill'd the door;—  
It was the baron and Lenore.

A large dark mantle, closely drawn,  
Conceal'd the maiden's fragile form;  
But her measured step was firmer far  
Than the trembling tread of her aged sire,  
And she came with a calm and unfaltering air  
To offer up all that was dear to her there.

And when she stood the shrine beside,  
A sad and self-devoted bride,  
She clasp'd her hands, and raised on high  
The thrilling glance of her tearless eye,  
And the stern bridegroom shrunk below  
That look of fix'd and speechless woe.

But the keen pang pass'd quickly o'er,  
And left her tranquil as before:  
Her pallid fingers gently press'd  
The clasping jewel on her breast,  
And the dark mantle falling back,  
Reveal'd her bridal robe of *black*!  
The massive folds hung drooping there  
Around her form, so slight and fair,  
As the sad cypress in its gloom  
O'er the white marble of the tomb.

In unconfined and native grace  
Her long dark tresses veil'd her face,  
Contrasting with the cheek and brow  
So pallid and so deathlike now,  
And casting round her, as they stray'd,  
A waving and a dreamlike shade.  
Thus stood she, motionless and still,  
Like some pale form of Grecian skill,  
Placed by the matchless sculptor there,  
A breathing image of despair.

One torturing, agonizing day  
Had quell'd the heart so light and gay,  
And given her mien a bearing high  
Of calm and thoughtful dignity.

The baron started as his eye  
Fell on her sombre drapery:  
"Lenore," he whisper'd, "why to-day  
Assume such ominous array?  
Couldst thou not find a bridal dress  
More fitting such a scene as this?"

She bent her dark and earnest gaze  
 A moment on her father's face,  
 As if her senses could not hear  
 The words which fell upon her ear,  
 Then said, with quick, convulsive start,  
 "And wouldst thou gild a bleeding heart?  
 A broken spirit wouldst thou fold  
 In sparkling robes of tinsell'd gold?  
 'T were mockery! this is fittest guise  
 To deck a living sacrifice."

The baron turn'd in sudden thought  
 To Herman's towering form, and sought  
 To melt that heart, more hard than steel,  
 By one long look of mute appeal,  
 As half expecting to receive  
 Some blessed signal of reprieve;  
 But his knit brow and flushing eye  
 Reveal'd his dark and stern reply,  
 And the priest oped the sacred book  
 With pale and hesitating look.  
 The thunder's deep and muttering tone  
 Broke on the listening ear alone;  
 He paused, bent low his moisten'd brow,  
 And read with quivering voice and slow.  
 While yet the feeble accents hung  
 Unfinish'd on his faltering tongue;  
 Through the tall arches flashing came  
 A broad and livid sheet of flame,  
 Playing with fearful radiance o'er  
 The upraised features of Lenore,  
 The shrinking form of her trembling sire,  
 The bridegroom's face of scowling ire,  
 And the folded hands, and heaving breast,  
 And prophet-like mien of the aged priest!

'T was a breathless pause,—but a moment more,  
 And that fierce, unnatural beam was o'er,  
 And a stunning crash, as if earth were driven  
 On thundering wheels to the gates of heaven.  
 Burst, peal'd, and mutter'd, long and deep,  
 Then sinking, growl'd itself to sleep,  
 And all was still;—the priest first broke  
 Th' oppressive silence as he spoke:  
 "Both heaven and earth their powers unite  
 Against this dark, unhallow'd rite!  
 A voice without, a voice within,  
 Hath told me that the deed were sin!  
 Though death and danger bar my way,  
 I will not—dare not disobey!"

A cloud more dark than the tempest now  
 Was gathering sternly on Herman's brow:  
 "Priest! madman! hypocrite! proceed!  
 Or blows shall mend thy coward creed!"  
 "For God's sake, peace!" the baron cried,  
 And closer drew to Herman's side.  
 One moment, peace! for hark! I hear  
 Loud cries come nearer and more near!"

"Fool!" 't is the wailing of the blast,  
Which sweeps these echoing ruins past!  
I brook no dallying! Deal thou fair,  
Or by yon heaven, old man, I swear,  
Thou shalt have reason to beware!"  
Still did the cowering baron stand,  
With fixed eye and upraised hand,  
As one who bends an earnest ear  
Some faint and distant sound to hear.

And while he listen'd, by degrees  
That sound came swelling on the breeze.  
Now low and hoarse, now shrill and loud,  
Like mingled voices of a crowd;  
And as more near the tones were heard,  
Did Herman fiercely grasp his sword,  
As if preparing to chastise  
Whate'er should bar his destined prize!  
And louder still the clamour rose,  
Like mingled sounds of shouts and blows,  
And on that tide of tumult came  
The baron's and the bridegroom's name.

One moment struck with mute surprise,  
Each raised to each his wondering eyes;  
But Herman, roused to action first,  
Forth from the group infuriate burst;  
When, ere the baron reach'd his side,  
The low-brow'd portal open'd wide,  
And a menial, pale with breathless haste,  
Wounded and bleeding, forward press'd:  
Fly to the rescue, baron, fly!  
Ere all thy faithful followers die!  
For armed men the moat have pass'd,  
Have gain'd the inner court at last,  
And fight and clamour for thy guest!"

A wild and bitter laughter rung  
From Herman's lips ere forth he sprung.  
"And so my comrades come to trace  
Their worthy leader's lurking-place?  
'T is well! not yet my race is run,  
And dearly shall my life be won!"

The baron and his guest have gone;  
The bride and priest are here alone!  
How doth that fragile plant sustain  
Its courage in this hour of pain?  
Perplex'd, bewilder'd, and amazed,  
Upon the shifting scene she gazed,  
And only felt, with quick delight,  
That he whose presence seem'd a blight  
To chill each heart with shuddering fear,  
That he no more was lingering near.

She breathed one deep and thrilling groan,  
And sank upon the shatter'd stone!  
She had nor power nor will to rise,  
But with clasp'd hands, and straining eyes

Fix'd on the portal, did she wait  
The coming crisis of her fate.

The wind rush'd in from the open'd door,  
And the red torchlight was no more,  
And the rude pile was dark, save where  
The lightning spread its ghastly glare,  
Or from the crowded court-yard came  
Some broad and glancing stream of flame.

The wounded man's expiring groan  
Seem'd echoed from the roof of stone ;  
And louder yet the piercing din  
Burst on the listening pair within.  
The stone-paved court alternate rang  
With clashing steel, and shout, and clang ;  
And waving wildly to and fro,  
The torches spread their fiery glow,  
Casting o'er every point of sight  
A glaring and unearthly light ;  
While, as the fearful shouts did rise  
In blended tumult to the skies,  
The spirit of the midnight storm  
Rear'd on the clouds his black'ning form,  
And with each cry which swell'd the gale  
Mingled his wild and shrieking wail.

Now closer drew the assailing band,  
With sword to sword, and hand to hand,  
And fiercely toward the chapel pressed,  
Where stood the baron and his guest.  
Herman, with fix'd and cautious eye  
Beheld his furious foes draw nigh,  
And vow'd in this unequal strife  
Not he alone should part with life.

Nearer they came, with shout and cry,  
"Down with the traitor ! caitiff, die !"  
And if a moment more had sped,  
The wretch had number'd with the dead ;  
When, with a voice deep-toned and loud,  
A tall form issued from the crowd,  
Press'd firmly through the rushing tide,  
And springing close to Herman's side,  
In calm commanding accents cried :

"And are ye men ? Bear back, I say !  
Ye throng like tigers on their prey !  
Bear back a space, and he or I  
In fair and equal fight shall die !"

As waves retire with sullen roar,  
From meeting with the rock-bound shore,  
The crowd bore back with mutterings low,  
In waving columns, long and slow,  
And stood, with eager gaze, to wait  
The youthful champion's coming fate.

The stranger raised his sword, when nigh  
There burst a low and thrilling cry ;

He turn'd—a wretch unseen before,  
 Still linger'd by the chapel door,  
 And raised in air his gleaming blade  
 Above the baron's aged head.  
 One spring—one stroke—with piercing yell,  
 And long deep groan the miscreant fell;  
 And the young warrior stood before  
 His dark-brow'd combatant once more!

Herman, with eager look, intent  
 Upon his foe his keen eye bent;  
 And while he thus his form survey'd,  
 His quivering lip his rage betrayed;  
 Then forth in furious haste he sprang,  
 Till the young stranger's armour rang  
 With his quick strokes' incessant clang.

Regardless to preserve his own,  
 He sought the stranger's life alone,  
 With panting breast and flashing eye,  
 And all a madman's energy;  
 While calm and firm his foe repaid  
 Each stroke with true unerring blade.

A few, but fearful moments pass'd,  
 Till blind with headlong rage at last,  
 Herman, with desperate fierceness, press'd,  
 And aim'd a quick blow at his breast;  
 The youth beheld, sprung lightly round,  
 Dash'd the rais'd weapon to the ground,  
 And while the fragments scatter'd wide,  
 He sheathed his sword in Herman's side!  
 Then bending o'er his fallen foe,  
 Whisper'd in accents stern and low,  
 "Herman! thy miscreant life I spare!  
 But should we meet again—beware!"  
 Then gliding through the low-arch'd door  
 His manly form was seen no more!

With straining eye and changeless mien  
 Lenore had marked this fearful scene,  
 Till her chill'd heart seem'd palsied there  
 With terror bordering on despair.  
 But when the gallant stranger came,  
 A something whisper'd Erstein's name,  
 And when beneath the dubious light  
 She saw him conqueror in the fight,  
 Her heart seem'd bursting with delight.  
 Hope, with its trembling radiance, stole  
 O'er the dark desert of her soul—  
 Her head droop'd lightly on her breast,  
 As when an infant sinks to rest;  
 Her heart gave one convulsive thrill,  
 Leap'd—flutter'd wildly—and was still  
 The courage grief could not destroy  
 Bow'd to intensity of joy.  
 The priest, unheeding all beside,  
 Bent sadly o'er the fainting bride,

With mystic sign and mutter'd prayer,  
 And all an anxious father's care ;  
 But as he knelt, absorb'd the while,  
 A quick step echoed through the aisle—  
 A burst of joy assailed his ear ;  
 He turn'd—the stranger youth was near !

A moment more—his stalwart arm  
 Had raised the maiden's drooping form,  
 And turning swift, his eagle eye  
 Roam'd o'er the walls inquiringly.  
 The priest observed his doubtful air,  
 And clearly read his meaning there :  
 Trembling, he raised the massive pall  
 Which hung beside the crumbling wall,  
 And oped a secret door that led  
 Within a thicket's tangled shade.

The youth bow'd low his plumed head,  
 And 'neath the ruin'd portal fled !  
 The priest conceal'd it as before,  
 And turning, past the draperies o'er,  
     But breathed a low and smother'd cry,  
 As, fix'd upon that secret door,  
     His own met Herman's baleful eye.

It burn'd with hatred's living flame,  
 And rage convulsed his giant frame,  
 A curse hung quivering on his tongue ;  
 Each nerve to dark revenge was strung ;  
 And the full arteries of his brow,  
 Were swelled like livid serpents now.  
 The boiling blood with sudden start  
 Had gather'd fiercely at his heart,  
 And lent his cheeks and lips a hue  
 Of ghastly and unearthly blue.  
 But quick the coward tide return'd,  
 And through his veins like wildfire burn'd  
 And o'er his features crept the while,  
 Their sneering and revengeful smile—  
 When in that crowded court he fell  
 Beneath that foe he knew too well,  
 He sought to find a safe retreat  
 From clashing swords and trampling feet—  
 And while he lean'd, with whirling brain,  
     The portal's sculptured arch beside,  
 Saw with a rage surmounting pain,  
     The flight of Erstein and his bride.

And where hath he fled with his lovely one, say ?  
 And where are they wending their perilous way ?  
 The lover hath mounted his faithful steed,  
 He is bounding away with the lightning speed !  
 One arm is supporting the rescued bride,  
 One hand is at freedom his bridle to guide,  
 And his spurs are dash'd in the charger's side.

Beneath them the turf, and above them the sky,  
 Away and away on their pathway they fly !

The sound of the tumult grew fainter and low,  
And faded in distance the torches' red glow,  
And in silence unbroken the fugitive sped,  
Save when the low thunder was growling o'erhead,  
Or the tempest was wailing, now shrill, now deep,  
As it crept in the arms of the morning to sleep.

While the black clouds were rolling in masses away,  
O'er the hills of the east rose a faint streak of gray;  
And as onward they flew, on the dim air was borne  
The soft cooling breath of a bright summer's morn!  
Their speed as they bounded the forest path o'er  
Recall'd the faint throb to the heart of Lenore,  
But her senses bewilder'd long laboured in vain  
To dispel the wild fancies which thronged on her brain;  
And when she awoke to the real at last,  
Oh what mingled emotions were stirr'd in her breast,  
Till her heart overflowing found soothing relief  
In tears of united thanksgiving and grief!  
She remember'd the scene in the old ruin'd aisle,  
And silently pray'd for the victor the while,  
Then she thought of her sire, and she shrank from his side,  
And "My father! my father!" she bitterly cried.

"Fear not for your father! yon furious band  
Sought nothing but haply his gold at his hand!  
It was Herman they sought, and they long'd for the blood  
Of that traitor alike to the vile and the good!"

"And whither art bearing me, Erstein, and why?  
And where shall Lenore for a resting-place fly?"  
"We are hasting away to my rude mountain tower!  
'Tis a rugged retreat for so fragile a flower;  
But my sister shall cherish the blossom with care  
Till it blooms again, brighter and sweeter than e'er."  
"And how didst thou come in that moment of gloom,  
To snatch me away from my terrible doom?"

"Lenore, my beloved! thou rememberest the hour  
When I parted from thee in the myrtle-wreath'd bower;  
That hour which was fated awhile to destroy  
Each hope of the future, each vision of joy;  
I mounted my charger, I knew not how,

And I rode like a madman, I knew not where;  
For my brain was hot with a fiery glow,

And my heart was chill'd with a cold despair;  
I abandoned the reins to my faithful steed,  
And we bounded away with a maniac speed,  
Till exhausted and worn with exertion we stood  
On the barren skirts of a lonely wood;  
'Twas deep immersed in a mountain dell,

On the rocky banks of a brawling stream,  
Which o'er a dark precipice rapidly fell,  
With dashing and foaming, and murmur and gleam,  
I threw myself down by a rock-cover'd cave,  
And silently bent o'er the breast of the wave,  
And more calm in my veins did the life-current flow,  
While the spray dashed cool on my feverish brow.

Of Herman I thought, and my pulses beat higher,  
 And my bosom throb'd wild with the "tempest of ire!"  
 But then o'er my fancy that loved image crept,  
 And forgive me, Lenore, if in anguish I wept!  
 While musing thus sadly, I started to hear  
 The sound of rude voices assailing my ear.  
 I turn'd,—from the cavern beside me they came,—  
 And the speaker named Herman's detestable name!  
 I listen'd—but, dearest, so stainless thou art,  
 In each word of thy lips, and each thought of thy heart  
 That could I repeat, I should tell thee in vain  
 Of a language so loose, so impure and profane!  
 Then listen, Lenore, as I briefly shall tell  
 The meaning I gain'd from their words as they fell.  
 They were robbers—a fearful and ruffian band,  
 Most sordid of heart, and most bloody of hand,  
 And Herman had been, for full many a year,  
 Their chief in each deed of rebellion and fear!  
 Yes! he whose presumption hath claim'd thee as bride  
 To that lawless and desperate band was allied;  
 Meet comrades for one whose degenerate mind  
 Is stain'd with each crime which can blacken mankind.  
 Thus a stranger to mercy, a stranger to fear,  
 He had rush'd on, uncheck'd in his reckless career,  
 Till, unheeding the pledge which at entrance he gave,  
 In secret he fled from the robbers' wild cave,  
 Bearing with him away their iniquitous spoil,  
 The fruits they had reap'd from unhallowed toil!  
 Oh long did they labour, but labour'd in vain,  
 Some trace of their villanous chieftain to gain,  
 Till a comrade return'd with the tidings at last,  
 That the Baron of Arnheim received him as guest,  
 And this eve was to join his perfidious hand  
 To the fairest flower of his native land.  
 Then they vow'd revenge, and they fearfully swore  
 That long ere the shadows of midnight were o'er,  
 They would give to their leader, false Herman, the meed  
 He had won by the coward and traitorous deed!  
 They resolved to assemble at eventide there,  
 And in arms to the Castle of Arnheim repair,  
 To recover the gold they had lost, and assuage,  
 In the blood of their chieftain, their hatred and rage.  
 Thus said they, Lenore; and now eager I heard  
 Each ruffian voice, and each half-suppress'd word;  
 For while o'er my senses their dark import stole,  
 A light broke in on my desperate soul,  
 And methought I discovered a path to guide  
 My steps once more to my dear one's side.  
 I could join their band at the castle gate;  
 I could rescue thee from thy dreadful fate,  
 And while they were in fury revenging their wrong,  
 And searching for gold 'neath each time-worn wall,  
 I could plunge unseen 'mid the motley throng,  
 And bear away that which was dearer than all!  
 Oh, blest be our Lady! who guided me well,  
 And supported thy soul on this terrible night!  
 But Lenore! my beloved! thy cheek is too pale,  
 And the tear steals adown it—oh say, was I right?"

She spoke no word, but he read her reply  
 In the timid glance of her downcast eye,  
 And the blush which sprung to her varying cheek,  
 In token of thoughts which she dared not speak !  
 He saw the glance, and he felt its charm,  
 And he folded the mantle more close round her form,  
 And silently spurring his charger again,  
 They bounded away over forest and plain.

And softly and meekly the morning light  
 Stole up from the arms of that storm-toss'd night,  
 And faintly trembled its dawning beam  
 On each sparkling valley and purling stream.  
 And danced on the leaves of the forest trees,  
 As they slowly waved in the sighing breeze,  
 And with dripping branches bended low,  
 As if weeping the fate of each fallen bough.

"Lenore!" said Erstein, "Lenore, behold,  
 How each cloud from the glance of the morning hath roll'd;  
 How the storm of the midnight has glided away,  
 And no traces are left of its passage to-day,  
 Save a pensive hue, which is stealing o'er,  
 And making all nature more fair than before.

"The whispering gale that is floating past,  
 Is all that remains of the howling blast,  
 And the sparkling waves of yon tiny river  
 Rush onward more swiftly and gaily than ever;  
 While the emerald turf on the graceful hill  
 Outrivals in splendour the dew-dripping rill,  
 And the trees round its base with their broad arms cling,  
 Like the diamond crown of a giant king.  
 'Tis a beautiful type of our fate, Lenore,  
 For our storm of misfortune has glided o'er,  
 And the joyous morning of hope and love  
 Is dawning our radiant pathway above;  
 And life shall flow on with its dancing stream,  
 With murmur and sparkle, with music and gleam,  
 And the glittering dew-drops alone shall last,  
 To remind our souls of the storms that have past."

A sunbeam of gladness, a smile from the soul,  
 O'er the face of Lenore insensibly stole;  
 They were slowly ascending a verdant hill,  
 At whose base there rippled a murmuring rill,  
 And she gazed on the vale they had left, till her sight  
 Seem'd melting in tears of exquisite delight.  
 But she suddenly utter'd a smother'd cry,  
 As a figure advancing arrested her eye;  
 'Twas a horseman, who spurr'd on his foaming steed  
 With a desperate madman's fiery speed,  
 While far beyond, on the level green,  
 A waving line was distinctly seen.

Scarce had the shriek escaped her tongue,  
 Ere to his feet young Erstein sprung,  
 And led the wearied steed, which bore  
 The fragile form of poor Lenore,  
 Where a dark thicket rose in pride  
 The leaping, brawling stream beside.

" 'Tis Herman ! and the hour is come  
To seal or his or Erstein's doom !  
If victor, well ! but if I die,  
Thine only resource is to fly."

He said, and press'd her hand the while  
With fervent grasp and cheering smile :  
Then ere had fled that earnest tone,  
The trembling maiden was alone.

Meanwhile, with fierce and maniac haste,  
The furious Herman forward press'd,  
Clear'd the small stream with sudden bound,  
And leap'd impetuous to the ground.

Oh, 'twas a dark and fearful sight !  
His writhing face was ghastly white ;  
His horseman's cloak was deeply dyed  
With the red life-blood from his side ;  
His step was hurried and untrue ;  
His scowling brow was bathed in dew,  
And when he pass'd his fingers o'er,  
They left its surface stain'd with gore.

Still did his rigid features wear  
Their darkly biting, withering sneer,  
And in his eye a fiendish glare  
Revenge and hate had kindled there.  
He wav'd his glancing sword on high,  
And cried, " Defend thy life, or die !"  
" I fight not," Erstein answered slow,  
" A frantic or a bleeding foe !"

A demon's rage fill'd Herman's eye,  
Which flash'd around him fearfully.  
" Then in thy coward folly die !"  
Thus did he yell, and with the word  
Plunged at his breast his ponderous sword.  
The youth, who mark'd each look with care,  
Turn'd—and the weapon smote the air ;  
Then, ere a second stroke was made,  
Swift as the wind unsheath'd his blade ;  
And springing forth, with gesture light,  
Closed firmly in the desperate fight.

How did those sounds of doubt and fear  
Ring on the maiden's listening ear !  
How did her veins convulsive swell,  
As, fast and wild, the stern blows fell !  
But passion's rage must yield at length  
To calmer reason's vigorous strength,  
And Erstein's steel again was dew'd  
With the fierce Herman's gushing blood.

Breathing one quick and startling yell,  
Upon the trampled sward he fell,  
And the dark life-stream gurgling fast,  
Blent with the dew-drops on his breast,  
And, as the current swifter sped,  
Tinged the light sparkling stream with red !  
His clench'd hands held, with rigid clasp,  
The turf and flowers within their grasp,

And the cold, clammy, deathlike dew  
In large drops gather'd on his brow.

Then a dark shade of fell despair  
Chased from its glance its frenzied glare,  
And yielded to his upraised eye  
A look of helpless agony ;  
It roll'd around from place to place,  
And rested last on Erstein's face ;  
Then shrunk from the moment's encounter again  
With a mingled thrill of remorse and pain ;  
Then he strove to speak, but the accents hung  
Unform'd on his quivering, palsied tongue.

Erstein the wounded sufferer gave  
A cooling draught from the crystal wave,  
And raising his form on the rivulet's brink,  
Oh long and deeply did he drink,  
Then, as o'ercome with torturing pain,  
Sank on the crimson'd turf again.

Convulsions o'er his features past,  
And, with a fearful strength, at last  
He started—clench'd his blood-stain'd vest,  
And groan'd, " This mountain on my breast !"  
Erstein bent o'er him—" Herman ! now  
We stand no longer foe to foe ;  
Tell me, if to one earthly thing  
Thy parting spirit still doth cling ;  
One deed, which, ere thy race was run,  
Thou wouldst have purposed to have done ;  
One word of penitence to send  
An injured or deluded friend ;  
And here I pledge my promise free,  
That act shall be performed for thee !  
Aught that may cast a softening ray  
Around thy spirit's fearful way,  
Or soothe that dark and drear abode  
Unbrighten'd by the smiles of God !"

" Of God ! *Who* spoke of God ?—I own  
No God but reckless chance alone ;  
No *hell* more rife with pain and fear  
Than that which burns and tortures *here* !  
Though I *could* sink to black despair,  
If I met not *his* spirit there !

" Away, away ! each look, each word  
Pierces my bosom like a sword !  
'T is *thou* whom I have injured, thou  
Whose arm, in justice, laid me low !  
Nay, leave me not, but come more near,  
For my breath fails me—bend thine ear !  
And ere from life for ever freed,  
My soul shall boast one blameless deed !  
Child of a rich and ancient line,  
Arnheim, its titles, lands, are thine !"

" Thou ravest !"—" List ! if there be time  
Thine ears shall drink my tale of crime !—  
I seem'd thy father's friend, and he  
Believed me all fidelity ;

He perished in a foreign land,  
 And, Erstein, by this blood-stain'd hand ?  
 Ay, shudder !—mark me well, and trace  
 The murderer's impress on my face !  
 Yes ! 'neath a friend's disguise, there stole  
 A venom'd serpent to his soul !  
 In youth he dared to taunt me—I  
 Vow'd for the insult he should die !  
 " It's very memory pass'd from him ;  
 And when in after years I came,  
 Conceal'd by friendship's mask and name,  
 He took me to his bosom, while  
 Revenge was lurking 'neath my smile.  
 He died !—start not, but bend thine ear,  
 For I *must* speak and thou *shalt* hear !  
 Ay, though it rends my blacken'd heart,  
 And tears each gaping wound apart !  
 " He died !—I sought, with keenest hate,  
 The proofs of this thy fair estate ;  
 I kept the parchments, that I still  
 Might guide thy fortunes at my will.  
 I hated—for thy features bore  
 The smile, the glance thy father's wore.  
 " Avert that look ! the memory brings  
 A thousand thousand scorpion stings !  
 Ay, ay ! 'tis right, 'tis meet thy steel  
 This last and deadliest blow should deal !  
 'Tis right thy *grateful* hand should send  
 The death-blow to thy father's *friend* !  
 " But I must on !—I left that shore—  
 I sought my native land once more :  
 I join'd the robbers' desperate band ;  
 I found the baron on thy land ;  
 'Twas then I saw, I loved, Lenore !—  
 Oh heavens ! and must I tell thee more ?—  
 I play'd the baron false, and he,  
 The fool ! the idiot ! trusted me !  
 " Here, on my cold and labouring breast—  
 Raise me—here, here the parchments rest !  
 But my chill'd limbs grow stiff—the sand  
 Of life is running fast—the hand  
 Of death is plunging deep his icy dart—  
 His grasp is cold—cold—cold upon my heart !"  
 The youth, with fix'd and wondering eyes,  
 Bent o'er his form in mute surprise ;  
 When loud, derisive laughter near,  
 Burst in discordance on his ear.  
 He rose, and saw before him stand  
 The dying Herman's ruffian band.  
 Returning from their midnight broil,  
 And laden with its varied spoil,  
 To their wild cave they led in haste  
 The aged baron and the priest.  
 But when in distance they beheld  
 Their leader's flight, so fierce and wild,  
 They turn'd, pursued, and came to see  
 His last, expiring agony ;

And now, with laugh of scornful hate,  
 Like fiends, they triumph'd in his fate.  
 Those tones, with direst vengeance rife,  
 Recall'd their comrade's flickering life.  
 With them unnumber'd memories came—  
 Again he raised his bleeding frame,  
 Gazed wildly on the furious band,  
 And shook his clench'd and stiffening hand.  
 His cheek burn'd with a livid glow,  
 A black scowl gather'd on his brow,  
 A fierce revenge his visage fired—  
 He groan'd, fell backward, and expired.

Silence her breathless mantle threw  
 A moment o'er that lawless crew,  
 And awe one instant gain'd the place  
 Of triumph on each swarthy face.  
 But as the sun-ray glances past  
 The rugged cliff's unbending crest,  
 So did that faint beam disappear,  
 Lost in a dark demoniac sneer,  
 The baron and the priest alone  
 With trembling heard that dying groan,  
 And mark'd with awe-struck pitying gaze,  
 His stiffen'd form and ghastly face.

Erstein first broke the silence dread,  
 And to the outlaw'd chieftain said :  
 "Thou seekest spoil ! dost thou behold  
 This jewell'd cross, this purse of gold ?  
 These will I gladly give, to gain  
 Two aged captives of thy train.  
 High ransom take, and yield to me  
 The priest's and baron's liberty."

"Yon priest I had design'd to save  
 The contrite sinners in our cave.  
 Yon miser lord, to gather in  
 The gold our midnight frays shall win !  
 This had I purposed, but in truth  
 Thy sword hath served us well, brave youth,  
 By sending to the fiend, who gave,  
 The spirit of that scowling knave.  
 Bestow on us that glittering store,  
 And swear to seek our spoil no more,  
 Then will we freely yield to thee  
 The aged captives' liberty."

The pledge was given—the band released  
 The aged baron and the priest,  
 And sweeping round a thicket nigh,  
 Their dark forms vanish'd to the eye.  
 With heaving breast and clouded brow  
 The baron wander'd to and fro,  
 And wrung his hands with gestures wild,  
 And wept and cried, "my child ! My child !"

Swiftly the youthful Erstein fled  
 To the dark wood's embowering shade,  
 And soon as swift return'd to lead  
 The fair Lenore's wearied steed.

With joyful cry and agile bound,  
The maiden sprang upon the ground,  
And clasp'd her father's neck around.

And o'er and o'er again he press'd  
The rescued maiden to his breast,  
And gazed upon her features bright  
With frantic transports of delight.  
"My child! my love! my own Lenore!  
Come to thy father's heart once more,  
Nor fear that thou again shalt be  
A living sacrifice for me!  
But who preserved thee? where didst thou  
Find refuge on that night, and how?"

Her cheek with crimson blushes warm,  
She turn'd her eye on Erstein's form.  
"And by what title shall I bless?"—  
"Erstein!"—He groan'd—"Alas! alas!  
It is the very name, 'tis he  
Whom I have heap'd with injury!  
A voice, too long a slighted guest,  
Once more is whispering in my breast!  
And I will listen—will obey;  
How shall I all these wrongs repay?"

The youth's dark eye beam'd purest fire,  
And his quick pulses bounded higher.  
Oh let me, let me call thee sire!"  
The baron bent his wondering gaze  
Upon the speaker's beaming face;  
The youth was at his feet—his brow  
Was burning with a crimson glow,  
His lips were parted, and his cheek  
Flush'd with the thoughts he could not speak,  
And his dark eye was raised above,  
With mingled glance of hope and love.

He turn'd to Lenore, and her downcast eye,  
Her trembling frame, her heaving sigh,  
Her cheek, now flush'd, now deadly pale,  
In silence told the maiden's tale!

"My children be happy! henceforth to your sire  
Shall your peace be his highest, his noblest desire;  
He shall see you enjoy, with a rapture tenfold,  
Those affections he well nigh had barter'd for gold!  
And sorrow's dark pinion shall shadow no more  
The loves of brave Erstein and fair Lenore."

1838.

THE END.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

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